8° Rawl. 521

POEMS
ON
Affairs of State:
FROM
The Time of *Oliver Cromwell*, to the Abdication of K. *James* the Second.

Written by the greateſt Wits of the Age.

VIZ.

Duke of *Buckingham*,
Earl of *Rocheſter*,
Lord *Bu*-----*ſt*,
Sir *John Denham*,
Andrew Marvell, Eſq;
Mr. *Milton*,
Mr. *Dryden*,
Mr. *Sprat*,
Mr. *Waller*..
Mr. *Ayloffe*, &c.

With ſome Miſcellany Poems by the ſame: Moſt whereof never before Printed.

Now carefully examined with the Originals, and Publiſhed without any Caſtration.

Printed in the Year 1697.

BODLEIANA

8. Rad. 51

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OF

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THE

PREFACE.

THE common aim of Prefaces to prepoſſeſs the Reader in favour of the Book, is here wholly uſeleſs; for what is now publiſh'd is none of the trifling Performances of the Age, that are yet to make their fortune, but a Collection of thoſe vaulable Pieces, which ſeveral great Men have produc'd, no leſs inſpir'd by the injur'd Genius of their Country, than by the Muſes. They are of Eſtabliſh'd Fame, and already receiv'd, and allow'd the beſt Patriots, as well as Poets. I am ſenſible, that ſhould we conſult our ſuperficial Hypocriticks, they would often be apt to arraign the Numbers; for there are a ſort of Men, who having little other merit, than a happy chime, would fain fix the Excellence of Poetry in the ſmoothneſs of the Verſification, allowing but little to the more Eſſential Qualities of a Poet, great Images, good Senſe, &c. Nay they have ſo blind a Paſſion for what they Excell in, that they will exclude all variety of Numbers from *Engliſh* Poetry, when they allow none but *Iambics*, which muſt by an identy of ſound bring a very unpleaſing ſatiety upon the Reader. I muſt own that I am of

opinion that a great many rough Cadencies that are to be found in these Poems, and in the admirable *Paradise Lost*, are so far from Faults that they are Beauties, and contribute by their variety to the prolonging the pleasure of the Readers. But I have unawares faln into this Digression, which requires more time and room than I have here to allow to set to it, in that just Light it requires. I shall return to the following Poems, writ by Mr. *Milton*, Mr. *Marvell*, &c. which will shew us, that there is no where a greater Spirit of Liberty to be found, than in those who are Poets; *Homer*, *Aristophanes*, and most of the inspired Tribe have shewed it; and *Catullus* in the midst of *Cæsar*'s Triumphs attack'd the Vices of that great Man, and expos'd 'em to lessen that Popularity and Power he was gaining among the *Roman* People, which he saw would be turn'd to the destruction of the Liberty of *Rome*.

Quis hoc potest videre, quis potest pati, &c.
And
Pulchre convenit improbis cinædis
Mamurræ, Pathicoque, Cæsarique.
And again
Nil nimium studeo Cæsar tibi velle placere, &c.

But it would be endless to quote all the Liberties the Poets have of old taken with Ill men, whose Power had aw'd others to a servile Flattery; the succeeding Tyrants have not been able to suppress the numerous Instances we have yet of it. We have therefore reason to hope that no *English-*

man

man that is a true lover of his Countries Good and Glory, can be diſpleaſed at the publiſhing a Collection, the deſign of each of which was to remove thoſe pernicious Principles which lead us directly to Slavery; to promote a Publick and Generous Spirit, which was then almoſt a ſhame to the Poſſeſſor, if not a certain Ruine. I believe were a man of equal Ability and unbyaſs'd Temper to make a juſt Compariſon, ſome of the following Authors might claim perhaps an equal ſhare with many of the moſt celebrated of the *Romans* or *Greeks*. I know in a Nation ſo factious as this, where the prepoſterous Principles of Slavery are run into a point of Conſcience and Honour, and yet hold abundance in unſeaſonable and monſtrous Diviſions, it would be a task that muſt diſoblige too many to undertake. But when all *Europe* is engag'd to deſtroy that tyrannick Power, the miſmanagement of thoſe Times, and the ſelfiſh evil Deſigns of a corrupt Court had given Riſe to, it cannot be thought unſeaſonable to publiſh ſo juſt an Account of the true ſourſe of all our preſent Miſchiefs; which will be evidently found in the following Poems, for from them we may collect a juſt and ſecret Hiſtory of the former Times.

And looking backward with a wiſe Affright,
See Seams of Wounds diſhoneſt to the Sight.

Oh that we cou'd yet learn, under this Auſpicious Government founded on Liberty, the generous principles of the Publick Good! Sure this

Conſort

Conſort of Divine *Amphions* will charm the diſtracted pieces of the publick Building into one noble and regular Pile to be the wonder, as well as ſafeguard of *Europe*. This being the aim of this preſent Publication, it muſt be extremely approv'd by all true Patriots, all lovers of the genetal Good of Mankind, and in that moſt certainly of their own particular.

Omnes profectò liberi libentius
Sumus, quam ſervimus.

Take off the gawdy veil of Slavery, and ſhe will appear ſo frightfull and deform'd that all would abhorr her: For all Mankind naturally preferr Liberty to Slavery.

'Tis true ſome few of theſe Poems were printed before in looſe Papers, but ſo mangled that the perſons that wrote them would hardly have known, much leſs have owned them; which put a Perſon on examining them by the Originals or beſt Copies, and they are here publiſhed without any Caſtration, with many curious Miſcellaneous Poems of the ſame great Men, which never before ſee the Light.

By miſtake of the Printer, the Running Titles of the Sheet G, (viz.) *from* p. 81 *to* 96 *are printed wrong; and ſhould have been printed,* Poems on State Affairs, *inſtead of* State Poems Continued.

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POEMS ON State Affairs.

A Panegyrick on O. Cromwell, *and his Victories. By* E. Waller, *Esq.*

WHile with a ſtrong, and yet a gentle Hand,
You bridle Faction, and our Hearts command,
Protect us from our ſelves and from the Foe;
Make us unite, and make us Conquer too.
Let partial Spirits ſtill aloud complain,
Think themſelves injur'd that they cannot Reign;
And own no liberty, but where they may,
Without controul upon their Fellows prey.
Above the Waves as *Neptune* ſhew'd his Face,
To chide the Winds, and ſave the *Trojan* Race:
So has your Highneſs (rais'd above the reſt)
Storms of ambition toſſing us repreſt.
Your drooping Country, torn with Civil hate,
Reſtor'd by you, is made a glorious State:
The Seat of Empire, where the *Iriſh* come,
And the unwilling *Scot* to fetch their doom.
The Sea's our own, and now all Nations greet
With bending Sails each Veſſel in our Fleet.

Your pow'r reſounds as far as Wind can blow,
Or ſwelling Sails upon the Globe may go.
Heaven that has plac'd this Iſland to give Law,
To balance *Europe* and her State to awe;
In this Conjunction does our *Britain* ſmile,
The greateſt Leader to the greateſt Iſle.
Whether this Portion of the World were rent
By the wide Ocean from the Continent;
Or thus created, it was ſure deſign'd
To be the ſacred Refuge of Mankind.
Hither the oppreſt ſhall henceforth reſort,
Juſtice to crave, and ſuccour of your Court,
And ſhew, your Bigneſs not for ours alone,
But for the World's Protector ſhall be known.
Fame, ſwifter than your winged Navy flies
Through every Land that near the Ocean lies;
Sounding your Name, and telling dreadfull News
To all that Piracy and Rapine uſe:
With ſuch a Chief the meaneſt Nation bleſt,
Might hope to liſt her head above the reſt.
What may be thought impoſſible to do
For us, embraced by the Sea and you?
Lords, of the World's great waſt, the Ocean, we
Whole Foreſts ſend to reign upon the Sea:
And every Coaſt may trouble and relieve,
But none can viſit us without your leave.
Angels and we know this Prerogative,
That none can at our happy State arrive;
While we deſcend at pleaſure to invade
The bad with Vengeance, or the good to aid;
Our little World, the Image of the great,
Like that amidſt the boundleſs Ocean ſet,
Of her own growth has all that Nature craves,
And all that's Rare, as Tribute from the Waves.
As *Egypt* does not on the Clouds rely:
But to the *Nile* owes more that to the Sky;
So what our Heaven, or what our Earth denies,
Our ever conſtant Friend, the Sea ſupplies.

The

The taſt of hot *Arabia*'s Spice we know,
Free from the ſcorching Sun that makes it grow.
Without the Worm in *Perſian* Silks we ſhine,
And without Planting, Drink of every Vine.
To dig for Wealth we weary not our Limbs;
Gold, though the heavieſt Metal, hither ſwims.
Ours is the Harveſt where the *Indians* mow;
We plough the Deep, and reap what others ſow;
Things of the nobleſt kind our own Soil breeds;
Stout are our Men, and Warlike are our Steeds;
Rome, though her Eagle through the World had flown,
Could never make this Iſland all her own.
Here the Third *Edward*, and the *Black Prince* too;
France-conquering *Henry* flouriſh'd, and now You.
For whom we ſtaid, as did the *Grecian* State,
Till *Alexander* came to urge their Fate.
When for more worlds that *Macedonian* cry'd,
He wiſt not *Thetis* in her lap did hide
Another yet, a world reſerv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did ſubdue.
He ſafely might old Troops to Battle lead
Againſt th'unwarlike *Perſian*, or the *Mede*,
Whoſe haſty flight did from a bloodleſs Field
More Spoil than Honour to the Victor yield.
A Race unconquer'd by their Clime made bold,
The *Calydonians* arm'd with want and cold,
Have by a Fate indulgent to your Fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame:
Whom the old *Roman* VVall ſo ill confin'd,
VVith a new Chain of Garriſons you bind.
Here forein Gold no more ſhall make them come,
Our *Engliſh* Iron holds them faſt at home.
They that henceforth muſt be content to know
No warmer Region than their Hills of Snow,
May blame the Sun, but muſt extol your Grace,
VVhich in our Senate hath allow'd them place.
Preferr'd by Conqueſt, happily o'erthrown;
Falling they riſe, to be with us made one.

So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquiſh'd Foes free Citizens of *Rome*.
Like favour find the *Iriſh*, with like Fate
Advanc'd to be a portion of our State;
While by your Valour, and your courteous mind,
Nations divided by the Sea, are joyn'd.
Holland to gain your Friendſhip, is content
To be our Out-gard on your Continent.
She from her Fellow-Provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her Foe.
In our late Fight, when Cannons did diffuſe
Preventing Poſts, the terrour of the News,
Our Neighbour-Provinces trembl'd at their roar,
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.
Your never-failing Sword made War to ceaſe,
And now you heal us with the arts of Peace;
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Unite affections, and reſtrain our Rage.
Leſs pleaſures take brave minds in battel wone,
Than in reſtoring ſuch as are undone.
Tygers have courage, and the rugged Bear,
But Man alone can whom he conquers ſpare:
To pardon willing, and to puniſh loth,
You ſtrike with one hand, but you heal with both.
Lifting up all that proſtrate lye, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.
When Fate or Error had our age miſled,
And o're theſe Nations ſuch Confuſion ſpread,
The only Cure which could from Heaven come down,
Was ſo much Power and Clemency in one;
One whoſe Extraction is from an ancient Line,
Gives hope again that well-born men may ſhine:
The meaneſt in your Nature, mild and good,
The noble reſt ſecured in your blood.
Oft have we wonder'd how you hid in peace
A Mind proportion'd to ſuch things as theſe:
How ſuch a Ruling Spirit could reſtrain,
And practiſe firſt o're your own ſelf to Reign.

Your

Your private Life did a juſt pattern give,
How Fathers, Husbands, pious Sons ſhould live.
Born to Command, your Princely Vertues ſlept,
Like humble *David*, whilſt the Flock he kept;
But when your troubled Country call'd you forth,
Your flaming Courage, and your matchleſs Worth,
Dazling the Eyes of all that did pretend
To ſow Contention —— gave a proſperous end;
Still as you riſe, the State's exalted too,
Finds no Diſtemper while it's chang'd by you:
Chang'd like the World's great Scene, when without noiſe
The riſing Sun Night's vulgar Lights deſtroys.
Had you ſome ages paſt this Race of Glory
Run, with amazement we ſhould read your Story.
But living Vertue all atchievements paſt,
Meets Envy ſtill to grapple with at laſt.
This *Cæſar* found, and that ungratefull Age
With loſing him, fell back to blood and rage.
Miſtaken *Brutus* thought to break their Yoke,
But cut the bond of Union at that ſtroke.
That Sun once ſet, a thouſand meaner Stars
Gave a dim light to Violence and Wars.
To ſuch a Tempeſt as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty Arm prevent the fall.
If *Rome's* great Senate could not wield the Sword,
Which of the conquer'd World had made them Lord,
What hope had ours, while yet their power was new,
To rule victorious Armies, but by you?
You that had taught them to ſubdue their Foes,
Could Order teach, and all their Hearts compoſe.
To every Duty could their Minds engage,
Provoke their Courage, and commend their Rage.
So when a Lion ſhakes his dreadfull Main,
And angry grows, if he that firſt took pain,
To tame his Youth, approach the haughty Beaſt,
He bends to him but frights away the reſt.
As the vext World, to find repoſe at laſt,
It ſelf into *Auguſta's* Arms did caſt:

So *England* now, does, with like toil oppreſt,
Her weary Head upon your Boſom reſt.
Then let the Muſes with ſuch Notes as theſe,
Inſtruct us what belongs unto our Peace:
Your Battles they hereafter ſhall indite,
And draw the Image of our *Mars* in Fight;
Tell of Towns ſtorm'd, of Armies over-run,
And mighty Kingdoms by your Conduct won:
How, while you thunder'd, Clouds of Duſt did choak
Contending Troops, and Seas lay hid in Smoak.
Illuſtrious Arts high Raptures do infuſe,
And every Conquerour creates a Muſe.
Here in low ſtrains your milder deeds we ſing;
But there, my Lord, we'll Bays & Olives bring
To crown your Head while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquiſh'd Nations, and the Sea beſide:
While all your Neighbour Princes unto You,
Like *Joſeph's* Sheaves, pay reverence, and bow.

Three POEMS on the Death of the late Protector, *Oliver Cromwell.*

Written by Mr. *John Dryden*, Mr. *Sprat* of *Oxford*, and Mr. *Edm. Waller.*

Heroick Stanza's, on the late Uſurper Oliver Cromwell: *Written after his Funeral, by Mr.* Dryden.

I.

AND now 'tis time; for their officious haſte,
While who would before have born him to the Sky,
Like eager *Romans*, e're all Rites were paſt,
Did let too ſoon the ſacred Eagle fly.

Though

II.

Though our beſt Notes are Treaſon to his Fame,
Join'd with the loud applauſe of publick Voice;
Since Heav'n, what praiſe we offer to his Name,
Hath render'd too authentick by its choice.

III.

Though in his praiſe no Arts can liberal be,
Since they whoſe Muſes have the higheſt flown,
Add not to his immortal Memory,
But do an act of Friendſhip to their own.

IV.

Yet 'tis our duty, and our intereſt too,
Such Monuments as we can build, to raiſe,
Leſt all the world prevent what we ſhould do,
And claim a Title in him by their praiſe.

V.

How ſhall I then begin, or where concude,
To draw a Fame ſo truly Circular?
For in a round, what order can be ſhew'd,
VVhere all the parts ſo equal perfect are?

VI.

His Grandure he deriv'd from Heaven alone,
For he was great e're Fortune made him ſo;
And VVars like miſts that riſe againſt the Sun,
Made him but greater ſeem, not greater grow.

VII.

No borrow'd Bays his Temples did adorn,
But to our Crown he did freſh Jewels bring;
Nor was his Vertue poyſon'd ſoon as born,
VVith the too early thoughts of being King.

VIII.

Fortune (that eaſie Miſtreſs to the young,
But to her ancient Servants coy and hard)
Him, at that age, her Favourites rank'd among,
VVhen ſhe her beſt lov'd *Pompey* did diſcard.

IX.

He private, mark'd the Faults of others ſway,
And ſet as Sea-marks for himſelf to ſhun;

Not like raſh Monarchs, who their youth betray,
By Acts their Age too late would wiſh undone.

X.

And yet Dominion was not his deſign,
We owe that bleſſing not to him, but Heaven,
Which to fair Acts unſought rewards did join;
Rewards that leſs to him, than us were given.

XI.

Our former Chief like Sticklers of the War,
Firſt fought t'inflame the parties, then to poiſe:
The quarrel lov'd, but did the cauſe abhor,
And did not ſtrike to hurt, but make a noiſe.

XII.

War, our Conſumption, was their gainfull Trade;
He inward bled, whilſt they prolong'd our pain;
He fought to hinder fighting, and aſſay'd
To ſtanch the blood by breathing of the Vein.

XIII.

Swift and reſiſtleſs through the Land he paſt,
Like that bold *Greek*, who did the Eaſt ſubdue,
And made to Battles ſuch Heroick haſt,
As if on wings of Victory he flew.

XIV.

He fought ſecure of Fortune as of Fame,
Still by new Maps the Iſland might be ſhewn,
Of Conqueſts which he ſtrew'd where-e'er he came,
Thick as the *Galaxy* with Stars is ſown.

XV.

His Palms, though under weights they did not ſtand,
Still thriv'd, no Winter could his Laurels fade:
Heaven in his Portraict ſhew'd a Workman's hand,
And drew it perfect, yet without a ſhade.

XVI.

Peace was the price of all his toil and care,
Which War had baniſh'd, and did now reſtore:
Bologna's Walls thus mounted in the *Air*,
To ſeat themſelves more ſurely than before.

XVII.

Her ſafety reſcued *Ireland*, to him owes,
And treacherous *Scotland* to no int'reſt true,
Yet bleſs'd that Fate which did his Arms diſpoſe
Her Land to civilize, as to ſubdue.

XVIII.

Nor was he like thoſe Stars which only ſhine,
When to pale Mariners, they ſtorms portend;
He had his calmer influence, and his Mein
Did Love and Majeſty together blend.

XIX.

'Tis true his Countenance did imprint an awe;
And naturally all Souls to his did bow,
As Wands of Divination downward draw,
And point to Beds where Sov'raign Gold doth grow.

XX.

When paſt all offerings to *Pheretrian Jove*,
He *Mars* depos'd, and Arms to Gowns made yield;
Succeſsfull Councils did him ſoon approve,
As fit for cloſe Intrigues as open Field.

XXI.

To ſuppliant *Holland* he vouchſaf'd a Peace,
Our once bold Rival in the *Britiſh* Main,
Now tamely glad her unjuſt claim to ceaſe,
And buy our Friendſhip with her Idol, Gain.

XXII.

Fame of th'aſſerted Sea through *Europe* blown,
Made *France* and *Spain* ambitious of his Love;
Each knew that ſide muſt conquer he would own;
And for him fiercely, as for Empire ſtrove.

XXIII.

No ſooner was the *French*-man's Cauſe embrac'd,
Than the light Monſieur, the grave Don outweigh'd;
His Fortune turn'd the Scale where it was caſt,
Though *Indian* Mines were in the other laid.

XXIV.

When abſent, yet we conquer'd in his Right;
For though that ſome mean Artiſts Skill were ſhewn

In

In mingling Colours, or in placing Light;
Yet ſtill the fair Deſignment was his own.

XXV.

For from all Tempers he could Service draw;
The worth of each with its Allay he knew;
And as the Confident of Nature ſaw
How ſhe Complections did divide and brew.

XXVI.

Or he their ſingle Vertues did ſurvey,
By intuition in his own large Breaſt,
Where all the rich Ideas of them lay,
That were the Rule and Meaſure to the reſt.

XXVII.

When ſuch Heroick Vertue, Heaven ſet out,
The Stars, like Commons, ſullenly obey;
Becauſe it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a Tax they ſeldom pay.

XXVIII.

From this high Spring our Foreign Conqueſts flow,
Which yet more glorious Triumphs do portend;
Since their Commencement to his Arms they owe,
If Springs as high as Fountains may aſcend.

XXIX.

He made us Free-Men of the Continent,
Whom Nature did like Captives treat before;
To Nobler Preys the *Engliſh* Lion ſent,
And taught him firſt in *Belgian* walks to roar.

XXX.

That old unqueſtion'd Pirate of the Land,
Proud *Rome*, with dread the Fate of *Dunkirk* heard;
And trembling wiſh'd behind more *Alps* to ſtand,
Although an *Alexander* were her Guard.

XXXI.

By his Command, we boldly croſs'd the Line,
And bravely fought where Southern Stars ariſe,
We trac'd the far-fetch'd Gold unto the Mine,
And that which brib'd our Fathers made our Prize.

XXXII.

Such was our Prince, yet own'd a Soul above
The higheſt Acts it could produce to ſhew:
Thus poor Mechanick Arts in publick move,
Whilſt the deep ſecrets beyond practice go.

XXXIII.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing Fame went leſs,
But when freſh Laurels courted him to live;
He ſeem'd but to prevent ſome new Succeſs,
As if above what Triumphs Earth can give.

XXXIV.

His lateſt Victories ſtill thickeſt came,
As near the Center, Motion doth increaſe;
Till he preſs'd down by his own weighty Name,
Did like the Veſtal, under ſpoils deceaſe.

XXXV.

But firſt the Ocean as a Tribute ſent
That Giant Prince of all her wat'ry Herd;
And th'Iſle, when her protecting *Genius* went,
Upon his Obſequies loud ſighs conferr'd.

XXXVI.

No civil Broils have ſince his Death aroſe,
But Faction now by habit does obey;
And Wars have that reſpect for his Repoſe,
As Winds for *Halcyons*, when they breed at Sea.

XXXVII.

His Aſhes in a peaceſull Urn ſhall reſt,
His Name a great Example ſtands to ſhow,
How ſtrangely high Endeavours may be bleſt,
Where Piety and Valour jointly go.

To

To the Reverend Dr. *Wilkins*, Warden of *Wadham* College in *Oxford*.

SIR,

SEeing you are pleaſed to think fit that theſe Papers ſhould come into the publick, which were at firſt deſign'd to live only in a Desk, or ſome private Friends hands; I humbly take the boldneſs to commit them to the ſecurity, which your Name and Protection will give them, with the moſt knowing part of the World. There are two things eſpecially in which they ſtand in need of your Defence: One is, That they fall ſo infinitely below the full and lofty Genius *of that excellent Poet, who made this way of writing free of our Nation: The other, That they are ſo little proportioned and equal to the Renown of that Prince, on whom they were written. Such great Actions and Lives, deſerving rather to be the Subjects of the nobleſt Pens and divine Fancies, than of ſuch ſmall Beginners and weak Eſſayers in Poetry as my ſelf. Againſt theſe dangerous Prejudices, there remains no other Shield, than the Univerſal Eſteem and Authority which your Judgment and Approbation carries with it. The Right you have to them, Sir, is not only on the account of the Relation you had to this great Perſon, nor of the general favour which all Arts receive from you; but more particularly by reaſon of that Obligation and Zeal, with which I am bound to dedicate my ſelf to your Service: For having been a long time the Object of you Care and Indulgence towards the advantage of my Studies and Fortune, having been moulded (as it were) by your own Hands, and formed under your Government; not to intitle you to any thing which my meanneſs produces, would not only be Injuſtice, but Sacrilege: So that if there be any thing here tolerably ſaid, which deſerves pardon, it is yours Sir, as well as he, who is*

Your moſt Devoted,

and Obliged Servant:

To

To the happy Memory of the late Uſurper, *Oliver Cromwell.* By Mr. *Sprat* of *Oxon, Pindarick Odes.*

I.

'TIS true, great Name, thou art ſecure
From the forgetfulneſs and Rage
Of Death, or Envy, or devouring Age;
Thou canſt the force and teeth of Time endure:
Thy fame, like Men, the Elder it doth grow,
Will of its ſelf turn whiter too,
Without what needleſs Art can do;
Will live beyond thy breath, beyond thy Hearſe,
Though it were never heard or ſung in Verſe.
Without our help, thy Memory is ſafe;
They only want an Epitaph,
That do remain alone
Alive in an Inſcription,
Remembred only on the *Braſs*, or Marble-ſtone.
'Tis all in vain what we can do:
All our Roſes and Perfumes,
Will but officious folly ſhew,
And pious Nothings, to ſuch mighty Tombs.
All our Incenſe, Gums, and *Balm*,
Are but unneceſſary Duties here:
The Poets may their Spices ſpare,
Their coſtly Numbers, and their tunefull Feet:
That need not be imbalm'd, which of it ſelf is ſweet.

II.

We know to praiſe thee is a dangerous proof
Of our Obedience and our Love:
For when the Sun and Fire meet,
Th' one's extinguiſh'd quite;
And yet the other never is more bright:
So that they write of thee, and joyn
Their feeble Names with thine,

Their

Their weaker ſparks with thy illuſtrious light,
Will loſe themſelves in that ambitious thought;
And yet no fame to thee from hence he brought,
We know, bleſs'd Spirit, thy mighty Name
Wants no addition of anothers Beam;
It's for our Pens too high, and full of Theme:
The Muſes are made great by thee, not thou by them.
Thy Fame's eternal Lamp will live,
And in thy ſacred Urn ſurvive,
Without the food of Oyl, which we can give.
'Tis true; but yet our Duty calls our Songs;
Duty commands our Tongues.
Though thou want not our praiſes, we
Are not excus'd for what we owe to thee;
For ſo Men from Religion are not freed.
But from the Altars Clouds muſt riſe,
Though Heaven it ſelf doth nothing need,
And though the Gods don't want an earthly Sacrifice.

III.

Great Life of wonders, whoſe each year
Full of new Miracles did appear!
Whoſe every Month might be
Alone a Chronicle, or a Hiſtory!
Others great Actions are
But thinly ſcatter'd here and there;
At beſt, but all one ſingle Star;
But thine the Milky-way,
All one continued light, of undiſtinguiſh'd Day;
They throng'd ſo cloſe, that naught elſe could be ſeen,
Scarce any common Sky did come between:
What ſhall I ſay or where begin?
Thou may'ſt in double ſhapes be ſhown,
Or in thy Arms, or in thy Gown;
Like *Jove* ſometimes with warlike Thunder, and
Sometimes with peacefull Scepter in his Hand;
Or in the Field, or on the Throne.
In what thy Head, or what thy Arm hath done,

All

All that thou didſt was ſo refin'd,
So full of ſubſtance and ſo ſtrongly join'd,
So pure, ſo weighty Gold,
That the leaſt Grain of it
If fully ſpread and beat,
*W*ould many Leaves and mighty Volumes hold.

IV.

Before thy Name was publiſh'd, and whilſt yet,
Though only to thy ſelf wer't great,
*W*hilſt yet thy happy Bud
*W*as not quite ſeen, or underſtood,
It then ſure ſigns of future Greatneſs ſhew'd:
Then thy Domeſtick worth
Did tell the *W*orld what it would be,
*W*hen it ſhould fit occaſion ſee,
When a full Spring ſhould call it forth:
As bodies in the Dark and Night,
Have the ſame Colours, the ſame red and white,
As in the open Day and Light,
The Sun doth only ſhew
That they are bright, not make them ſo:
So whilſt but private Walls did know
What we to ſuch a mighty Mind ſhould owe,
Then the ſame Vertues did appear,
Though in a leſs and more contracted Sphere,
As full, though not as large as ſince they were:
And like great Rivers, Fountains, though
at firſt ſo deep thou didſt not go;
Though then thine was not ſo inlarg'd a Flood;
Yet when 'twas little, 'twas as clear as good.

V.

'Tis true thou waſt not born unto a Crown,
Thy Scepter's not thy Fathers, but thy own:
Thy Purple was not made at once in haſt,
And after many other Colours paſt,
It took the deepeſt Princely Dye at laſt.
Thou didſt begin with leſſer Cares,
And private Thoughts took up thy private Years:

Thoſe

Thoſe hands, which were ordain'd by Fates,
To change the World, and alter States,
Practis'd at firſt that vaſt Deſign
On meaner things with equal Mind.
That Soul which ſhould ſo many Scepters ſway,
To whom ſo many Kingdoms ſhould obey,
Learn'd firſt to rule in a domeſtick way,
So Government it ſelf began
From Family, and ſingle Man,
Was by the ſmall relation, firſt,
Of Husband, and of Father Nurs'd,
And from thoſe leſs beginnings paſt,
To ſpread it ſelf o'er all the World at laſt.

VI.

But when thy Country (then almoſt enthrall'd)
Thy Vertue, and thy Courage call'd;
When *England* did thy Arms intreat,
And 't had been Sin in thee not to be Great:
When every Stream, and every Flood;
Was a true Vein of Earth, and run with Blood;
When unus'd Arms, and unknown War
Fill'd every Place, and every Ear;
When the great Storms, and diſmal Night
Did all the Land affright;
'Twas time for thee to bring forth all our Light.
Thou left'ſt thy more delightfull Peace,
Thy private Life, and better eaſe;
Then down thy Steel and Armour took,
Wiſhing that it ſtill hung upon the Hook:
When Death had got a large Commiſſion our,
Throwing her Arrows, and her Sting about;
Then thou (as once the healing Serpent roſe)
Waſt lifted up, not for thy ſelf, but us.

VII.

Thy Country wounded was, and ſick before
Thy Wars and Arms did her reſtore:
Thou knew'ſt where the Diſeaſe did lie,
And like the Cure of Sympathy,

Thy

Thy ſtrong and certain remedy
Unto the Weapon didſt apply;
Thou didſt not draw the Sword, and ſo
Away the Scabbard throw,
As if thy Country ſhould
Be the Inheritance of *Mars* and Blood:
But that when the great work was ſpun,
War in it ſelf ſhould be undone;
That Peace might land again upon the Shore
Richer and better than before:
The Husbandmen no Steel ſhould know,
None but the uſefull Iron of the Plow;
That Bays might creep on every Spear:
And though our Sky was overſpread
With a deſtructive Red;
'Twas but till thou our Sun didſt in full light appear.

VIII.

When *Ajax* dy'd, the purple Blood
That from his gaping Wound had flow'd,
Turn'd into Letters every Leaf
Had on it wrote his Epitaph:
So from that Crimſon Flood,
Which thou by fate of times wert led,
Unwillingly to ſhed,
Letters, and Learning roſe, and renewed:
Thou fought'ſt not out of Envy, Hope, or Hate,
But to refine the Church and State;
And like the *Romans* whate'er thou
In the Field of *Mars* didſt mow,
Was, that a holy Iſland hence might grow.
Thy Wars, as Rivers raiſed by a Shower,
With welcome Clouds do pour:
Though they at firſt may ſeem,
To carry all away with an enraged Stream;
Yet did not happen that they might deſtroy,
Or the better parts annoy:
But all the filth and mud to ſcour,
And leave behind another ſlime,
To give a birth to a more happy power.

IX.

In Fields unconquer'd, and ſo well
Thou didſt in Battles and in Arms excell;
That ſteelly Arms themſelves, might be
Worn out in War as ſoon as thee,
Succeſs, ſo cloſe upon thy Troops did wait,
As if thou firſt hadſt conquer'd Fate;
As if uncertain Victory
Had been firſt overcome by thee;
As if her Wings were clipt, and could not flee,
Whilſt thou didſt only ſerve,
Before thou hadſt what firſt thou didſt deſerve.
Others by thee did great things do,
Triumphed'ſt thy ſelf, and mad'ſt them triumph too;
Though they above thee did appear,
As yet in a more large and higher Sphere:
Thou, the great Sun gav'ſt Light to every Star.
Thy ſelf an Army wert alone,
And mighty Troops contain'd'ſt in one:
Thy only Sword did guard the Land,
Like that which flaming in the Angel's Hand,
From Men God's Garden did defend:
But yet thy Sword did more than his,
Not only guarded, but did make this Land a Paradice.

X.

Thou fought'ſt not to be high or great,
Nor for a Scepter or a Crown,
Or Ermin, Purple, or the Throne;
But as the Veſtal Heat,
Thy Fire was kindled from above alone;
Religion putting on thy Shield,
Brought thee victorious to the Field.
Thy Arms like thoſe, which ancient Heroes wore,
Were given by the God thou did'ſt adore;
And all the words thy Armies had,
Were on an heavenly Anvil made;
Not Int'reſt, or any weak deſire
Of Rule or Empire, did thy Mind inſpire;

Thy

Thy Valour like the holy Fire,
Which did before the *Perſian* Armies go,
Liv'd in the Camp, and yet was ſacred too:
Thy mighty Sword anticipates,
What was reſerv'd for Heaven and thoſe bleſt Seats,
And makes the Church triumphant here below.

XI.

Though Fortune did hang on thy Sword,
And did obey thy mighty word;
Though Fortune for thy ſide and thee,
Forgot her lov'd Unconſtancy;
Amidſt thy Arms and Trophies thou
Wert valiant and gentle too,
Wounded'ſt thy ſelf, when thou did'ſt kill thy Foe;
Like Steel, when it much work has paſt,
That which was rough does ſhine at laſt:
Thy Arms by being oftner us'd did ſmoother grow;
Nor did thy Battles make thee proud or high,
Thy Conqueſt rais'd the ſtate, not thee:
Thou overcam'ſt thy ſelf in every Victory:
As when the Sun in a directer Line,
Upon a poliſh'd golden Shield doth ſhine,
The Shield reflects unto the Sun again his Light:
So when the Heavens ſmil'd on thee in fight;
When thy propitious God had lent
Succeſs, and Victory to thy Tent;
To Heav'n again the Victory was ſent.

XII.

England till thou did'ſt come,
Confin'd her Valour home;
Then our own Rocks did ſtand
Bounds to our fame as well as Land,
And were to us as well,
As to our Enemies unpaſſable:
We were aſham'd at what we read,
And bluſh'd at what our Fathers did,
Becauſe we came ſo far behind the Dead.

The Britiſh Lion hung his main, and droop'd,
To Slavery and Burthen ſtoop'd,
With a degenerate ſleep and fear
Lay in his Den, and languiſh'd there;
At whoſe leaſt Voice before,
A trembling eccho ran through every Shore,
And ſhook the world at every roar:
Thou his ſubdu'd Courage didſt reſtore,
Sharpen his Claws, and his Eyes
Mad'ſt the ſame dreadfull Lightning riſe;
Mad'ſt him again affright the neighbouring Floods,
His mighty Thunder ſounds through all the Woods:
Thou haſt our military Fame redeem'd,
Which was loſt or clouded ſeem'd:
Nay more, Heaven did by thee beſtow
On us, at once an Iron Age, and happy too.

XIII.

Till thou command'ſt, that Azure Chain of Waves,
Which Nature round about us ſent,
Made us to every Pirate Slaves,
Was rather burthen than an Ornament;
Thoſe Fields of Sea that waſh'd our Shores,
We plow'd, and reap'd by other hands than ours:
To us, the liquid Maſs,
Which doth about us run,
As 'tis to the Sun,
Only a bed to ſleep on was:
And not as now a powerfull Throne,
To ſhake and ſway the world thereon.
Our Princes in their hand a Globe did ſhew,
But not a perfect one,
Compos'd of Earth and Water too.
But thy Commands the Floods obey'd,
Thou all the wilderneſs of water ſway'd;
Thou did'ſt not only wed the Sea,
Not make her equal, but a Slave to thee.
Neptune himſelf did bear thy Yoke,
Stoop'd, and trembled at thy ſtroke:

He

He that rul'd all the Main,
Acknowledg'd thee his Sovereign:
And now the conquer'd Sea doth pay
More Tribute to thy *Thames* than that unto the Sea.

XIV.

Till now our Valour did our ſelves more hurt;
Our wounds to other Nations were a ſport;
And as the Earth, our Land produc'd
Iron and Steel, which ſhould to tear our ſelves be us'd,
Our ſtrength within it ſelf did break
Like thundring Cannons creak,
And kill'd thoſe that were near,
While the Enemies ſecur'd and untouch'd were.
But now our Trumpets thou haſt made to ſound
Againſt our Enemies Walls in foreign ground;
And yet no Eccho back to us returning found.
England is now the happy peacefull Iſle,
And all the World the while,
Is exerciſing Arms and Wars
With foreign or inteſtine Jars.
The Torch extinguiſh'd here, we lend to others Oil,
We give to all, yet know our ſelves no ſear;
We reach the flame of ruin and of death,
Where-e'er we pleaſe, our Swords to unſheath,
Whilſt we in calm and temperate Regions breath:
Like to the Sun, whoſe heat is hurl'd
Through every Corner of the world;
Whoſe flame through all the Air doth go,
And yet the Sun himſelf, the while no Fire doth know.

XV.

Beſides the Glories of thy Peace,
Are not in number, nor in value leſs.
Thy hand did cure, and cloſe the Scars
Of our bloody civil Wars;
Not only lanc'd but heal'd the wound,
Made us again as healthy and as ſound,
When now the Ship was well nigh loſt,
After the Storm upon the Coaſt,

By its Mariners endanger'd moſt:
When they their Ropes and Helms had left,
When the Planks aſunder cleſt,
And Floods came roaring in with mighty ſound,
Thou a ſafe Land, and harbour for us found,
And ſav'dſt thoſe that would themſelves have drown'd:
A work which none but Heaven and Thee could do,
Thou mad'ſt us happy wh'th'r we would or no;
Thy Judgment, Mercy, Temperance ſo great,
As if thoſe Vertues only in thy mind had ſeat:
Thy Piety not only in the Field, but Peace,
When Heaven ſeem'd to be wanted leaſt;
Thy Temples not like *Janus* only were,
Open in time of VVar,
VVhen thou hadſt greater cauſe of fear,
Religion and the awe of Heaven poſſeſt
All places and all times alike thy Breaſt.

XVI.

Nor didſt thou only for thy Age provide,
But for the Years to come beſide;
Our after-times, and late Poſterity,
Shall pay unto thy Fame as much as we;
They two are made by thee.
VVhen fate did call thee to a higher Throne,
And when thy mortal work was done;
VVhen Heaven did ſay it, and thou muſt be gone,
Thou him to bear thy Burthen choſe,
VVho might (if any could) make us forget thy loſs;
Nor hadſt thou him deſign'd,
Had he not been
Not only to thy Blood, but Vertue kin;
Not only Heir unto thy Throne, but Mind,
'Tis he ſhall perfect all thy Cures,
And with as fine a Thread weave out thy Loom:
So one did bring the choſen People from
Their ſlavery and fears,
Led them through their pathleſs Road,
Guided himſelf by God.

He hath brought them to the Borders; but a ſecond hand
Did ſettle, and ſecure them in the promis'd Land.

Upon the late Storm, and Death of the late Uſurper Oliver Cromwell *enſuing the ſame. By Mr.* Waller.

WE muſt reſign; Heav'n his great Soul does claim
In Storms as loud as his immortal Fame;
His dying Groans, his laſt Breath ſhakes our Iſle,
And Trees uncut fall for his Funeral Pile.
About his Palace their broad roots are toſt
Into the Air: So *Romulus* was loſt.
New *Rome* in ſuch a Tempeſt miſt their King,
And from obeying fell to worſhipping.
On *Oeta*'s top thus *Hercules* lay dead,
With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him ſpread;
The Poplar too, whoſe Bough he wont to wear
On his victorious Head, lay proſtrate there:
Thoſe his laſt Fury from the Mountain rent;
Our dying Hero, from the Continent,
Raviſh'd whole Towns, and Forts from *Spaniards* reſt,
As his laſt Legacy to *Britain* left;
The Ocean which ſo long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his vaſter Mind;
Our bounds inlargement, was his lateſt Toil,
Nor hath he left us Priſoners to our Iſle:
Under the Tropick is our Language ſpoke,
And part of *Flanders* hath receiv'd our Yoke.
From civil broils, he did us diſingage,
Found nobler Objects for our Martial Rage;
And with wiſe Conduct to his Country ſhew'd,
Their ancient way of conquering abroad:
Ungratefull then, if we no tears allow
To him that gave us Peace and Empire too:
Princes that fear'd him, griev'd, concern'd to ſee
No pitch of Glory from the Grave is free;

Nature her ſelf took notice of his Death,
And ſighing ſwell'd the Sea with ſuch a breath,
That to remoteſt ſhores her Billows rowl'd,
Th' approaching Fate of her great Ruler told.

---

by And. Marvell. in his Works

Directions to a Painter concerning the Dutch War;
By Sir John Denham, 1667.

NAY Painter, if thou dar'ſt deſign that Fight,
Which *Waller* only Courage had to write;
If thy bold hands can without ſhaking draw,
What ev'n th' Actors trembled at when they ſaw,
Enough to make thy Colours change like theirs,
And all thy Pencils briſtle like their Hairs.
Firſt in fit diſtance of the proſpect Main,
Paint *Allen* tilting at the Coaſt of *Spain*;
Heroick act! and never heard till now!
Stemming of *Hercules* pillars with the Prow!
And how he left his ſhip the hills to waſt,
And with new Sea-marks *Cales* and *Dover* graft.
Next let the flaming *London* come in view,
Like *Nero's Rome*, burnt to re-build it new;
What leſſer Sacrifice than this was meet
To offer for the ſafety of the Fleet?
Blow one ſhip up, another thence will grow:
See what free Cities and wiſe Courts can do!
So ſome old Merchant to inſure his name,
Marries afreſh, and Courties ſhare the Dame:
So whatſoe'er is broke, the Servants pay't,
And Glaſſes are more durable than Plate.
No May'r till now, ſo rich a Pageant feign'd,
Nor one Barge all the Companies contain'd.
Then Painter draw Cerulean *Coventry*,
Keeper, or rather Chancellor o'th' Sea;
And more exactly to expreſs his hue,
Uſe nothing but *Ultra-Mariniſh* Blue.

To

To pay his Fees, the Silver Trumpet ſpends,
And Boat-ſwains whiſtle, for his place depends;
Pilots in vain repeat their Compaſs o're,
Until of him they learn that one point more.
The conſtant Magnet to the Pole doth hold,
Steel to the Magnet, *Coventry* to Gold.
Muſcovy ſells us Pitch, and Hemp and Tar;
Iron and Copper, *Sweden*; *Munſter*, War;
Aſhly, Prize; *Warwick*, Cuſtoms; *Carr'ret*, Pay;
But *Coventry* doth ſell the Fleet away.

Now let our Navy ſtretch its Canvas Wings,
Swoln like his Purſe, with tackling like his ſtrings,
By ſlow degrees of the increaſing gale,
Firſt under Sail, and after under Sale:
Then in kind viſit unto *Opdam*'s Gout,
Hedge the *Dutch* in, only to let them out.
So Huntſmen fair unto the Hares give Law,
Firſt find them, and then civilly withdraw.
That the blind Archer when they take the Seas,
The *Hambrough* Convoy may betray with eaſe.
So that the Fiſh may more ſecurely bite,
The Angler baits the River over night.

But Painter, now prepare t' inrich thy piece,
Pencil of Ermins, Oyl of Ambergreece,
See where the Dutcheſs with triumphant trail
Of numerous Coaches, *Harwich* doth aſſail!
So the Land-Crabs, at Natures kindly call,
Down to ingender to the Sea do crawl.
See then the Admiral with the Navy whole,
To *Harwich* through the Ocean carry Coal:
So Swallows buried in the Sea at Spring,
Return to Land with Summer in their Wing.

One thrifty Ferry-boat of Mother-pearl,
Suffic'd of old the *Citharean* Girl;
Yet Navies are but Fopperies when here,
A ſmall Sea-mask, and built to court your Dear:
Three Goddeſſes in one, *Pallas* for Arr,
Venus for Sport, but *Juno* in your Heart.

O Dutcheſs! if thy Nuptial pomp was mean,
'Tis paid with intereſt in thy Naval ſcene.
Never did *Roman Mark* within the *Nile*,
So feaſt the fair *Ægyptian Crocodile*;
Nor the *Venetian Duke* with ſuch a ſtate
The *Adriatick* marry, at that rate.

Now Painter, ſpare thy weaker art; forbear
To draw her parting Paſſions and each Tear:
For Love, alas! hath but a ſhort delight;
The Sea, the *Dutch*, the King, all call'd to fight.
She therefore the Duke's perſon recommends
To *Brunker*, *Pen*, and *Coventry*, her Friends,
To *Pen* much, *Brunker* more, moſt *Coventry*;
For they ſhe knew were all more fraid than he:
Of flying Fiſhes one had ſav'd the Fin,
And hop'd by this he thro' the Air might ſpin;
The other thought he might avoid the Knell,
By the invention of the Diving Bell;
The third had try'd it, and affirm'd a Cable
Coyld round about him was impenetrable.
But theſe the Duke rejected, only choſe
To keep far off; let others interpoſe.
Rupert that knew no fear, but Health did want,
Kept State ſuſpended in a Chair volant;
All ſave his Head ſhut in that wooden caſe,
He ſhew'd but like a broken Weatherglaſs;
But arm'd with the whole Lyon Cap-a-Chin,
Did repreſent the *Hercules* within.
Dear ſhall the *Dutch* his twinging anguiſh know,
And ſee what Valour whet with pain can do.
Curſt in the mean time be that treach'rous *Fuel*,
That thro' his Princely Temples drove the Nail.
Rupert reſolv'd to fight it like a Lyon;
And *Sandwich* hop'd to fight it like *Arion*;
He to prolong his Life in the diſpute,
And charm'd the *Holland Pirates*, tun'd his Lute;
Till ſome judicious *Dolphin* might approach,
And land him ſafe and ſound as any Roach.

Now Painter, reaſſume thy Pencils care,
Thou haſt but skirmiſht yet, now fight prepare;
And draw the Battle terrible to ſhew,
As the laſt Judgment was of *Angelo.*
Firſt let our Navy ſcowr thro' Silver Froth,
The Oceans burthen, and the Kingdoms both;
Whoſe very bulk may repreſent its birth;
From *Hide* and *Paſton*, burthens of the Earth;
Hide whoſe tranſcendent Panch ſo ſwells of late,
That he the Rupture ſeems of Law and State;
Paſton, whoſe Belly bears more millions,
Than *Indian Carracks*, and contains more Tuns.
Let ſhoals of Porpoiſes on every ſide
Wonder in ſwimming by our Oaks out-vy'd;
And the Sea-fowl all gaze, t' behold a thing
So vaſt, more ſwift & ſtrong than they of Wing,
But yet preſaging *George* they keep in ſight,
And follow for the Reliques of a Fight.
Then let the *Dutch* with well diſſembled fear,
Or bold deſpair, more than we wiſh, draw near:
At which our Gallants, to the Sea but tender,
And more to fight their eaſy Stomachs render;
With Breaſts ſo panting, that at every ſtroke
You might have felt their Hearts beat thro' the Oak:
While one concerned in the interval
Of ſtraining Choler, thus did vent his Gall.

Noah *he damn'd! and all his Race accurſt,*
Who in Sea-brine did pickle Timber firſt!
What though he planted Vines, he Pines cut down,
He taught us how to Drink and how to Drown:
He firſt built Ships, and in his Wooden Wall,
Saving but Eight, e're ſince endanger'd all.
And thou Dutch Necromantick Fryar, be damn'd,
And in thine own firſt Mortar-piece be ram'd!
Who firſt invented Cannon in thy Cell,
Nitre from Earth, and Brimſtone fetcht from Hell.
But damn'd and treble damn'd be Clarendine,
Our Seventh Edward, *with all his Houſe and Line!*

Who to divert the danger of the War,
With Briſtol, *bounds us on the* Hollander:
Fool coated Gown-man! ſells, to fight with Hans,
Dunkirk; *diſmantling* Scotland, *quarrels* France;
And hopes he now hath buſ'neſs ſhap'd, and Power
T' out-laſt our Lives or his, and ſcape the Tower;
And that he yet may ſee, e're he go down,
His dear Clarinda *circled in a Crown.*

By this time both the Fleets in reach diſpute,
And each the other mortally ſalute:
Draw penſive *Neptune* biting of his Thumbs,
To think himſelf a Slave whoe're o'recomes.
The frighted Nymphs retreating to their Rocks,
Beating their blue Breaſts, tearing their green Locks.
Paint *Eccho* ſlain, only th'alternate ſound
From the repeating Cannon doth rebound.
Opdam ſails placed on his Naval Throne,
Aſſuming Courage greater than his own;
Makes to the Duke and threatens him from far,
To nail him to his Boards like a *Petar*;
But in the vain attempt, took fire too ſoon,
And flies up in his Ship to catch the Moon.
Monſieurs like Rockets mount aloft, and crack
In thouſand ſparks, then dancingly fall back.
Yet e're this happen'd, deſtiny allow'd
Him his Revenge, to make his death more proud;
A fatal Bullet from his ſide did range,
And batter'd *Lawſon*: Oh too dear Exchange!
He led our Fleet that day too ſhort a ſpace,
But loſt his Knee; ſince dy'd in glories Race;
Lawſon! whoſe Valour beyond fate did go,
And ſtill fights *Opdam* in the Lake below.
The *Duke* himſelf, though *Pen* did not forget,
Yet was not out of dangers Random ſet.
Falmouth was there, I know not what to act;
Some ſay 'twas to grow *Duke* too by contract;
An untaught Bullet in its wanton ſcope,
Daſhes him all to pieces, and his *Hope*.

Such

Such was his riſe, ſuch was his fall, unprais'd;
A Chance-ſhot ſooner took him than Chance rais'd:
His ſhatter'd Head the fearleſs *Duke* diſdains,
And gave the laſt firſt proof that he had Brains.
Bartlet had heard it ſoon, and thought not good
To venture more of Royal *Harding*'s Blood:
To be Immortal he was not of Age,
And did e'en now the *Indian Prize* preſage;
And judg'd it ſafe and decent, coſt what coſt,
To loſe the *Day*, *ſince his dear Brother's loſt.*
With his whole Squadron ſtraight away he bore,
And like good Boy, promis'd to fight no more.
The *Dutch Auranea* careleſs at us ſail'd;
And promiſed to doe what *Opdam* fail'd:
Smith to the *Duke* doth intercept her way,
And cleaves t' her cloſer than a *Remora:*
The Captain wonder'd, and withall diſdain'd,
So ſtrongly by a thing ſo ſmall, detain'd;
And in a raging bravery to him runs,
They ſtab their Ships with one anothers Guns:
They fight ſo near it ſeems to be on Ground,
And ev'n the *Bullets* meeting, *Bullets* wound.
The noiſe, the ſmoak, the fire, the ſweat, the blood,
Is not to be expreſt, nor underſtood.
Each Captain from his Quarter-deck commands,
They wave their bright Swords glittering in their hands.
All luxury of VVar, all Man can do
In a *Sea-fight*, did paſs between them too.
But one muſt conquer whoſoever fight;
Smith takes the Gyant and is made a Knight.
Marlborough that knew, and durſt do more than all,
Falls undiſtinguiſht by an Iron-ball:
Dear Lord! but born under a *Star* ingrate!
No ſoul more clear, nor no more gloomy fate!
VVho would ſet up VVars *Trade* that means to thrive?
Death picks the Valiant out, Cowards ſurvive:
VVhat the *Brave* merit, th' *Impudent* do vaunt;
And none's rewarded but the *Sycophant.*

Hence

Hence all his Life he againſt *Fortune* fenc'd,
Or not well known, or not well recompenc'd:
But envy not this praiſe t' his memory,
None more prepar'd was, or leſs fit to dye:
Rupert did others and himſelf excell:
Holms, *Tydiman*, *Minns*; bravely *Sanſon* fell.
What others did, let none omitted, blame,
I ſhall record, whoe're brings in his Name:
But unleſs after-ſtories diſagree,
Nine only came to fight, the reſt to ſee.
Now all conſpire unto the *Dutchmens* loſs;
The wind, the fire, we, they themſelves do croſs.
When a ſweet ſleep began the *D*uke to drown,
And with ſoft *D*iadems his *T*emples crown:
And firſt he orders all the reſt to watch,
And *They* the *Foe*, whilſt *He* a *Nap* doth catch:
But lo, *Brunkar* by a ſecret inſtinct,
Slept on, nor needed; he all day had winkt.
*T*he *Duke* in bed, he then firſt draws his ſteel,
Whoſe vertue makes the miſled Compaſs wheel.
So e're *He* wak'd, both *F*leets were innocent:
And *Brunkar* Member is of Parliament.

And now, dear Painter, after pains, like thoſe,
'*T*were time that I and thou too do repoſe.
But all our Navy ſcap'd ſo ſound of Limb,
*T*hat a ſhort ſpace ſerv'd to refreſh and trim;
And a tame *Fleet* of theirs doth Convoy want,
Laden with both the *Indies*, and *Levant*:
Paint but this one Scene more the world's our own,
And Halcyon *Sandwich* doth command alone:
*T*o *Bergen* we with confidence made haſte,
*A*nd th' ſecret ſpoils by hope already taſte;
*T*hough *Clifford* in the Character appear
Of *Supra-Cargo* to our *F*leet, and their
Wearing a Signet ready to clap on,
*A*nd ſeize all for his Maſter *Arlington*,
Ruyter whoſe little Squadron skim'd the Seas,
*A*nd waſted our remoteſt Colonies,

With

With Ships all foul, return'd upon our way;
Sand--ch would not diſperſe, nor yet delay;
And therefore like Commander grave and wiſe,
To ſcape his ſight and fight, ſhut both his Eyes;
And for more ſtate and ſureneſs, *Catten* true
The left Eye cloſeth, the right *Mountague*;
And even *Clifford* proffer'd in his zeal,
To make all ſafe, t' apply to both his Seal.
Ulyſſes ſo, till Syrens he had paſt,
VVould by his Mates be pinion'd to the Maſt.
Now can our Navy view the wiſhed Port,
But there (to ſee the *Fortune!*) was a *Fort*:
Sand--ch would not be beaten, nor yet beat;
Fools only fight, the Prudent uſe to treat.
His Couſin *Mountague* by Court-diſaſter,
*D*windled into the wooden Horſe's Maſter:
To ſpeak of Peace ſeem'd amongſt all moſt proper,
Had *Talbot* then treated of nought but Copper:
Or what are *Forts*, when void of *Ammunition*?
VVith friends or foes what would we more condition?
Yet we three days, till the *Dutch* furniſh'd all,
Men, Powder, Money, Cannon,--treat with VVall!
Then Tydiman, finding the *Danes* would not,
Sent in ſix Captains bravely to be ſhot.
And *Mountague*, though dreſt like any Bride,
And aboard him too, yet was reach'd and dy'd:
Sad was the chance, and yet a deeper care
Wrinkled his Membranes under Forehead fair.
The *Dutch Armado* yet had th' impudence
To put to Sea, to waft their Merchants thence;
For as if all their Ships of Wall-nut were,
The more we beat them, ſtill the more they bear:
But a good Pilot and a favouring wind,
Brings *Sand--ch* back, and once again did blind.
Now gentle Painter, e're we leap on ſhore,
With thy laſt ſtrokes ruffle a Tempeſt o're;
As if in our reproach, the Wind and Seas
Would undertake the *Dutch*, while we take eaſe:

The Seas the ſpoils within our Hatches throw,
The Winds both Fleets into our mouths do blow:
Strew all their ſhips along the Shore by ours,
As eas'ly to be gather'd up as Flow'rs:
But *Sand — ch* fears for Merchants to miſtake
A man of War, and among Flow'rs a Snake.
Two *Indian* ſhips pregnant with Eaſtern Pearl,
And Diamonds, ſate th' Officers and Earl:
Then warning of our Fleet, he it divides
Into the Ports, and ſo to *Oxford* rides.
Mean while the *Dutch* uniting to our ſhames,
Ride all inſulting o'er the *Downs* and *Thames!*
Now treating *San—ch* ſeems the fitteſt choice
For *Spain*, there to condole, and to rejoyce:
He meets the *French*; but to avoid all harms,
Ships to the *Groyn*: *Embaſſies bear no Arms*:
There let him languiſh a long Quarantain,
And ne'er to *England* come till he be clean.
Thus having fought, we know not why as yet;
We've done we know not what, nor what we get:
If to eſpouſe the Ocean, all this pains
Princes unite, and do forbid the Bains:
If to diſcharge Phanaticks, this makes more;
For all Phanaticks are, when they are poor:
Or if the Houſe of Commons to repay,
Their Prize-Commiſſions are transferr'd away:
But for triumphant check-ſtones if, and ſhell
For Dutcheſs Cloſet, 't hath ſucceeded well.
If to make Parliaments as odious paſs,
Or to reſerve a ſtanding force, alaſs!
Or if, as juſt, *ORANGE* to re-inſtate,
Inſtead of that, he is regenerate:
And with four Millions vainly giv'n as ſpent,
And with five Millions more of detriment,
Our Summ amounts yet only to have won
A Baſtard *Orange* for Pimp *Arl——ton*
Now may Hiſtorians argue *con* and *pro*:
Denham ſays thus; though always *Waller* ſo:

And he, good Man, in his long ſheet and ſtaff,
This Pennance did for *Cromwel's* Epitaph.
And his next Theam muſt be o'th' Duke's Miſtreſs,
Advice to draw Madam *l' Edificatreſs.*
Henceforth, O *Gemini!* two Dukes command,
Caſtor and *Pollux*, *Aumarle* and *Cumberland.*
Since in one Ship, it had been fit they'd went
In *Petty's* Double-Keel'd *Experiment.*

To the KING. By Sir John Denham.

IMperial Prince! King of the Seas and Iſles!
Dear Object of our Joy, and Heaven's ſmiles!
What boots it that thy Light doth gild our Days,
And we lie basking in thy milder Rays,
While ſwarms of Inſects, from thy warmth begun,
Our Land devour, and intercept our Sun?
Thou, like Jove's Minos, *rul'ſt a greater* Creet;
And for its hundred Cities, count'ſt thy Fleet.
Why wilt thou that State-Dædalus allow,
Who builds the Butt, a Lab'rinth and a Cow?
If thou art Minos, *be a Judge ſevere,*
And in's own Maze confound the Engineer.
O may our Sun, ſince he too nigh preſumes,
Melt the ſoft wax wherewith he imps his Plumes!
And may he falling leave his hated Name
Unto thoſe Seas his War hath ſet on Flame!
From that Enchanter having clear'd thine Eyes,
Thy native ſight will pierce within the Skies,
And view thoſe Kingdoms calm with Joy and Light,
Where's Univerſal Triumph, but no Fight.
Since both from Heaven thy Race and Power deſcend,
Rule by it's Pattern there to re-aſcend:
Let Juſtice only awe, and Battel ceaſe:
Kings are but Cards in War; they're Gods in Peace.

Directions to a Painter. By Sir John Denham.

S*And---ch* in *Spain* now, and the Duke in love,
Let's with new Generals a new Painter prove:
Lilly's a *Dutchman*, danger's in his art,
His Pencils may Intelligence impart.
Thou *Gibſon*, that among thy Navy ſmall
Of Muſcle-ſhells, commandeſt Admiral;
Thy ſelf ſo ſlender, that thou ſhew'ſt no more
Than Barnacle new hatch'd of them before:
Come mix thy Water-colours, and expreſs
Drawing in little what we yet do leſs.
First paint me *George* and *Rupert* ratling far
Both in one Box like the two Dice of War;
And let the terrour of their linked Name,
Fly thro' the air, like Chain-ſhot, tearing fame;
Jove in one Cloud did ſcarcely ever wrap
Lightning ſo fierce, but never ſuch a clap.
United Generals ſure are th' onely ſpell,
Wherewith United Provinces to quell:
Alas, even they, though ſhell'd in treble Oak,
Will prove an addle Egg with double Yolk.
And therefore next uncouple either Hound,
And loo them at two Hares e're one be found.
Rupert and *Beaufort*, halloo; ah, there *Rupert*
Like the phantaſtick hunting of St. *Hubert*;
When he with airy Hounds, and Horn of air,
Purſues by *Fontain-bleau* the witchy Hare.
Deep providence of State! that could ſo ſoon
Fight *Beaufort* here e're he had quit *Thouloon*.
So have I ſeen, e're Human Quarrels riſe,
Foreboding Meteors combat in the Skies.
But let the Prince to fight with Rumour go,
The Generals meet a more ſubſtantial Foe:
Ruyter he ſpies, and full of Youthfull heat,
Though half their number, thinks the odds too great.

The

The Fowler watching, ſo his watry ſpot,
And more the Fowl, hopes for the better ſhot.
Though ſuch a Limb was from his Navy torn,
He found no weakneſs yet, like *Sampſon* ſhorn;
But ſwoln with ſenſe of former Glory wone,
Thought *Monk* muſt be by *Albemarle* out-done:
Little he knew with the ſame Arm and Sword,
How far the Gentleman out-cuts the Lord.
Ruyter, inferiour unto none for Art,
Superiour now in number and in Heart;
Ask'd if he thought, as once our Rebel-Nation,
To conquer theirs too, with a *Declaration*?
And threatens, though he now ſo proudly ſail,
He ſhall tread back his *Iter Boreale*:
This ſaid, he the ſhort period, e're it ends,
With Iron-words from Brazen-mouths extends:
Monk yet prevents him e're the Navies meet,
And charges in himſelf alone a Fleet;
And with ſo quick and frequent motion wound
His murthering ſides about, the Ship ſeem'd round;
And the Exchanges of his Circling Fire,
Like whirling Hoops, ſhew'd of triumphant Fire.
Single he doth at their whole Navy aim,
And ſhoots them through a Porcupine of flame.
In noiſe ſo regular his Cannons met,
You'd think that Thunder was to Muſick ſet:
Ah! had the reſt but kept a time as true,
What age could ſuch a Martial Conſort ſhew!
The liſtning air unto the diſtant ſhore,
Through ſecret Pipes conveys the tuned Roar;
Till as the Eccho's vaniſhing, abate,
Men feel a dead ſound like the pulſe of State.
If Fate expire let *Monk* her place ſupply,
His Guns determine who ſhall live or dye.
But *Victory* doth always hate a Rant;
Valour's her *Brave*, but *Skill* is her *Gallant*.
Ruyter no leſs with vertuous Envy burns,
And Prodigies for Miracles returns:

Yet he obſerv'd how ſtill his Iron Balls,
Recoyl'd in vain againſt our Oaken Walls.
How the hard Pellets fell away as dead,
By our inchanted Timber fillipped.
Leave then, ſaid he, th' invulnerable Keel,
Wee'll find their feeble, like *Achilles* Heel.
He quickly taught, pours in continual Clouds
Of chain'd *Dilemma's* through our ſinew'd Shrowds.
Forreſts of Maſts fall with their rude embrace,
Our ſtiff Sails maſht, and netted into Lace;
Till our whole Navy lay their wanton mark,
Nor any Ship could ſail but as the Ark.
Shot in the Wing, ſo at the Powder's call,
The diſappointed Bird doth fluttering fall.
Yet *Monk* diſabl'd ſtill ſuch courage ſhews,
That none into his mortal gripe dare cloſe:
So an old Buſtard, maim'd yet loth to yield,
Duels the Fowler in *New-Market* Field.
But ſince he found it was in vain to fight,
He imps his Plumes the beſt he can for flight:
This, Painter, were a noble task to tell,
What indignation his great Breaſt did ſwell.

Not Vertuous Man unworthily abus'd,
Not conſtant Lover without cauſe refus'd,
Not honeſt Merchant broke, nor skilfull Player
Hiſt off the Stage, nor Sinners in deſpair;
Not Parents mockt, nor Favourites diſgrac'd,
Not Rump by Monk, *or* Oliver *diſplac'd;*
Not Kings depos'd, nor Prelates e're they dye,
Feel half the rage of Gen'rals when they fly.

Ah rather than tranſmit th' ſtory to Fame,
Draw Curtains, gentle Artiſt, o're the ſhame:
Caſhier the Memory of *Dutell*, rais'd up
To taſte, inſtead of Death, his Highneſs Cup;
And if the thing were true, yet paint it not,
How *Bartlet*, as he long deſerv'd, was ſhot;

Though others that ſurvey'd the Corps ſo clear,
Said he was only petrify'd for fear:
If ſo, th' hard Statute mummy'd without Gum,
Might the *Dutch* Balm have ſpar'd, and *Engliſh* Tomb.
Yet if thou wilt paint *MINNS* turn'd all to ſoul,
And the great *HARMAN* cak'd almoſt to Coal;
And *JORDAN* old worthy thy Pencil's pain,
Who all the while held up the Ducal Train:
But in a dark Cloud cover *Askew*, when
He quit the Prince to embark in *Loveſtein*;
And wounded Ships, which wo immortal boaſt,
Now firſt led Captive to an hoſtile Coaſt.
But moſt with ſtory of his Hand and Thumb,
Conceal (as honour would) his Grace's Bum,
When the large Bullet a large Collop tore
Out of that Buttock never turn'd before:
Fortune (it ſeems) would give him by that laſh,
Gentle correction for his fight ſo raſh.
But ſhould the Rump perceive't, they'd ſay that *Mars*
Had now reveng'd them upon *Aumarle's* Arſe.
The long diſaſter better o'er to vail,
Paint only *Jonas* three days in the Whale:
For no leſs time did conqu'ring *Ruyter* chaw
Our flying Gen'ral in his Spungy Jaw.
Then draw the youthfull *Perſeus* all in haſt,
From a Sea-Beaſt to free the Virgin chaſt;
But neither riding *Pegaſus* for ſpeed,
Nor with the *Gorgon* ſhielded at his need:
So *Rupert* the Sea-Dragon did invade,
But to ſave *George*, himſelf, and not the Maid;
And though arriving late, he quickly miſt
Ev'n Sails to fly, unable to reſiſt.
Not *Greenland* Seamen that ſurvive the fright
Of the cold Chaos, and half eternal Night,
So gladly the returning Sun adore,
Or run to ſpy the next Year's Fleet from ſhore,
Hoping yet once within the Oily ſide
Of the fat Whale, again their Spears to hide,

As our glad Fleet with universal shout
Salute the Prince, and wish the second bout.
Nor Wind's long Prisoners in Earth's hollow Vault,
The fallow Seas so eagerly assault,
As fiery *Rupert* with revengefull Joy,
Doth on the *Dutch* his hungry Courage cloy;
But soon unrigg'd, lay like an useless Board;
(As wounded in the Wrist men drop their Sword)
When a propitious Cloud between us stept,
And in our aid did *Ruyter* intercept.
Old *Homer* yet did never introduce,
To save his *Heroes*, Mists of better use.
Worship the Sun, who dwell where he doth rise;
This Mist doth more deserve our Sacrifice.
Now joyfull Fires and the exalted Bell,
And Court-Gazettes our empty Triumphs tell.
Alas, the time draws near, when overturn'd,
Thy lying Bells shall through the Tongues be burnt;
Paper shall want to print that Lye of State,
And our *false Fires true Fires* shall expiate.
Stay Painter here awhile, and I will stay;
Nor vex the future Times with my survey:
Seest not the *Monky Dutchess* all undrest?
Paint thou but her, and she will paint the rest.
This sad Tale found her in her outward Room,
Nailing up Hangings not of *Persian* Loom:
Like chaste *Penelope* that ne'er did rome,
But made all fine against her *GEORGE* came home.
Upon a Ladder, in her Coats much shorter,
She stood with Groom and Coachman for Supporter;
And careless what they saw, or what they thought,
With *Honi Pense* full honestly she wrought.
One Tenter drove, to lose no time or place,
At once the Ladder they remove, and Grace.
Whilst thus they her translate from North to East,
In posture just of a four footed Beast,
She heard the News: but alter'd yet no more,
Than that which was behind she turn'd before;

Nor

Nor would come down, but with an Handkercher,
Which Pocket foul did to her Neck prefer:
She ſhed no tears, for ſhe was too Viraginous,
But only ſnuffling her Trunk Cartilaginous,
From Scaling Ladder ſhe began a ſtory,
Worthy to be had in *Memento Mori*;
Arraigning paſt, and preſent, and *futuri*,
With a prophetick, if not friendly Fury.
Her Hair began to creep, her Belly ſound,
Her Eyes to ſparkle, and her Udder-bound;
Half *Witch*, half *Prophet*; thus the *Albemarle*,
Like *Presbyterian* Sybil, 'gan to ſnarl:
Traytors both to my Lord, and to the King!
Nay now it is beyond all ſuffering!
One Valiant Man by Land, and he muſt be
Commanded out to ſtop their leaks at Sea:
Yet ſend him *Rupert*, as an helper meet;
Firſt the Commands dividing, then the Fleet:
One may if they be beat, or both be hit;
Or if they overcome, yet Honours ſplit.
But reck'ning *GEORGE* already knockt i'th' head,
They cut him out like Beef e're he be dead:
Each for a Quarter hopes; the firſt doth skip,
But ſhall fall ſhort though at the Gen'ral-ſhip.
Next they for *Maſter of the Horſe* agree;
A third the *Cock-pit* begs, not any Me.
But they ſhall know, ay marry ſhall they do,
That who the *Cock-pit* hath, ſhall have Me too.
I told *George* firſt, as *Calamy* told me,
If the King brought theſe o're, how it would be:
Men that there pick his Pocket to his Face,
And ſell Intelligence to buy a Place.
That their Religion's pawn'd for Cloaths, nor care,
'Tis run ſo long now, to redeem't, nor dare.
O what egregious Loyalty to cheat!
O what Fidelity it was to Eat!
Whilſt *Langdales*, *Hopſons*, *Glenhams* ſtarv'd abroad,
And here true Roy'liſts ſink beneath their load.

Men that did there affront, defame, betray
The King, and ſo do here; now who but they!
What! ſay I Men! nay, rather Monſters; Men
Only in bed, nor to my Knowledge then.
See how they home return'd in revel rout,
With the ſmall manners that they firſt went out:
Not better grown, nor wiſer all the while,
Renew the cauſes of their firſt Exile:
As if, to ſhew the Fool what 'tis I mean,
I choſe a foul Smock, when I might have clean.
Firſt, they for fear disband the Army tame,
And leave good *George* a Gen'rals empty name:
Then Biſhops muſt revive, and all unfix
With Diſcontents, to content Twenty ſix:
The Lords Houſe drains the Houſes of the Lord,
For Biſhops Voices ſilencing the word.
O *Barthol'mew!* Saint of their Kalander!
What's worſe, th' *Ejection* or the *Maſſacre?*
Then *Culpepper*, *Glouſter*, and the *Princeſs* dy'd;
Nothing can live that interrupts an *Hyde.*
O more than human *GLOSTER!* Fate did ſhew
Thee but to Earth, and back again withdrew.
Then the fat Scrivener doth begin to think
'Twas time to mix the Royal Blood with Ink.
Berkley that ſwore as oft as he had Toes,
Doth kneeling now her Chaſtity depoſe;
Juſt as the firſt *French Card'nal* could reſtore
Maidenhead to his Widow, Neece and Whore.
For Portion, if ſhe could prove light, when weigh'd,
Four *Millions* ſhall within three years be paid;
To raiſe it, we muſt have a *Naval War*,
As if 'twere nothing but *Tara-Tan-Tar!*
Abroad all Princes diſobliging firſt,
At home all Parties but the very worſt.
To tell of *Ireland*, *Scotland*, *Dunkirk's* ſad;
Or the King's Marriage: But he thinks I'm mad;
And ſweeter Creature never ſaw the Sun,
If we the King wiſh *Monk*, or Queen a *Nun.*

But

But a *Dutch* War ſhall all theſe Rumors ſtill,
Bleed out theſe Humours, and our Purſes fill;
Yet after four days Fight, they clearly ſaw
'Twas too much danger for a Son-in-Law:
Hire him to leave, for *Six ſcore thouſand Pound:*
So with the King's Drums men for ſleep compound.
But modeſt *Sand—ch* thought it might agree
With the State-prudence, to do leſs than he;
And to excuſe their timorouſneſs and ſloth,
They found how *George* might now be leſs than both.
First *Smith* muſt for *Leghorn*, with force enough
To venture back again, but not go through:
Beaufort is there, and to their dazling Eyes
The diſtance more the Object magnifies;
Yet this they gain, that *Smith* his time ſhould loſe,
And for my Duke too, cannot interpoſe.
But fearing that our Navy, *George* to break,
Might yet not be ſufficiently weak;
The Secretary, that had never yet
Intelligence, but from his own Gazette,
Diſcovers a great Secret, fit to ſell,
And pays himſelf for't, e'er he would it tell;
Beaufort is in the Channel; Hixy here!
Doxy *Thoulon!* *Beaufort* is ev'ry-where.
Herewith aſſembling the ſupreme Divan,
Where enters none but Devil, *NED* and *NAN*;
And upon this pretence they ſtraight deſign'd,
The Fleet to ſep'rate, and the World to blind:
Monk to the *Dutch*, and *Rupert* (here the Wench
Could not but ſmile) is deſtin'd to the *French*.
To write the order, *Briſtol* Clerk is choſe;
One ſlit in's Pen, the other in his Noſe;
For he firſt brought the News, it is his place;
He'll ſee the Fleet divided like his Face;
And through the cranny in his griſly part,
To the Dutch Chink Intelligence impart.
The Plot ſucceeds: The *Dutch* in haſt prepar'd,
And poor Peel Garlick *George's Arſe* they ſhar'd;

And

And then presuming of his certain Wrack,
To help him late they send for *Rupert* back.
Officious *Will* seem'd fittest, as afraid
Left *George* should look too far into his Trade.
At the first Draught they pause with Statesmens care,
They write in full, then copy it as fair;
And then compare them, when at last its sign'd,
Will soon his Purse-strings, but no Seal could find.
At Night he sends it by the common Post,
To save the King of an Express the cost.
Lord, what ado to pack one Letter hence!
Some Patents pass with less circumference.

Well *George*, in spite of them thou safe dost ride,
Lessen'd I hope in nought but thy backside;
For as to Reputation, this Retreat
Of thine, exceeds the Victories so great:
Nor shalt thou stir from hence, by my consent,
Till thou hast made the *Dutch* and *Them* repent.
'Tis true, I want so long the Nuptial Gift,
But as I oft have done, I'll make a shift;
Nor will I with vain pomp accost the shore,
To try thy Valour at *the Buoy o' th' Nore*,
Fall to thy Work there *George*, as I do here;
Cherish the valiant up, Cowards cashier:
See that the Men have Pay, and Beef, and Beer,
Find out the cheats of the four Millioneer.
Out of the very Beer, they sell the Malt;
Powder of Powder, from powder'd Beef the Salt.
Put thy hand to the Tub, instead of Oxe,
They victuel with *French Pork* that hath the Pox.
Never such Coquetans by small arts do wring,
Ne'er such ill Huswives in the managing!
Pursers at Sea know fewer cheats than they,
Marriners on Shore less madly spend their Pay.
See that thou hast new Sails thy self, and spoil
All their Sea-market, and their *Cable coyl.*
Look that good *Chaplains* on each Ship do wait,
Nor the Sea-Diocese be impropriate:

Look

Look to the ſick and wounded Priſ'ners; all
Is prize; they rob even the *Hoſpital*,
Recover back the Prizes too; in vain
We fight, if all be *taken* that is *ta'en*.
Now by our Coaſt the *Dutchmen*, *like a Flight*
Of feeding Ducks, ev'ning and morning light;
How our *Land-Hectors* tremble, void of ſenſe,
As if they came ſtraight to tranſport them hence:
Some Sheep are ſtol'n; the Kingdom's all array'd,
And ev'd *Presbyters* now call out for aid.
They wiſh ev'n *George* divided to command,
One half of him at Sea, th'other on Land.
What's that I ſee! ah, 'tis my *George* agen!
It ſeems they in ſev'n Weeks have rigg'd him then.
The curious Heav'ns with Lightning him ſurrounds,
To view him, and his Name in *Thunder* ſounds.
But with the ſame ſwift goes, their Navy's near:
So e'er we hunt the Keeper ſhoots the Deer.
Stay Heaven awhile, and thou ſhalt ſee him ſail,
And *George* too, he can thunder, lighten, hail.
Happy the time that I e'er wedded *George*,
The Sword of *England*, and the *Holland* Scourge.
Avaunt *Rotterdam*-Dog, *Ruyter* avaunt,
Thou Water-Rat, thou Shark, thou Cormorant.
I'll teach thee to ſhoot Sciſſors: I'll repair
Each Rope thou loſeſt *George*, out of this Hair.
'Tis ſtrong and courſe enough; I'll hem this ſhift,
E'er thou ſhalt lack a Sail, and lie a-drift:
Bring home the old ones; *I again will ſew*,
And darn them up, to be as good as new.
What, twice diſabled! Never ſuch a thing!
Now *Sovereign* help him that brought in the *King*,
Guard thy Poſteriors, *George*, e'er all be gone,
Tho' Jury-Maſts, thou'ſt Jury-Buttocks none.
Courage! How bravely (whet with this diſgrace)
He turns, and Bullets ſpits in *Ruyter*'s Face.
They fly, they fly, their Fleet doth now divide,
But they diſcard their *Trump*: our *Trump* is *Hyde*.

See

Where are you now, *de Ruyter*, with your Bears?
See where your Merchants burn about your Ears.
Fire out the Waſps, *George* from the hollow Trees,
Cramm'd with the Honey of our Engliſh Bees.
Ah now they are paid for *Guinea*: e'er they ſteer
To the Gold Coaſt, they find it hotter here.
Turn all your Ships to ſtoves e'er you ſet forth,
To warm your Traffick in the frozen North.
Ah *Sandwich!* had thy conduct been the ſame,
Bergen had ſeen a leſs but richer Flame;
Nor *Ruyter* liv'd new battle to repeat,
And oftner beaten be, than we can beat.
Scarce had *George* leiſure after all his pain,
To tie his Breaches; *Ruyter's* out again:
Thrice in one Year! Why ſure this Man is wood:
Beat him like Stock-fiſh, or he'll ne'er be good.
I ſee them both again prepare to try;
The firſt ſhot through each other with the Eye.
Then —— but the ruling Providence that muſt
With humane Projects play, as Wind with Duſt,
Raiſes a ſtorm. So Conſtables a fray
Knock down; and ſend them both well cuff'd away.
Plant now *New England* Firs in *Engliſh* Oak,
Build your Ships Ribs proof to the Cannon ſtroke:
To get the Fleet to Sea, exhauſt the Land;
Let longing Princes pine for the command:
Strong March-panes! Wafers lights! ſo thin a puff
Of angry air can ruin all that huff:
So Champions having ſhar'd the Liſts and Sun,
The Judge throws down's Award, and they have done.
For ſhame come home *George*, 'tis for *thee* too *much*
To fight at once *with Heaven and the Dutch.*
Woe's me! what ſee I next, alas! the fate
I ſee of *England*, and its utmoſt date.
Thoſe Flames of theirs at *which* we fondly ſmile,
Kindle like *Torches* our *Sepulchral Pile.*

War,

War, Fire, and Plague againſt us all conſpire;
We *the War*, God *the Plague*, who rais'd *the Fire*?
See *how* Men all like *Ghoſts*, while *London* burns,
Wander, and *each* over his Aſhes mourns!
Curs'd be *the Man that firſt begat this War*,
In an ill *hour*, under a blazing Star.
For *Others* ſport two Nations fight a Prize;
Between them both, Religion wounded dies.
So of firſt Troy, *the angry Gods unpaid*,
Raz'd the Foundations which themſelves had laid.

Welcome, though late, dear *George*: here hadſt thou (bin,
We'd ſcap'd: (let *Rupert* bring the Navy in.)
Thou ſtill muſt help them out, when in the mire;
Gen'ral at Land, at Plague, at Sea, at Fire.
Now thou art gone, ſee *Beaufort* dares approach,
And our Fleets angling, as to catch a Roach.
Gibſon farewell, till next we put to Sea:
Truth is, thou'ſt drawn her in Effigie.

To the KING: *By Sir* John Denham.

GReat Prince: and ſo much Greater as more Wiſe;
Sweet as our Life, and dearer than our Eyes,
What Servants will conceal, and Councels ſpare
To tell, the Painter and the Poet dare.
And the aſſiſtance of an Heavenly Muſe
And Pencil repreſent the Crimes abſtruſe.
Here needs no Fleet, no Sword, no foreign Foe;
Only let Vice be damn'd, and Juſtice flow.
Shake but, like Jove, *thy Locks divine and frown,*
Thy Scepter will ſuffice to guard thy Crown.
Hark to Caſſandra's *Song, e'er fate deſtroy*
By thy lowd Navy's wooden Horſe, thy Troy.
As our Apollo, *from the Tumults wave,*
And gentle Calms, though but in Oars will ſave.

So

So Philomel *her ſad embroidery ſtrung,*
And vocal Silks tun'd with her Needles Tongue.
The Pictures dumb in Colours loud reveal'd
The Tragedies at Court ſo long conceal'd;
But when reſtor'd to voice inclos'd with wings,
To Woods and Groves what once the Painter ſings.

Directions to a Painter. By Sir John Denham.

DRaw *England* ruin'd by what was given before,
Then draw the Commons ſlow in giving more:
Too late grown wiſer, they their treaſure ſee
Conſum'd by fraud, or loſt by treachery;
And vainly now would ſome account receive
Of thoſe vaſt Summs which they ſo idly gave,
And truſted to the management of ſuch
As *Dunkirk* ſold, to make War with the *Dutch*;
Dunkirk, deſign'd once to a nobler Uſe,
Than to erect a petty Lawyer's Houſe.
But what account could they from thoſe expect,
Who to grow rich themſelves the State neglect;
Men who in *England* have no other Lot,
Than what they by betraying it have got;
Who can pretend to nothing but Diſgrace,
Where either Birth or Merit find a place.
Plague, Fire and War, have been the Nation's Curſe,
But to have theſe our Rulers, is a worſe:
Yet draw theſe Cauſers of the Kingdoms Woe,
Still urging dangers from our growing Foe,
Asking new Aid for War with the ſame face,
As if, when giv'n, they meant not to make Peace.
Mean while they cheat the publick with ſuch haſt,
They will have nothing that may eaſe it, paſt.
They Law 'gainſt *Iriſh* Cattle they condemn,
As ſhewing diſtruſt o'th' King; that is, of them.

Yet

Yet they muſt now ſwallow this bitter Pill,
Or Money want, which was the greater ill.
And then the King to *Weſtminſter* is brought,
Imperfectly to ſpeak the Chanc'llors thought;
In which, as if no Age could parallel
A Prince and Council that had rul'd ſo well,
He tells the Parliament he cannot brook
Whate'er in them like Jealouſie doth look:
Adds, that no grievances the Nation load,
While we're undone at home deſpis'd abroad.
Thus paſt the *Iriſh* with the Money-Bill,
The firſt not half ſo good, as th' other ill.
With theſe new Millions might we not expect
Our Foes to vanquiſh, or our ſelves protect;
If not to beat them off uſurped Seas,
At leaſt to force an honourable Peace:
But though the angry fate, or folly rather,
Of our perverted State, allow us neither;
Could we hope leſs to defend our Shores,
Than guard our Harbours, Forts, our ſhips and ſtores?
We hop'd in vain: Of theſe remaining are,
Not what we ſav'd, but what the *Dutch* did ſpare.
Such was our Rulers generous ſtratagem;
A policy worthy of none but them.
After two Millions more laid on the Nation,
The Parliament grows ripe for Prorogation:
They riſe, and now a Treaty is conſeſt,
'Gainſt which before theſe State-cheats did proteſt:
A Treaty which too well makes it appear,
Theirs, not the Kingdom's Int'reſt, is their care:
Stateſmen of old, *thought Arms the way to* Peace;
Ours ſcorn ſuch thread-bare policies as theſe:
All that was given for the *State*'s defence,
They think too little for their own expence:
Or if from that they any thing can ſpare,
It is to buy Peace, not maintain a War:
For which great work Embaſſadors muſt go
With bare ſubmiſſions to our arming foe:

Thus

Thus leaving a defenceleſs *State* behind,
Vaſt Fleets preparing by the *Belgians* find;
Againſt whoſe fury what can us defend?
Whilſt our great *Polititians* here depend
Upon the *Dutch* good Nature: *For when Peace*
(Say they) *is making, Acts of War muſt ceaſe.*
Thus were we by the name of *Truce* betray'd.
Tho' by the *Dutch* nothing like it was made.

Here, *Painter*, let thine Art deſcribe a Story
Shaming our warlike Iſland's ancient Glory:
A Scene which never on our Seas appear'd,
Since our firſt ſhips were on the Ocean ſteer'd;
Make the *Dutch* Fleet while we ſupinely ſleep,
Without Oppoſers, Maſters of the Deep:
Make them ſecurely the *Thames*-mouth invade,
At once depriving us of that and Trade:
Draw Thunder from their floating Caſtles, ſent
Againſt our Forts, weak as our Government:
Draw *Woollidge*, *Deptford*, *London*, and the *Tower*,
Meanly abandon'd to a foreign power.
Yet turn their firſt attempt another way,
And let their Cannons upon *Sheerneſs* play;
Which ſoon deſtroy'd, their lofty Veſſels ride
Big with the hope of the approaching Tide:
Make them more help from our Remiſneſs find,
Than from the Tide, or from the eaſtern Wind.
Their Canvas ſwelling with a proſp'rous gale,
Swift as our fears make them to *Chatham* ſail: (way,
Through our weak Chain their Fireſhips break their
And our great Ships (unmann'd) become their prey:
Then draw the fruit of our ill-manag'd Coſt,
At once our Honour and our Safety loſt:
Bury thoſe Bulwarks of our Iſle in Smoak,
While their thick Flames the neighb'ring Country choak,
The *Charles* eſcapes the raging Element,
To be with triumph into *Holland* ſent;
Where the glad People to the Shore reſort,
To ſee their Terror, now become their ſport.

But

But Painter, fill not up thy Peice before
Thou paint'ſt Confuſion on our troubled ſhore:
Inſtruct then thy bold Pencil to relate
The ſaddeſt Marks of an ill govern'd State.
Draw th' injur'd Seamen deaf to all Command,
While ſome with horror and amazement ſtand:
Others will know no other Enemy but they
Who have unjuſtly robb'd them of their Pay:
Boldly refuſing to oppoſe a Fire.
To kindle which, our Errors did conſpire:
Some (though but few) perſwaded to obey,
Uſeleſs for want of Ammunition ſtay:
The Forts deſign'd to guard our Ships of War,
Void both of Powder and of *Bullets* are:
And what paſt Reigns in peace did ne'er omit,
The preſent (whilſt invaded) doth forget.
Surpaſſing *Chatham*, make *Whitehall* appear,
If not in danger, yet at leaſt in fear.
Make our dejection (if thou canſt) ſeem more
Than our Pride, Sloth and Ign'rance did before:
The King, of danger now ſhews far more fear,
Then he did ever to prevent it, care;
Yet to the City doth himſelf convey,
Bravely to ſhew he was not run away:
Whilſt the *Black Prince*, and our *Fifth Harry's* Wars,
Are only acted on our Theatres.
Our Stateſmen finding no expedient,
(If fear of danger) but a Parliament,
Twice would avoid, by clapping up a Peace;
The Cure's to them as bad as the Diſeaſe:
But Painter, end not, till it does appear
Which moſt, the *Dutch* or Parliament they fear.

As *Nero* once, with Harp in hand, ſurvey'd
His flaming *Rome*; and as that burnt, he plaid:
So our great Prince, when the *Dutch Fleet* arriv'd,
Saw his Ships burn; and as they burnt, he——

Directions to a Painter: By Sir John Denham.

PAinter, where was't thy former Work did ceaſe?
Oh, 'twas at *Parliament*, and the brave *Peace*.
Now for a *Cornucopia*: Peace, all know
Brings *Plenty* with it; wiſh it be not *Woe*.
Draw Coats of *Pageantry*, and Proclamations
Of *Peace*, concluded with one, two, three Nations.
Canſt thou not on the change make Merchants grin
Like outward ſmiles, whiles vexing thoughts within?
Thou art no Artiſt, if thou canſt not feign,
And counterfeit the counterfeit diſdain.
Draw a brave Standard, ruffling at a rate
Much other than it did for *Chatham*'s fate.
The *Tow'r* Guns too, thundring their Joys, that they
Have ſcap'd the danger of b'ing ta'en away:
Theſe, as now Mann'd, for triumph are, not fight;
As painted fire for ſhow, not heat or light.
Amongſt the roar of theſe, and the mad ſhout
Of a poor nothing underſtanding Rout,
That think the *On and Off-Peace* now is true,
Thou might'ſt draw Mourners for *Black Barthol'mew*:
Mourners in *Sion!* Oh 'tis not to be
Diſcover'd! draw a Curtain curteouſly
To hide them. Now proceed to draw at night
A Bonfire here and there; but none too bright,
Nor laſting: for 'twas Bruſhwood, as they ſay,
Which they that hop'd for Coals now flung away.
But ſtay, I had forgot my Mother: draw
The Church of England 'mongſt the *Opera*,
To play their part too; or the *Dutch* will ſay,
In *War* and *Peace* they've born the Bells away.
At this end then, two or three Steeples ringing,
At th' other end, draw *Quires*, *Te Deum* ſinging;
Between them leave a ſpace for Tears: Remember
That 'tis not long to th' Second of *September*.

Now

Now if thou skill'ſt proſpective Landskip, draw
At diſtance, what perhaps thine Eyes ne'er ſaw;
Polyroon, *Spicy Iſlands*, *Kits*, or *Guinea*:
Syrenam, *Nova Scotia*, or *Virginia*:
No, no; I mean not theſe, pray hold your laughter;
Theſe things are far off, not worth looking after:
Give not a hint of theſe: Draw Highland, Lowland,
Mountains and Flatts: Draw *Scotland* firſt, then *Holland*.
See, canſt thou ken the *Scots* frowns? Then draw thoſe
That ſomething had to get, but nought to loſe.
Canſt thou through Fogs diſcern the *Dutchmen* drink?
Buſs-Skippers, lately Capers, ſtamp to think
Their catching craft is over: ſome have ta'en,
To eke their War, a Warrant from the *Dane*.
But paſſing theſe, their Stateſmen view a while,
In ev'ry graver Countenance a Smile:
Copy the piece there done, wherein you'll ſee
One laughing out, *I told you how 'twould be!*
Draw next a pompous interchange of Seals;
But curs'd be he that Articles reveals
Before he knows them: Now for this take light
From him that did deſcribe Sir *Edward's* fight:
You may perhaps the truth on't doubt; what tho'?
You'll have it then *Cum Privilegio*.
Then draw our Lords Comiſſioners advance,
Not homewards, but for *Flanders*, or for *France*;
There to parlier a while, until they ſee
How things in Parliament reſented be.
So much for Peace. Now for a Parliament:
A petty Seſſions draw: with what content,
Gueſs by their Countenance, who came up poſt,
And quickly ſaw they had their Labour loſt:
Like the ſmall Merchants when they Bargains ſell;
Come hither *Jack*: What ſay? Come kiſs: Farewel:
But 'twas abortive, born before its Day;
No wonder then it dy'd ſo ſoon away.
Yet breath'd it once, and that with ſuch a force,
It blaſted Thirty Thouſand Foot and Horſe.

As once *Prometheus* Man did ſneeze ſo hard,
As routed all that new rais'd ſtanding Guard
Of Teeth, to keep the Tongue in order: So
Down fall our new Gallants without a Foe.
But if this little one could do ſo much,
What will the next? Give a Prophetick touch.
If thou know how; if not, leave a great ſpace,
For great things to be pourtray'd in their place,
Now draw the ſhadow of a Parliament,
As if to ſcare the upper World 'twere ſent:
Croſs your ſelves, Gentlemen, for ſhades will fright,
Eſpecially if't be an *Engliſh* Sprite:
Vermillion this man's guilt, cerule his fears;
Sink th' others Eyes deep in his Head with cares:
Another thoughtſome on accounts to ſee
How his Diſburſements with Receipts agree.
Peep into Coaches, ſee Perriwigs neglected,
Croſs'd Arms and Legs of ſuch as are ſuſpected,
Or do ſuſpect what's coming, and foreſee
Themſelves muſt ſhare in this Polutrophy.
Painter, haſt travell'd? Didſt thou e'er ſee *Rome?*
That fam'd piece there, *Angelo's* day of Doom?
Horror and Anguiſh of Deſcenders there,
May teach thee how to paint Deſcenders here.
Canſt thou deſcribe the empty ſhifts are made,
Like that which Dealers call, *Forcing of Trade.*
Some ſhift their Crimes, ſome Places; and among
The reſt, ſome will their Countries too, e'er long.
Draw in a corner, Gameſters, ſhuffling, cutting,
Their little Crafts, no wit, together putting:
How to pack Knaves, 'mongſt Kings and Queens, to make
A ſaving Game, whilſt Heads are at the ſtake.
But croſs their Cards, untill it be confeſt,
Of all the Play, fair dealing is the beſt.
Draw a Veil of Diſpleaſure, one to *Hide,*
And ſome prepared to ſtrike a blow on's ſide.
Let him that built high, now creep low to ſhelter,
When Potentates muſt tumble *Helter Skelter.*

The

The Purſe, Seal, Mace, are gone, as it was fit,
Such Marks as theſe could not chuſe but be hit.
The Purſe, Seal, Mace, are gone; *Bartholomew*-day,
Of all the days i'th' Year, they're ta'en away.
The Purſe, Seal, Mace, are gone: but to another
Mitre, I wiſh not ſo, tho' to my Brother:
I care not for tranſlation to a See,
Unleſs they would tranſlate to *Italy*.
Now draw a Sail playing before the Wind,
From the North-Weſt; that which it leaves behind,
Curſes or Out-cries, mind them not, tell when
They do appear Realities, and then
Spare not to paint them in their Colours, though
Crimes of a Viceroy: Deputies have ſo
Been ſerv'd e'er now: But if the Man prove true,
Let him with *Pharoah's* Butler have his due.
Make the ſame wind blow ſtrong againſt the Shore
Of *France*, to hinder ſome from coming o'er.
And rather draw the golden Veſſel burning,
Even there, than hither with her Fraight returning.
Tis true, the noble Treaſurer is gone:
Wiſe, Faithfull, Loyal, ſome ſay th'only one!
Yet I will hope we've Pilots left behind
Can ſteer our Veſſel without Southern wind.
Women have groſly ſnar'd the wiſeſt Prince
That ever was before, or hath been ſince:
And Granham *Athaliah* in that Nation,
Was a great hinderer of Reformation.
Paint in a new Peice painted *Jezebel*;
Giv't to adorn the dining Room of Hell.
Hang by her others of the Gang; for more
Deſerve a place with *Roſamond*, *Jane Shore*, &c.
Stay Painter, now look, here's below a ſpace
I'th' bottom of this, what ſhall we place?
Shall it be *Pope*, or *Turk*, or *Prince*, or *Nun*?
Let the reſolve be *Neſcio*. So have done.
Expoſe thy Peice now to the World to ſee,
Perhaps they'll ſay of It, of Thee, of Me,

Poems and Paints can ſpeak ſometimes bold Truths,
Poets and Painters are licentious Youths.

Quæ ſequuntur, in limine Thalami Regii, à neſcio quo nebulone ſcripta, reperibantur.

Bella fugis, bellas ſequeris, belloque repugnas
Et bellatori, ſunt tibi bella Thori
Imbelles imbellis amas, audaxque videris
Mars ad opus Veneris, Martis ad arma Venus.

The laſt Inſtructions to a Painter, about the Dutch Wars, 1667. By A. Marvell, *Eſq.*

AFter two ſittings now our Lady-State
To end her Picture does the third time wait;
But e'er thou fall'ſt to work, firſt Painter ſee,
If't be'nt too ſlight grown, or too hard for thee.
Canſt thou paint without Colours, then 'tis right?
For ſo we too without a Fleet can fight.
Or canſt thou daub a ſign-poſt, and that ill?
'Twill ſuit our great Debauch and little Skill.
Or haſt thou mark'd how antique Maſters Limn,
The Aly-roof with Snuff of Candle dim,
Sketching in ſhady Smoak, prodigious Tools?
'Twill ſerve this race of *Drunkards*, Pimps and Fools.
But if to match our crimes thy skill preſumes,
As th' *Indian* draw out Luxury in Plumes.
Or if to ſcore out our compendious Fame,
With *Hook* then through your Microſcope take aim;
Where like the new Comptroller all men laugh,
To ſee a tall Louſe brandiſh a white Staff.
Elſe ſhalt thou off thy guiltleſs Pencil curſe.
Stamp on thy Palate, nor perhaps the worſe.
The Painter ſo long having vext his Cloth,
Of his Hounds mouth to feign the raging Froth,

His

His deſperate Pencil at the work did dart;
His anger reacht that rage which paſt his Art.
Chance finiſht that, which Art could but begin,
And he ſate ſmiling how his Dog did grin.
So may'ſt thou perfect by a lucky blow,
What all thy ſofteſt touches cannot do.
Paint then St. *Albans* full of Soop and Gold,
The new Courts pattern, Stallion of the old.
Him neither Wit nor Courage did exalt,
But Fortune choſe him for her pleaſure's Salt.
Paint him with Dray-mans Shoulders, Butchers Mein,
Member'd like Mule, with Elephantine Chin.
Well he the Title of St. *Albans* bore;
For never *Bacon* ſtudied Nature more:
But age allaying now that youthfull heat,
Fits him in *France* to play at Cards and cheat.
Draw no Commiſſion, leſt the Court ſhould lye,
And diſavowing Treaty, ask ſupply;
He needs no Seal but to St. *James's* leaſe,
Whoſe Breeches were the inſtruments of Peace.
Who if the *French* diſpute his power, from thence
Can ſtrait produce them a Plenipotence.
Nor fears he the *Moſt Chriſtian* ſhould trapan
Two Saints at once, St. *German*, and St. *Alban*;
But thought the Golden age was now reſtor'd,
When Men and Women took each others word.
Paint then again her Highneſs to the Life,
Philoſopher beyond *Newcaſtle's* Wife:
She naked can *Archimedes* ſelf put down
For an experiment upon the Crown.
She perfected that Engine oft eſſay'd,
How after Child-birth to renew a Maid;
And found how Royal Heirs might be matur'd
In fewer Months than Mothers once endur'd.
Hence *Crowder* made the rare Inventreſs free
Of's Highneſſes *Royal Society*.
(Happieſt of Women if ſhe were but able
To make her glaſſen Duke once maleable.)

Paint her with Oyſter lip, and Breath of ſame,
Wide Mouth, that Sparagus may well proclaim;
With Chancellors Belly, and ſo large a Rump,
There (not behind the Coach) her Pages jump:
Expreſs her ſtudying now, if *China*-Clay
Can, without breaking, venom'd Juice convey.
Or how a mortal Poiſon ſhe may draw
Out of the Cordial Meal of the *Cacoa*.
Witneſs the Stars of Night, and thou the pale
Moon, that o'ercome with the ſick Steam didſt fail.
Ye neighbouring Elms that your green Leaves did ſhed,
And Fauns that from the Womb abortive fled.
Not unprovok'd ſhe tries forbidden Arts,
But in her ſoft Breaſt Loves hid Cancer ſmarts,
While ſhe revolves at once *Sydney*'s diſgrace,
And her ſelf ſcorn'd for emulous *Denham*'s Face,
And nightly hears the hated Guards away
Galloping with the Duke to other Prey.
Paint *Caſtlemain* in colours that will hold
Her, not her Picture, for ſhe now grows old.
She thro' her Lackey's Drawers as he ran,
Diſcern'd Loves cauſe, and a new flame began.
Her wonted joys thenceforth, and Court ſhe ſhuns,
And ſtill within her mind the Footman runs.
His brazen Calves, his brawny Thighs (the Face
She ſlights) his Feet ſhap'd for a ſmoother race.
Poring within her Glaſs, ſhe re-adjuſts
Her locks, and oft-try'd Beauty now diſtruſts;
Fears leſt he ſcorn'd a Woman once aſſay'd,
And now firſt wiſh't ſhe e'er had been a Maid.
Great Love! how doſt thou triumph, and how reign,
That to a Groom could'ſt humble her diſdain!
Stript to her Skin, ſee how ſhe ſtooping ſtands,
Nor ſcorns to rub him down with thoſe fair Hands,
And waſhing (leſt the ſcent her crime diſcloſe)
His ſweaty Hoofs, tickles him betwixt the Toes.
But envious Fame too ſoon began to note
More Gold in's Fob, more Lace upon his Coat;

And

And he unwary, and of Tongue too fleet,
No longer could conceal his Fortune ſweet.
Juſtly the Rogue was whipt in *Porters* Den,
And *Jermin* ſtreight has leave to come again.
Ah *Painter*! now could *Alexander* live,
And this *Campaſpe* thee *Apelles* give.
Draw next a pair of Tables opening, then
The Houſe of Commons clattering like the men.
Deſcribe the Court and Country both ſet right
On oppoſite points, the black againſt the white.
Thoſe having loſt the Nation at Tick-Tack,
Theſe now adventuring how to win it back.
The Dice betwixt them muſt the fate divide,
(As chance does ſtill in multitudes decide)
But here the Court doth its advantage know,
For the cheat *Turner* for them both muſt throw;
As ſome from Boxes, he ſo from the Chair
Can ſtrike the Dye, and ſtill with them go ſhare.
Here *Painter* reſt a little and ſurvey
With what ſmall Arts the publick Game they play:
For ſo too, *Rubens* with affairs of State
His labouring Pencil oft would recreate.
The cloſe Cabal mark'd how the Navy eats,
And thought all loſt that goes not to the Cheats.
So therefore ſecretly for Peace decrees,
Yet as for War the Parliament would ſqueeze;
And fix to the Revenue ſuch a Summ
Should *Goodrick* ſilence, and ſtrike *Paſton* dumb:
Should pay Land Armies, ſhould diſſolve the vain
Commons, and ever ſuch a Court maintain,
Hyde's avarice, *Bennet's* luxury ſhould ſuffice,
And what can theſe defray but the Exciſe?
Exciſe a Monſter, worſe than e'er before,
Frighted the Midwife, and the Mother tore.
A thouſand Hands ſhe has, and thouſand Eyes,
Breaks into Shops, and into Cellars pries.
With hundred rows of Teeth the Shark exceeds,
And on all Trades, like *Caſawar* ſhe feeds;

Chops

Chops of the piece where's'e're she close the Jaw,
Else swallows all down her indented Maw.
She stalks all day in Streets conceal'd from sight,
And flies like Batts with leathern Wings by night:
She wasts the Country, and on Cities preys:
Her of a Female Harpy in Dog-days.
Black *Birch*, of all the Earth-born Race most hot,
And most rapacious like himself begot;
And of his Brat enamour'd, as't increast,
Bugger'd in Incest with the mongrel Beast.
Say Muse, for nothing can escape thy sight,
(And, Painter wanting other, draw this fight)
Who in an *English* Senate fierce debate
Could raise so long for this new Whore of State.
Of early Wittalls first the Troop march'd in;
For diligence renown'd, and Discipline.
In loyal hast they left young Wives in bed,
And *Denham* these with one consent did head.
Of the old Courtiers next a Squadron came,
That sold their Master, led by *Ashburnham*.
To them succeeds a despicable Rout,
But knew the word, and well could face about;
Expectants pale with hopes of Spoil allur'd,
Though yet but Pioneers, and led by *Steward*.
Then damning Cowards rang'd the vocal Plain:
Wood these command, Knight of the Horn, and Cane.
Still his hook-shoulder seems the blow to dread,
And under's Arm-pit he defends his Head.
The posture strange men laugh at, of his pole,
Hid with his Elbow like the Spice he stole:
Headless St. *Dennis* so his Head does bear,
And both of them alike *French* Martyrs were.
Court Officers, as us'd, the next place took,
And follow'd *F——x*, but with disdainfull look.
His birth, his youth, his brokage all dispraise
In vain; for always he commands that pays.
Then the procurers under *Progers* fill'd,
Gentlest of men, and his Lieutenant mild;

Bronkard

Bronkard Love's Squire, through all the Field array'd,
No *T*roop was better clad, nor ſo well paid.
Then marcht the *T*roop of *Clarendon* all full,
Haters of Fowl, to *T*eal preferring *B*ull:
Groſs *B*odies, groſſer Minds, and groſſer Cheats,
And bloated *Wren* conducts them to their Seats.
Charleton advances next (whoſe Wife does awe
The Mitred *T*roop) and with his Looks gives Law.
He marches with *B*eaver cockt of *B*iſhops brim,
And hid much fraud under an aſpect grim.
Next the Lawyers mercenary *B*and appear,
Finch in the Front, and *Thurland* in the Rear.
The *T*roop of Priviledge, a Rabble bare
Of Debtors deep, fell to *Trelawney*'s care;
*T*heir Fortunes error they ſupply'd in Rage,
Nor any further would than theſe ingage.
*T*hen marcht the *T*roop whoſe valiant acts before
(*T*heir publick acts) oblig'd them to do more.
For Chimnies ſake they all Sir *Pool* obey'd,
Or in his abſence him that firſt it laid.
*T*hen come the thrifty *T*roop of Privateers,
Whoſe Horſes each with other interferes:
*B*efore them *Higgins* rides with brow compact,
Mourning his Counteſs anxious for his Act.
Sir *Frederick* and Sir *Solomon* draw lots
For the Command of Politicks and *Scots*:
*T*hence fell towards---but quarrels to adjourn,
*T*heir Friends agreed they ſhould command by turn.
Carteret the rich did the *A*ccountants guide,
*A*nd in ill Engliſh all the world defy'd.
*T*he Papiſts (but of thoſe the Houſe had none
Elſe) *Talbot* offer'd to have led them on.
*B*old *Duncomb* next of the Projectors chief,
*A*nd old *Fitz-Harding* of the Eaters *B*eef.
Late and diſorder'd out the Drunkards drew,
Scarce them their Leaders, they their Leaders knew.
Before them enter'd equal in command
Apſley and *Brotherick* marching hand in hand.

Laſt

Laſt then but one *Powel* that could not ride
Left the *French* Standard weltring in his ſtride;
He, to excuſe his ſlowneſs, truth confeſt,
That 'twas ſo long before he could be dreſt.
The Lords Sons laſt all theſe did reinforce,
Cornbury before them manag'd Hobby-Horſe.
Never before, nor ſince an Hoſt ſo ſteel'd
Troop'd on to muſter in the *Tuttle-field*.
Not the firſt Cock-horſe that with Cork was ſhod
To reſcue *Albemarle* from the Sea-Cod:
Nor the late Feather-men whom *Tomkins* fierce
Shall with one breath like Thiſtle Down diſperſe.
All the two *Coventries* their Generals choſe,
For one had much, the other nought to loſe.
Nor better choice all accidents could hit,
While Hector *Harry* ſteers by *Will* the Wit.
They both accept the charge with merry glee,
To fight a Battle from all Gun-ſhot free.
Pleas'd with their Numbers, yet in Valour wiſe,
They feign a Parley, better to ſurprize;
They that e'er long ſhall the rude *Dutch* upbraid,
Who in a time of Treaty durſt invade.
Thick was the Morning, and the Houſe was thin,
The Speaker early, when they all fell in.
Propitious Heavens! had not you them croſt,
Exciſe had got the day, and all been loſt:
For t'other ſide all in cloſe Quarters lay
Without Intelligence, Command or Pay.
A ſcatterd'd body which the Foe ne'er try'd,
But often did among themſelves divide.
And ſome ran o'er each Night, while others ſleep,
And undeſcry'd return 'fore Morning peep.
But *Strangeways* that all Night ſtill walk the round,
For Vigilance and Courage both renown'd;
Firſt ſpy'd the Enemy, and gave th' Allarm,
Fighting it ſingle till the reſt might arm:
Such Roman *Cocles* ſtood before the Foe,
The falling Bridge behind, the Streams below.

Each

Each ran as Chance him guides to ſeveral poſt,
And all to pattern his Example, boaſt;
Their former Trophies they recall to mind,
And to new edge their angry courage grind.
Firſt enter'd forward *Temple*, Conqueror
Of *Iriſh* Cattle, and Solicitor;
Then daring *S--r*, that with Spear and Shield
Had ſtretcht the Monſter *Patent* on the Field.
Keen *Whorwood* next in aid of Damſel frail,
That pierc'd the Gyant *Mordant* thro' his Mail:
And ſurly *Williams* the Accountants bane,
And *Lovelace* young of Chimny-men the Cane.
Old *Waller*, Trumpet-Cheneral, ſwore he'd write
This Combat truer than the Naval fight.
Of birth, ſtate, wit, ſtrength, courage, *How'rd* preſumes,
And in his breaſt wears many *Montezumes*.
Theſe with ſome more with ſingle valour ſtay
The adverſe Troops, and hold them all at bay.
Each thinks his perſon repreſents the whole,
And with that thought does multiply his ſoul;
Believes himſelf an Army; theirs, one Man;
As eaſily conquer'd, and believing, can
With heart of Bees ſo full, and head of Mites,
That each, though *D*uelling, a Battle fights.
Such once *Orlando* famous in Romance,
Broacht whole Brigades like Larks upon his Lance.
But ſtrength at laſt ſtill under number bows,
And the faint ſweat trickl'd down *Temples* brows;
Even Iron *Strangeways* chafing yet gave back,
Spent with fatigue, to breathe awhile Toback ——
When marching in, a ſeaſonable recruit
Of Citizens, and Merchants, held diſpute,
And charging all their Pikes, a ſullen band
Of *Presbyterian Switzers* made a ſtand.
Nor could all theſe the Field have long maintain'd,
But for th' unknown reſerve that ſtill remain'd;
A groſs of *Engliſh* Gentry nobly born,
Of clear Eſtates, and to no Faction ſworn,

Dear

Dear Lovers of their King, and Death to meet
For Country's cauſe, that glorious thing and ſweet,
To ſpeak not forward, but in action brave,
In giving generous, but in Council grave;
Candidly credulous for once; nay twice:
But ſure the Devil can't cheat them thrice.
The Van and Battle, tho' retiring, falls
Without diſorder in their Intervals;
Then cloſing all in equal front, fall on,
Led by great *Garraway*, and great *Littleton*.
Lee equal to obey, or to command
Adjutant-General was ſtill at hand.
The Marſhal Standard *Sands* diſplaying ſhows
St. *Dunſtan* in it tweaking Satan's Noſe.
See ſudden chance of War to paint, or write,
Is longer work, and harder than to fight:
At the firſt charge the Enemy give out,
And the *Exciſe* receives a total rout.

Broken in courage, yet the men the ſame,
Reſolve henceforth upon their other game;
Where force had fail'd, with Stratagem to play,
And what haſte loſt, recover by delay.
St. *Albans* ſtrait is ſent to, to forbear,
Leſt the ſure Peace (forſooth) too ſoon appear.
The Seamens clamours to three ends they uſe,
To cheat their pay, feign want, and th' Houſe accuſe.
Each day they bring the tale, and that too true,
How ſtrong the *Dutch* their Equipage renew.
Mean time thro' all the Yards their Orders run,
To lay the Ships up, ceaſe the Keels begun.
The Timber rots, the uſeleſs Axe does ruſt;
Th' unpractic'd Saw lies burled in its duſt;
The buſie Hammer ſleeps, the Ropes untwine,
The Stores and Wages all are mine and thine.
Along the Coaſts and Harbours they take care
That Money lacks, nor Forts be in repair.
Long thus they cou'd againſt the Houſe conſpire,
Load them with envy, and with ſitting tire:

And

And the lov'd King, and never yet deny'd,
Is brought to beg in publick, and to chide:
But when this fail'd, and Months enough were ſpent,
They with the firſt days proffer ſeem content;
And to Land-Tax from the Exciſe turn round,
Bought off with Eighteen hundred thouſand pound.
Thus like fair Thieves, the Commons Purſe they ſhare,
But all the Members Lives conſulting ſpare.

Blither than Hare that hath eſcap'd the Hounds,
The Houſe prorogu'd, the Chanchellour rebounds.
Not ſo decripet *Æſon* haſht and ſtew'd
With Magick Herbs roſe from the Pot renew'd;
And with freſh Age felt his glad Limbs unite,
His Gout (yet ſtill he curſt) had left him quite.
What Froſts to Fruits, what Arſnick to the Rat,
What to fair *Denham* mortal Chocolat:
What an account to *Carteret*, that and more,
A Parliament is to the Chancellour.
So the ſad Tree ſhrinks from the Morning's Eye,
But blooms all Night and ſhoots its Branches high.
So at the Suns receſs, again returns,
The Comet dread, and Earth and Heaven burns.

Now *Mordant* may within his Caſtle Tower
Impriſon Parents, and the Child deflower.

The *Iriſh* Herd is now let looſe, and comes
By Millions over, not by Hecatombs:
And now, now the *Canary* Patent may
Be broach'd again for the great *Holy-day*.
See how he reigns in his new Palace culminant,
And ſits in ſtate Divine like *Jove* the Fulminant.
Firſt *Buckingham* that durſt 'gainſt him rebel,
Blaſted with Lightning, ſtruck with Thunder fell.
Next the twelve Commons are condemn'd to groan,
And roll in vain at *Siſyphus's* Stone.
But ſtill he car'd, whilſt in revenge he brav'd
That Peace ſecur'd, and Money might be ſav'd:
Gain and Revenge, Revenge and Gain are ſweet,
United moſt, when moſt by turns they meet.

France

France had St. *Albans* promis'd (ſo they ſing)
St. *Albans* promis'd him, and he the King.
The Count forthwith is order'd all to cloſe,
To play for *Flanders*, and the Stake to loſe.
While chain'd together, two Embaſſadors
Like ſlaves ſhall beg for Peace at *Holland*'s doors.
This done, among his *Cyclops* he retires
To forge new Thunder, and inſpect their Fires.
The Court as once of War, now fond of Peace,
All to new ſports their wanton fears releaſe.
From *Greenwich* (where Intelligence they hold)
Comes news of Paſtime martial and old.
A puniſhment invented firſt to awe
Maſculine Wives tranſgreſſing Natures Law;
Where when the brawny Female diſobeys,
And beats the Husband, till for Peace he prays,
No concern'd Jury damage for him finds;
Nor partial Juſtice her behaviour binds;
But the juſt Street does the next Houſe invade,
Mounting the Neighbour couple on lean Jade;
The Diſtaff knocks, the Grains from Kettle fly,
And Boys and Girls in Troops run hooting by.
Prudent Antiquity! that knew by ſhame,
Better than Law, domeſtick broils to tame;
And taught Youth by ſpectacle innocent,
So thou and I dear Painter repreſent
In quick Effigie, others faults; and feign,
By making them ridic'lous, to reſtrain:
With homely ſight they choſe thus to relax
The Joys of State for the new Peace and Tax.
So *Holland* with us had the Maſtery try'd,
And our next Neighbours, *France* and *Flanders* ride.
But a freſh News the great deſignment nips
Off, at the Iſle of *Candy*, *Dutch* and Ships.
Bab May, and *Arlington* did wiſely ſcoff,
And thought all ſafe, if they were ſo far off;
Modern Geographers! 'Twas there they thought
Where *Venice* twenty years the *Turks* had fought.

(While the firſt year our Navy is but ſhewn,
The next divided, and the third we've none.)
They by the Name miſtook it for that Iſle
Where Pilgrim *Palmer* travell'd in Exile,
With the Bull's horn to meaſure his own head,
And on *Paſiphae's* Tomb to drop a bead.
But *Morrice* learn'd demonſtrates by the Poſt,
This Iſle of *Candy* was on *Eſſex* Coaſt.
Freſh Meſſengers ſtill the ſad news aſſure,
More timorous now we are than firſt ſecure.
Falſe terrors our believing fears deviſe,
And the *French* Army one from *Calais* ſpies.
Bennet and *May*, and thoſe of ſhorter reach,
Change all for Guineas and a Crown for each;
But wiſer Men, and Men foreſeen in chance
In *Holland* theirs had lodg'd before, and *France*.
White-hall's unſafe, the Court all meditates
To fly to *Windſor* and mure up the Gates.
Each doth the other blame, and all diſtruſt,
(But *Mordant* new oblig'd would ſure be juſt.)
Not ſuch a fatal ſtupefaction reign'd
At *London's* Flames, nor to the Court complain'd.
The *Bloodworth* Chanc'lor gives, (then does recall)
Orders, amaz'd, at laſt gives none at all.
St. *Albans* writ too, that he may bewail
To Monſieur *Lewis* and tell Coward tale,
How that the *Hollanders* do make a noiſe,
Threaten to beat us, and are naughty Boys.
Now *Doleman's* diſobedient, and they ſtill
Uncivil, his unkindneſs would us kill.
Tell him our Ships unrigg'd, our Forts unmann'd,
Our Money's ſpent, elſe 'twere at his command;
Summon him therefore of his word, and prove
To move him out of pity, if not love;
Pray him to make *D'Wit* and *Ruyter* ceaſe,
And whip the *Dutch*, unleſs they'll hold their peace.
But *Lewis* was of memory but dull,
And to St. *Albans* too undutifull:

Nor Word, nor near Relation did revere,
But ask'd him bluntly for his Character.
The gravell'd Count did with this anſwer faint,
(His character was that which thou didſt paint)
And ſo enforc'd like Enemy or Spie,
Truſſes his Baggage, and the Camp does fly:
Yet *Lewis* writes, and left our heart ſhould break,
Condoles us morally out of *Seneque*.
Two Letters next unto *Breda* are ſent,
In Cypher one to *Harry* excellent:
The firſt entruſts (our Verſe that Name abhors)
Plenipotentiary Embaſſadors;
To prove by Scripture, Treaty does imply
Ceſſation, as the Look Adultery;
And that by Law of Arms, in Martial ſtriſe,
Who yields his Sword, has title to his Life.
Presbyter *Hollis* the firſt point ſhould clear,
The ſecond *Coventry* the Cavalier:
But would they not be argu'd back from Sea,
Then to return home ſtrait *infectâ re*.
But *Harry's* order'd, if they won't recall
Their Fleet, to threaten — we will give them all.
The *Dutch* are then in Proclamation ſhent,
For ſin againſt the eleventh Commandment.
Hyde's flippant ſtyle there pleaſantly curvets,
Still his ſharp wit on States and Princes whets:
So *Spain* could not eſcape his laughter's ſpleen,
None but himſelf muſt chuſe the King a Queen.
But when he came the odious Clauſe to pen,
That ſummons up the Parliament agen,
His Writing-maſter many times he bann'd,
And wiſht himſelf the Gout to ſeize his hand;
Never old Lecher more repugnance felt,
Conſenting for his Rupture to be gelt.
But ſtill in hope he ſolac'd e're they come
To work the Peace, and ſo to ſend them home;
Or in their haſty Call to find a flaw,
Their Acts to vitiate, and them over-aw:

But more rely'd upon this *Dutch* pretence,
To raiſe a two-edg'd Army for's defence.
Firſt then he march'd our whole *Militia*'s force,
(As if alas we Ships, or *Dutch* had Horſe,)
Then from the uſual common place he blames
Theſe, and in ſtanding Armies praiſe declaims:
And the wiſe Court, that alway lov'd it dear,
Now thinks all but too little for their fear.
Hide ſtamps, and ſtrait upon the ground the ſwarms
Of currant *Myrmidons* appear in Arms;
And for their Pay he writes as from the King,
With that curs'd Quill pluckt from a Vultures wing,
Of the whole Nation now to ask a Loan;
(The Eighteen hundred thouſand pounds are gone.)
This done, he pens a Proclamation ſtout
In reſcue of the Bankers Banquerout.
His Minion-Imps that in his ſecret part
Lie nuzzling at the Sacramental Wart;
Horſe-leeches ſucking at the Hæm'royd Vein,
He ſucks the King, they him, he them again.
The Kingdoms Farm he letts to them bids leaſt;
(Greater the Bribe) and cheats at Intereſt.
Here Men induc'd by ſafety, gain, and eaſe,
Their Money lodge, confiſcate when he pleaſe:
Theſe can at need, at inſtant with a Scrip
(This lik'd him beſt) his Caſh beyond Sea whip;
When *Dutch* invade, and Parliament prepare;
How can he Engines ſo convenient ſpare?
Let no man touch them, or demand his own,
Pain of diſpleaſure of great *Clarendon*.
The State affairs thus marſhall'd, for the reſt,
Monk in his Shirt againſt the *Dutch* is preſt.
Often (dear Painter) have I ſate and mus'd
Why he ſhould ſtill b' on all Adventures us'd:
Do they for nothing ill, like Aſhen-wood,
Or think him like Herb-*John* for nothing good?
Whether his Valour they ſo much admire,
Or that for Cowardiſe they all retire.

As, Heaven in Storms they call, in guſts of State
On *Monk* and Parliament, yet both do hate.
All Cauſes ſure concurr, but muſt they think
Under Herculian labours he may ſink.
Soon then the Independent Troops would cloſe,
And *Hyde*'s laſt project of his place diſpoſe.
Ruyter the while that had our Ocean curb'd,
Sail'd now amongſt our Rivers undiſturb'd;
Survey'd their Chryſtal Streams and Banks ſo green,
And beauties e'er this never naked ſeen:
Through the vain Sedge the baſhfull Nymphs he ey'd,
Boſoms, and all which from themſelves they hide.
The Sun much brighter, and the Sky more clear
He finds, the Air and all things ſweeter here:
The ſudden change, and ſuch a tempting ſight
Swells his old veins with freſh blood, freſh delight.
Like am'rous Victors he begins to ſhave,
And his new face looks in the Engliſh Wave.
His ſporting Navy all about him ſwim,
And witneſs their complacence in their trim.
Their ſtreaming Silks play through the weather fair,
And with inveigling Colours court the Air.
While the Red Flags breath on their Top-maſts high
Terror and War, but want an Enemy.
Among the Shrouds the Seamen ſit and ſing,
And wanton Boys on every Rope do cling:
Old *Neptune* ſprings the Tydes, aud Waters lent,
(The Gods themſelves do help the provident)
And where the deep Keel on the ſhallow cleaves
With Trident's Leaver and great Shoulder heaves.
Æolus their Sails inſpires with Eaſtern Wind,
Puffs them along, and breaths upon them kind.
With pearly Shell, the Tritons all the while
Sound the Sea-march, and guide to *Sheppy* Iſle.
So have I ſeen in *April*'s bud ariſe,
A Fleet of Clouds ſailing along the Skies.
The liquid Region with their Squadrons fill'd,
Their airy Sterns the Sun behind does guild,

And

And gentle Gales them ſteer, and Heaven drives,
When all on ſudden their calm boſom rives
With Thunder and Lightning from each armed Cloud,
Shepherds themſelves in vain in Buſhes ſhroud.
So up the Stream the *Belgick* Navy glides,
And at *Sheerneſs* unloads its ſtormy Sides.
Sprag there, though practis'd in the Sea command,
With panting heart, lay like a fiſh on land,
And quickly judg'd the Fort was not tenable;
Which if a Houſe, yet were not tenantable.
No man can ſit there ſafe, the Cannon pours
Through the Walls untight, and Bullets ſhowers.
The neighbourhood ill, and an unwholſome ſear,
So at the firſt ſalute reſolves retreat;
And ſwore that he would never more dwell there,
Untill the City put it in repair.
So he in Front, his Garriſon in rear,
March'd ſtreight to *Chatham* to increaſe the fear:
There our ſick Ships unrigg'd in Summer lay,
Like moulting Fowl, a weak and eaſie Prey:
For whoſe ſtrong bulk Earth ſcarce could Timber find,
The Ocean water, or the Heaven's wind.
Thoſe Oaken Gyants of the ancient Race,
That rul'd all Seas, and did our Channel grace.
The conſcious Stag, tho' once the Foreſt's dread,
Flies to the Wood, and hides his armleſs Head:
Ruyter forthwith a Squadron does untack,
They ſail ſecurely through the River's track.
An *Engliſh* Pilot too (Oh ſhame! Oh ſin!)
Cheated of's Pay, was he that ſhew'd them it.
Our wretched Ships within their Fate attend,
And all our hopes now on frail Chain depend:
(Engine ſo ſlight to guard us from the Sea,
It fitter ſeem'd to captivate a Flea,)
A Skipper rude ſhocks it without reſpect,
Filling his Sails more force to recollect.
Th' *Engliſh* from ſhore the Iron deaf invoke
For its laſt aid, Hold Chain, or we are broke!

But with her ſailing weight the *Holland* Keel,
Snapping the brittle Links, does thorough reel,
And to the reſt the opened paſſage ſhew:
Monk from the Bank that diſmal ſight does view.
Our feather'd Gallants which came down that day
To be Spectators ſafe of the New Play,
Leave him alone when firſt they hear the Gun,
(*Cornb'ry* the fleeteſt) and to *London* run.
Our Seamen, whom no dangers ſhape could fright,
Unpaid, refuſe to mount our Ships for ſpight:
Or to their Fellows ſwim on board the *Dutch*,
Who ſhew the tempting Metal in their clutch.
Oft had he ſent, of *Duncomb* and of *Legg*
Cannon and Powder, but in vain, to beg;
And *Upnor* Caſtle's ill deſerted Wall,
Now needfull does for Ammunition call.
He finds, wheres'ere he ſuccour might expect,
Confuſion, Folly, Treachery, Fear, Neglect.
But when the *Royal Charles* (what rage! what grief!)
He ſaw ſeiz'd, and could give her no relief;
That Sacred Keel that had, as he, reſtor'd
It's exil'd Sov'raign on its happy board,
And thence the *Britiſh* Admiral became,
Crown'd for that merit with his Maſter's Name:
That pleaſure-boat of War, in whoſe dear ſide
Secure, ſo oft he had this Foe defy'd,
Now a cheap Spoil, and the mean Victors ſlave,
Taught the *Dutch* Colours from its top to wave;
Of former glories the reproachfull thought
With preſent ſhame compar'd, his mind diſtraught.
Such from *Euphrates* bank a Tigreſs fell
After her Robbers for her Whelps does yell;
But ſees enrag'd the River flow between,
Fruſtrate Revenge, and Love by loſs more keen;
At her own Breaſt her uſeleſs Claws does arm,
She tears her ſelf, 'cauſe him ſhe cannot harm.
The Guards plac'd for the Chain's and Fleet's defence,
Long ſince were fled on many a feign'd pretence.

Daniel

Daniel had there adventur'd, man of might,
Sweet Painter, draw his Picture while I write.
Paint him of Perſon tall, and big of Bone,
Large Limbs like Ox, not to be kill'd but ſhewn;
Scarce can burnt Iv'ry feign a hair ſo black,
Or Face ſo red, thine Oker and thy Lack,
Mix a vain terror in his Martial look,
And all thoſe lines by which men are miſtook;
But when by ſhame conſtrain'd to go on Board,
He heard how the wild Cannon nearer roar'd,
And ſaw himſelf confin'd like Sheep in Pen,
Daniel then thought he was in Lions Den:
But when the frightfull Fire-Ships he ſaw,
Pregnant with Sulphur nearer to him draw,
Captain, Lieutenant, Enſign, all make haſt,
E'er in the fiery Furnace they be caſt;
Three Children tall unſing'd, away they row,
Like *Shadrack*, *Meſheck* and *Abednego*.
Each dolefull day ſtill with freſh loſs returns,
The *Loyal London* now a third time burns.
And the true *Royal Oak* and *Royal James*,
Ally'd in Fate, encreaſe with theirs her flames.
Of all our Navy none ſhould now ſurvive,
But that the Ships themſelves were taught to dive;
And the kind River in its Creek them hides,
Fraughting their pierced Keels with Ouzy ſides;
Up to the Bridge contagious Terror ſtruck,
The *Tow'r* it ſelf with the near danger ſhook,
And were not *Ruyter*'s Maw with ravage cloy'd,
Ev'n *London*'s aſhes had been then deſtroy'd.
Officious fear, however to prevent
Our loſs, does ſo much more our loſs augment.
The *Dutch* had robb'd thoſe Jewels of the Crown,
Our Merchant-men, leſt they ſhould burn, we drown:
So when the Fire did not enough devour,
The Houſes were demoliſh'd near the Tow'r.
Thoſe Ships that yearly from their teeming hole
Unloaded here the Birth of either Pole,

Fir from the North, and Silver from the Weſt,
From the South Perfumes, Spices from the Eaſt;
From *Gambo* Gold, and from the *Ganges* Jems,
Take a ſhort Voyage underneath the *Thames*:
Once a deep River, now with Timber floor'd,
And ſhrunk, leſs navigable, to a Ford.
Now nothing more at *Chatham*'s left to burn,
The *Holland* Squadron leiſurely return,
And ſpight of *Ruperts* and of *Albermarles*,
To *Ruyter*'s Triumph led the Captive *Charles*.
The pleaſing ſight he often does prolong,
Her Maſt erect, tough Cordage, Timber ſtrong,
Her moving ſhape, all theſe he doth ſurvey,
And all admires, but moſt his eaſie Prey.
The Seamen ſearch her all within, without,
Viewing her ſtrength, they yet their Conqueſt doubt;
Then with rude ſhouts ſecure, the *Air* they vex,
With gameſom joy inſulting on her Decks;
Such the fear'd *Hebrew* Captive, blinded, ſhorn,
Was led about in ſport, the publick ſcorn.
Black day accurſt! on thee let no man hale
Out of the Port, or dare to hoyſe a Sail,
Or row a Boat in thy unlucky hour,
Thee, the Years Monſter, let thy Dam devour;
And conſtant time to keep his courſe yet right,
Fill up thy ſpace with a redoubled Night.
When aged *Thames* was bound with Fetters baſe,
And *Medway* chaſte raviſht before his face,
And their dear Offspring murder'd in their ſight,
Thou and thy fellows held'ſt the odious light.
Sad chance ſince firſt that happy Pair was wed,
When all the Rivers grac'd their Nuptial bed,
And Father *Neptune* promis'd to reſign
His Empire old to their Immortal line;
Now with vain grief their vainer hopes they rue,
Themſelves diſhonour'd, and the Gods untrue;
And to each other helpleſs couple mourn,
As the ſad Tortoiſe for the Sea does groan:

But

But moſt they for their darling *Charles* complain,
And were it burnt, yet leſs would be their pain.
To ſee that fatal pledge of Sea command,
Now in the Raviſher *de Ruyter*'s hand,
The *Thames* roar'd, ſwooning *Medway* turn'd her tyde,
And were they mortal, both for grief had dy'd.
The Court in Farthing yet it ſelf does pleaſe,
(And female *Steward* there rules the four Seas,)
But fate does ſtill accumulate our woes,
And *Richmond* her commands as *Ruyter* thoſe.
After this loſs, to reliſh diſcontent,
Some one muſt be accus'd by puniſhment;
All our miſcarriages on *Pett* muſt fall,
His Name alone ſeems fit to anſwer all.
Whoſe counſel firſt did this mad War beget?
Who all Commands ſold through the Navy? *Pett.*
Who would not follow when the *Dutch* were beat?
Who treated out the Time at *Bergen*? *Pett.*
Who the *Dutch* Fleet with Storms diſabled met?
And rifling Prizes them neglected? *Pett.*
Who with falſe News prevented the Gazette,
The Fleet divided, writ for *Rupert*? *Pett.*
Who all our Seamen cheated of their debt,
And all our Prizes who did ſwallow? *Pett.*
Who did adviſe no Navy out to ſet?
And who the Forts left unprepared? *Pett.*
Who to ſupply with Powder did forget
Languard, *Sheerneſs*, *Graveſend* and *Upnor*? *Pett.*
Who all our Ships expos'd in *Chatham* Nett?
Who ſhould it be but the Fanatick *Pett*?
Pett, the Sea-architect in making Ships,
Was the firſt cauſe of all theſe Naval ſlips.
Had he not built, none of theſe faults had been;
If no Creation, there had been no ſin.
But his great Crime, one Boat away he ſent,
That loſt our Fleet, and did our flight prevent.
Then that reward might in its turn take place,
And march with puniſhment in equal pace:

Southampton

Southampton dead, much of the Treaſure's care
And place in Council fell to *Duncomb*'s ſhare.
All men admir'd, he to that pitch could fly,
Powder ne'er blew man up ſo ſoon, ſo high;
But ſure his late good husbandry in Peeter,
Shew'd him to manage the *Exchequer* meeter;
And who the Forts would not vouchſafe a Corn,
To laviſh the King's Monoy more would ſcorn.
Who hath no Chimneys, to give all, is beſt,
And ableſt Speaker, who of Law hath leaſt.
Who leſs Eſtate for Treaſurer moſt fit,
And for a Chanc'lour he that has leaſt wit.
But the true Cauſe was that in's Brother *May*,
Th' Exchequer might the Privy Purſe obey.
And now draws near the Parliaments return,
Hide and the Court again begin to mourn;
Frequent in Council, earneſt in debate,
All Arts they try how to prolong its date.
Grave Primate *Shelden* (much in preaching there)
Blames the laſt Seſſion, and this more does fear;
With *Boynton* or with *Middleton* 'twere ſweet,
But with a Parliament abhorrs to meet;
And thinks 'twill ne'er be well within this Nation,
Till it be govern'd by a Convocation.
But in the *Thames*-mouth ſtill *de Ruyter* lay'd,
The Peace not ſure, new Army muſt be paid;
Hide ſaith he hourly waits for a Diſpatch,
Harry came Poſt juſt as he ſhew'd his Watch;
All to agree the Articles were clear,
The *Holland* Fleet and Parliament ſo near:
Yet *Harry* muſt jobb back and all mature,
Binding e're th' Houſes meet the Treaty ſure;
And 'twixt neceſſity and ſpight, till then
Let them come up ſo to go down agen.
Up ambles Country Juſtice on his Pad,
And Veſt beſpeaks to be more ſeemly clad:
Plain Gentlemen are in Stage-Coach o'rethrown,
And Deputy Lieutenants in their own;

The

The portly Burgeſs through the weather hot
Does for his Corporation ſweat and trot;
And all with Sun and Choller come aduſt,
And threaten *Hide* to raiſe a greater duſt.
But freſh, as from the Mint, the Courtiers fine
Salute them, ſmiling at their vain deſign;
And *Turner* gay up to his Perch doth march.
With Face new bleacht, ſmoothed and ſtiff with Starch,
Tells them he at *Whitehall* had took a turn,
And for three days thence moves them to adjourn.
Not ſo, quoth *Tomkins*, and ſtraight drew his Tongue,
Truſty as Steel that always ready hung,
And ſo proceeding in his motion warm,
Th' Army ſoon rais'd he doth as ſoon diſarm.
True *Trojan!* whilſt this Town can Girls afford,
And long as Cyder laſts in *Hereford*,
The Girls ſhall always kiſs thee, though grown old,
And in eternal Healths thy Name be troul'd.
Meanwhile the certain News of Peace arrives
At Court, and ſo reprieves their guilty Lives.
Hyde orders *Turner* that he ſhould come late,
Leſt ſome new *Tomkins* ſpring a freſh Debate:
The King that early rais'd was from his reſt,
Expects, as at a Play, till *Turner*'s dreſt.
At laſt together *Eaton* came and he,
No Dial more could with the Sun agree:
The Speaker ſummond to the Lords repairs,
Nor gave the Commons leave to ſay their Pray'rs,
But like his Pris'ners to the Bar them led,
Where mute, they ſtand to hear their Sentence read;
Trembling with joy and fear, *Hide* them prorogues,
And had almoſt miſtook, and call'd them Rogues.
Dear Painter, draw this Speaker to the Foot,
Where Pencil cannot, there my Pen ſhall do't.
That may his Body, this his Mind explain;
Paint him in golden Gown with Maces train;
Bright Hair, fair Face, obſcure, and dull of Head,
Like Knife with Iv'ry Haft, and edge of Lead:

At

At Prayers his eyes turn up the pious white,
But all the while his private Bill's in ſight:
In Chair he ſmoaking ſits like Maſter Cook,
And a Poll-bill does like his Apron look.
Well was he skill'd to ſeaſon any Queſtion,
And make a Sawce fit for *Whitehall*'s digeſtion:
Whence every day the Palate more to tickle,
Court-Muſhroms ready are ſent in to pickle.
When Grievances urg'd he ſwells like ſquatted Toad,
Frisks like a Frog to croak a Taxes load:
His patient Piſs he could hold longer than
An Urinal, and ſit like any Hen;
At Table jolly as a Country Hoſt,
And ſoaks his Sack with *Norfolk* like a Toaſt;
At Night than *Chanticlere* more brisk and hot,
And Serjeants Wife ſerves him for *Portelott*.
Paint laſt the King, and a dead ſhade of Night,
Only diſperſt by a weak Tapers light:
And thoſe bright gleams that dart along and glare
From his clear Eyes (yet theſe too dart with care)
There, as in the calm horror all alone,
He wakes and muſes of th' uneaſie Throne:
Raiſe up a ſudden ſhape with Virgins face,
Though ill agree her poſture, hour or place;
Naked as born, and her round Arms behind,
With her own Treſſes interwove and twin'd:
Her Mouth lockt up, a blind before her Eyes,
Yet from beneath her Veil her bluſhes riſe,
And ſilent tears her ſecret anguiſh ſpeak;
Her Heart throbs, and with very ſhame would break.
The object ſtrange in him no terror mov'd,
He wondred firſt, then pitied, then he lov'd;
And with kind hand does the coy Viſion preſs,
Whoſe beauty greater ſeem'd by her diſtreſs:
But ſoon ſhrunk back, chill'd with a touch ſo cold,
And th' airy Picture vaniſht from his hold.
In his deep thoughts the wonder did increaſe,
And he divin'd 'twas *England*, or the Peace.

Expreſs

Expreſs him ſtartling next, with lift'ning Ear,
As one that ſome unuſual noiſe doth hear;
With Cannons, Trumpets, Drums, his Door ſurround,
But let ſome other Painter draw the ſound:
Thrice he did riſe, thrice the vain tumult fled,
But again thunders when he lies in bed.
His mind ſecure does the vain ſtroke repeat,
And finds the Drums *Lewis*'s March did beat.
Shake then the Room, and all his Curtains tear,
And with blue ſtreaks infect the Taper clear,
While the pale Ghoſt his Eye doth fixt admire
Of Grandſire *Harry*, and of *Charles* his Sire.
Harry ſits down, and in his open Side
The griſly Wound reveals of which he dy'd:
And Ghoſtly *Charles*, turning his Coller low,
The purple Thred about his Neck doth ſhew:
Then whiſp'ring to his Son in words unheard,
Through the lockt Door, both of them diſappear'd:
The wondrous Night the penſive King revolves,
And riſing ſtraight on *Hide*'s diſgrace reſolves.
At his firſt ſtep he *Caſtlemain* does find,
Bennet and *Coventry* as 'twere deſign'd;
And they not knowing the ſame thing propoſe,
Which his hid Mind did in his depths incloſe:
Through their feign'd ſpeech their ſecret Hearts he knew,
To her own Husband *Caſtlemain* untrue;
Falſe to his Maſter *Briſtol*, *Arlington*
And *Coventry* falſer than any one,
Who to his Brother, Brother would betray;
Nor therefore truſts himſelf to ſuch as they.
His Father's Ghoſt too whiſper'd him one Note,
That who does cut his Purſe will cut his Throat:
But in wiſe anger he their Crimes forbear,
As Thieves repriev'd from Executioner:
While *Hide* provok't his foaming Tusk does whet,
To prove them Traytors, and himſelf the *Pett*.
Painter, adieu: How well our *Arts* agree!
Poetick Picture, Painted Poetry!

But

But this great Work is for our Monarch fit,
And henceforth *Charles* only to *Charles* ſhall ſit.
His Maſter-hand the Ancients ſhall out-do,
Himſelf, the Painter, and the Poet too.

To the KING.

SO his bold Tube Man to the Sun apply'd,
And Spots unknown in the bright Star deſcry'd,
Shew'd they obſcure him, while too near they pleaſe,
And ſeem his Courtiers are but his Diſeaſe.
Through Optick Trunk the Planet ſeem'd to hear,
And hurls them off e'er ſince in his career.
And you (*Great Sir*) that with him Empire ſhare,
Seen of our World, as he the *Charles* is there;
Blame not the Muſe that brought thoſe Spots to ſight,
Which in your Splendor hid, corrode your Light:
(Kings in the Country oft have gone aſtray,
Nor of a Peaſant ſcorn'd to learn the way,)
Would ſhe the unattended Throne reduce,
Baniſhing Love, Truſt, Ornament and Uſe;
Better it were to live in Cloyſter's lock,
Or in fair Fields to rule the eaſy Flock;
She blames them only who the Court reſtrain,
And where all *England* ſerves themſelves would reign.
Bold and accurſt are they that all this while
Have ſtrove to Iſle this Monarch from this Iſle;
And to improve themſelves by falſe Pretence,
About the common Prince have rais'd a Fence:
The Kingdom from the Crown diſtinct would ſee,
And peel the *Bark* to burn at laſt the Tree.
But Ceres Corn, and *Flora* is the Spring,
Bacchus is Wine, the Country is the King.
Not ſo does Ruſt inſinuating wear,
Nor Powder ſo the vaulted *Baſtion* tear:
Nor Earthquakes ſo an hollow Iſle o'erwhelm,
As ſcratching Courtiers undermine a Realm.

And

And through the Palaces Foundations bore,
Burrowing themſelves to hoard their guilty Store.
The ſmalleſt Vermin make the greateſt waſte,
And a poor Warren once a City rac't.
But they whom born to Vertue and to Wealth,
Nor *Guilt* to *Flatt'ry* binds, nor *Want* to *Stealth*;
Whoſe gen'rous Conſcience, and whoſe Courage high,
Does with clear Councils their large Souls ſupply;
That ſerve the King with their Eſtates and Care,
And as in Love on Parliaments can ſtare;
Where Few the number, Choice is there leſs hard;
Give us this Court, and rule without a Guard.

By A. M.

The Loyal Scot.

By Cleaveland's *Ghoſt, upon the Death of Captain* Douglas, *burnt on his Ship at* Chatham.

OF the old Heroes, when the Warlike Shades
Saw *Douglas* marching on the *Elyſium* Glades,
They all conſulting gather'd in a Ring,
Which of their Poets ſhould his Welcome ſing:
And as a favourable Penance choſe
Cleaveland, on whom they would that task impoſe.
He underſtood but willingly addreſt
His ready Muſe to court that noble Gueſt.
Much had he cur'd the tumour of his Vein,
He judg'd more clearly now, and ſaw more plain;
For thoſe ſoft Airs had temper'd every Thought,
And of wiſe *Lethe* he had drunk a Draught.
Abruptly he began, diſguiſing Art,
As of his Satyr this had been a part.

Nor

Not ſo, brave *Douglas*, on whoſe lovely Chin,
The early Down but newly did begin:
And modeſt Beauty yet his Sex did veil,
While envious Virgins hopes he is a Male.
His yellow Locks curles back themſelves to ſeek,
Nor other Courtſhip knew but to his Cheek.
Oft as he in chill *Esk* or *Seyn* by Night,
Hardned and cool'd, his Limbs ſo ſoft, ſo white;
Among the Reeds to be eſpy'd by him
The Nymphs would ruſtle, he would forwards ſwim;
They ſigh'd, and ſaid, Fond Boy, why ſo untame,
That fly'ſt Loves fires, reſerv'd for other flame?
Firſt on his Ship he fac't that horrid Day,
And wondered much at thoſe that run away:
No other fear himſelf could comprehend,
Than leaſt Heaven fall e'er thither he aſcend;
But entertains the while his time too ſhort,
With birding at the *Dutch*, as if in ſport;
Or waves his Sword, and could he them conjure
Within his Circle, knows himſelf ſecure.
The fatal Bark him boards with grappling Fire,
And ſafely through its Port the *Dutch* retire.
That precious Life he yet diſdains to ſave,
Or with known Art to try the gentle Wave;
Much him the honour of his ancient Race
Inſpir'd, nor would he his own Deeds deface;
And ſecret Joy in his calm Soul does riſe,
That *Monk* looks on to ſee how *Dowglas* dies.
Like a glad Lover the fierce flames he meets,
And tries his firſt Embraces in their Sheets:
His Shape exact, which the bright flames infold,
Like the Suns Statue ſtands of burniſht Gold.
Round the tranſparent Fire about him glows,
As the clear Amber on the Bees does cloſe;
And as on Angels heads their Glories ſhine,
His burning Locks adorn his Face divine.
But when in his immortal Mind he felt
His alt'ring Form, and ſoder'd Limbs to melt;

Down

Down on the Deck he laid himſelf, and dy'd,
With his dear Sword repoſing by his Side:
And on the flaming Plank ſo reſts his Head,
As one that warm'd himſelf, and went to Bed.
His Ship burns down, and with his Reliques ſinks,
And the ſad Stream beneath his Aſhes drinks.
Fortunate Boy! If either Pencils Fame,
Or if my Verſe can propagate thy Name;
When *Æta* and *Alcides* are forgot,
Our *Engliſh* Youth ſhall ſing the valiant *Scot*.

Skip Saddles *Pegaſus*, thou needſt not brag,
Sometimes the *Galloway* proves the better Nag.
Shall not a Death ſo generous, when told,
Unite our diſtance, fill our Breaches old?
Such in the *Roman Forum*, *Curtius* brave
Galloping down, clos'd up the gaping Cave.
Nor more diſcourſe of *Scotch* and *Engliſh* Race,
No chaunt the fabulous hunt of *Chevy Chaſe*.
Mixt in *Corinthian* Metal at thy Flame
Our Nations melting, thy *Coloſſus* frame;
Prick down the Point, whoever has the Art,
Where Nature *Scotland* does from *England* part.
Anatomiſts may ſooner fix the Cells
Where Life reſides, and Underſtanding dwells:
But this we know, though that exceeds our Skill,
That whoſoever ſeparates them does ill.
Will you the *Tweed* that ſullen Bounder call
Of Soyl, of VVit, of Manners, and of all?
VVhy draw you not as well the thrifty Line
From *Thames*, from *Humber*, or at leaſt the *Tine*?
So may we the State Corpulence redreſs,
And little *England*, when we pleaſe make leſs.

VVhat *Ethic* River is this wond'rous *Tweed*,
VVhoſe one Bank Vertue, t'other Vice does breed?
Or what new Perpendicular does riſe
Up from her Streams, continu'd to the Skies,
That between us the common Air ſhould bar,
And ſplit the Influence of every Star?

But who conſiders right, will find, indeed,
'Tis *Holy Iſland* parts us, not the *Tweed*.
Nothing but Clergy could us two ſeclude,
No *Scotch* was ever like a Biſhop's Feud.
All Litanies in this have wanted Faith;
There's no *Deliver us, from a Biſhop's Wrath.*
Never ſhall *Calvin* pardon'd be for Sales,
Never, for *Burnet*'s ſake, the *Lauderdales*;
For *Becket*'s ſake *Kent* always ſhall have Tails.
Who Sermons e'er can pacifie and Prayers?
Or to the Joynt ſtools reconcile the Chairs?
Though Kingdoms joyn, yet Church will Kirk oppoſe,
The Mitre ſtill divides, the Crown does cloſe;
As in *Rogation-Week* they whip us round,
To keep in mind the *Scotch* and *Engliſh* Bound.
What the Ocean binds, is by the Biſhops rent,
Then Sees make Iſlands in our Continent.
Nature in vain us in one Land compiles,
If the Cathedral ſtill ſhall have its Iſles.
Nothing, not Bogs, nor Sands, nor Seas, nor *Alps*,
Separate the World ſo as the Biſhops Scalps.
Stretch for the Line, their Circingle alone
'Twill make a more unhabitable Zone.
The friendly Load ſtone has not more combin'd,
Than Biſhops cramp the Commerce of Mankind.
Had it not been for ſuch a Biaſs ſtrong,
Two Nations had ne'er miſs'd the Mark ſo long.
The VVorld in all doth but two Nations bear,
The Good, the Bad, and theſe mixt every where:
Under each Pole place either of theſe two;
The Bad will baſely, Good will bravely do.
And few, indeed, can parallel our Climes,
For VVorth Heroick, or Heroick Crimes.
The tryal would, however, be too nice,
Which ſtronger were, a *Scotch* or *Engliſh* Vice:
Or whether the ſame Virtue would reflect
From *Scotch* or *Engliſh* Heart the ſame effect.

Nation

Nation is all but Name, a *Shiboleth*,
Where a miſtaken Accent cauſes Death.
In Paradiſe Names only Nature ſhow'd,
At *Babel* Names from Pride and Diſcord flow'd;
And ever ſince Men with a Female Spight,
Firſt call each other Names, and then they fight.
Scotland and *England*, cauſe of juſt uproar,
Do Man and Wife ſignifie, Rogue and Whore.
Say but a *Scot*, and ſtraight we fall to Sides,
That Syllable like a *Pict's* VVall divides.
Rational Mens Words, Pledges are of Peace,
Perverted, ſerve Diſſention to increaſe.
For ſhame extirpate from each Loyal Breaſt,
That ſenceleſs Rancour againſt Intereſt.
One King, one Faith, one Language, and one Iſle,
Engliſh and *Scotch*, 'tis all but Croſs and Pile.
Charles, our Great Soul, this only underſtands,
He our Affections both, and VVills commands.
And where twin-Sympathies cannot attone,
Knows the laſt Secret, how to make us one.
Juſt ſo the prudent Husbandman that ſees
The idle Tumult of his factious Bees;
The Morning Dews, and Flowers neglected grown,
The Hive a Comb-Caſe, every Bee a Drone;
Powders them o'er, till none diſcerns his Foes,
And all themſelves in Meal and Friendſhip loſe:
The Inſect Kingdom ſtraight begins to thrive,
And all work Honey for the common Hive.
Pardon, young Hero, this ſo long Tranſport,
Thy Death more noble did the ſame extort.
My former Satyr for this Verſe forget;
My Fault againſt my Recantation ſet.
I ſingle did againſt a Nation write,
Againſt a Nation thou didſt ſingle fight.
My differing Crimes does more thy Virtue raiſe,
And ſuch my Raſhneſs beſt thy Valour praiſe.
Here *Douglas* ſmiling ſaid, He did intend,
After ſuch Frankneſs ſhewn, to be his Friend

Forewarn'd him therefore, leſt in time he were
Metempſycos'd to ſome *Scotch* Presbyter.

By *A. M.*

Britannia *and* Raleigh. By *A. Marvel*, Eſq;

Brit. AH *Raleigh*, when thou didſt thy Breath reſign
To trembling *James*, would I h'd quitted mine.
Cubs didſt thou call them? Hadſt thou ſeen this Brood
Of *Earls*, *Dukes*, and *Princes* of the Blood;
No more of *Scottiſh* Race thou wouldſt complain,
Theſe would be Bleſſings in this ſpurious Reign.
Awake, | ariſe from thy long bleſt repoſe,
Once more with me partake of mortal VVoes.

Ra. What mighty Pow'r hath forc'd me from my reſt?
Oh mighty Queen, why ſo untimely dreſt?

Brit. Favour'd by Night, conceal'd in this Diſguiſe,
VVhilſt the *lewd Court* in drunken ſlumber lies,
I ſtole away; and never will return,
Till *England* knows who did her City burn:
Till *Cavaliers* ſhall Favourites be deem'd,
And Loyal Sufferers by the Court eſteem'd:
Till *Leigh* and *Galloway* ſhall Bribes reject;
Thus O—— *ns* Golden Cheat I ſhall detect:
Till Atheiſt *Lauderdale* ſhall leave this Land,
And *Commons Votes* ſhall *Cut-Noſe* Guards disband:
Till *Kate* a happy Mother ſhall become,
Till *Charles* loves *Parliaments*, and *James* hates *Rome*.

Ral. VVhat fatal Crimes make you for ever fly
Your once lov'd *Court*, and *Martyr*'s Progeny?

Brit. A *Colony* of *French* poſſeſs the *Court*;
Pimps, *Prieſts*, *Buffoons*, in Privy-Chamber ſport.
Such ſlimy Monſters ne'er approacht a *Throne*
Since *Pharaoh*'s Days, nor ſo defil'd a Crown.

In ſacred Ear *Tyrannick* Arts they croak,
Pervert his Mind, and good Intention choak:
Tell him of Golden *Indies*, Fairy Lands,
Leviathan, and abſolute Commands.
Thus Fairy like the *King* they ſteal away,
And in his room a Changling *Lewis* lay.
How oft have I him to himſelf reſtor'd,
In's Left the Scale, in's Right-hand plac'd the Sword?
Taught him their uſe, what Dangers would enſue,
To them who ſtrive to ſeparate theſe two?
The bloody *Scotiſh Chronicle* read o'er,
Shew'd him how many Kings in purple Gore
Were hurl'd to Hell by cruel Tyrant *Lore*.
The other day fam'd *Spencer* I did bring,
In lofty Notes, *Tudor*'s bleſt Race to ſing;
How *Spain*'s proud Powers her Virgin Arms controul'd,
And golden Days in peaceful Order roul'd:
How like ripe Fruit ſhe dropt from off her Throne,
Full of grey Hairs, good Deeds and great Renown.
As the *Jeſſean* Hero did appeaſe
Saul's ſtormy Rage, and ſtopt his black Diſeaſe;
So the learn'd Bard, with artful Song ſuppreſt
The ſwelling Paſſion of his canker'd Breaſt:
And in his Heart kind Influences ſhed
Of *Countrys* Love, by *Truth* and *Juſtice* bred:
Then to perform the Cure ſo well begun,
To him I ſhew'd this glorious ſetting Sun.
How by her Peoples Looks purſu'd from far,
So mounted on a bright Celeſtial Car
Out-ſhining *Virgo* or the *Julian* Star.
Whilſt in Truth's Mirrour this good Scene he ſpy'd,
Enter'd a *Dame* bedeck'd with ſpotted Pride,
Fair *Flower-de-Luce* within an Azure Field,
Her left-hand bears the antient *Gallick* Shield,
By her uſurp'd; her Right a bloody Sword,
Inſcrib'd *Leviathan*, our Sovereign Lord;
Her tow'ry Front a fiery Meteor bears,
An Exhalation bred of Blood and Tears;

Around her *Jove*'s lewd ravʼnous Curs complain,
Pale Death, Luſt, Tortures, fill her pompous Train:
She from the eaſie King Truth's Mirrour took,
And on the ground in ſpiteful Fall it broke;
Then frowning, thus, with proud Diſdain, ſhe ſpoke:
Are thred-bare Virtues Ornaments for *Kings*?
Such poor pedantick Toys teach Underlings!
Do *Monarchs* riſe by Virtue, or by Sword?
Who e'er grew Great by keeping of his Word?
Virtue's a faint *Green-ſickneſs* to brave Souls,
Daſtards their Hearts, their active Heat controuls:
The Rival God, Monarchs of t'other VVorld,
This mortal Poyſon among Princes hurl'd;
Fearing the mighty Projects of the Great,
Shall drive them from their proud Celeſtial Seat,
If not o'er-awʼd: This new found holy Cheat,
Thoſe pious Frauds too ſlight t'inſnare the brave,
Are proper Arts the long ear'd Rout t'inſlave.
Bribe hungry Prieſts to deifie your Might,
To teach your Will's your only Rule to Right,
And ſound Damnation to all that dare deny't.
Thus Heavens deſigns 'gainſt Heaven you ſhall turn,
And make them feel thoſe Powers they once did ſcorn,
When all the gobling Intereſt of Mankind,
By Hirelings ſold to you, ſhall be reſignʼd;
And by Impoſtures God and Man betrayʼd,
The Church and State you ſafely may invade:
So boundleſs *Lewis* in full Glory ſhines,
Whilſt your ſtarvʼd Power in Legal Fetters pines.
Shake off thoſe Baby-Bands from your ſtrong Arms,
Henceforth be deaf to that old Witches Charms:
Taſt the delicious Sweets of Sovereign Power,
'Tis Royal Game whole Kingdoms to deflower.
Three ſpotleſs Virgins to your Bed I'll bring,
A Sacrifice to you their God and King:
As theſe grow ſtale we'll harraſs Human kind,
Rack Nature, till new Pleaſures you ſhall find,
Strong as your Reign, and beauteous as your Mind.

VVhen

When she had spoke a confus'd Murmur rose,
Of *French*, *Scotch*, *Irish*, all my mortal Foes:
Some *English* too, O shame! disguis'd I spy'd,
Led all by the wise Son in Law of *Hide*:
With Fury drunk, like *Bacchanals*, they roar,
Down with that common Magna Charta Whore.
With joynt Consent, on helpless me they flew,
And from my *Charles* to a base Goal me drew:
My reverend Age expos'd to Scorn and Shame,
To Prigs, Bawds, Whores, was made the publick Game.
Frequent Addresses to my *Charles* I send,
And my sad State did to his Care commend:
But his fair Soul transform'd by that *French* Dame,
Had lost a Sense of Honour, Justice, Fame.
Like a tame Spinster in's *Seraglio* he sits,
Besieg'd by Whores, Buffoons, and Bastards Chits;
Lull'd in Security, rowling in Lust,
Resigns his Crown to Angel *Carwell*'s Trust.
Her Creature O—— the Revenue steals,
False *F*——*b*, Knave *Ang*——*esy*, misguide the Seals:
Mac-James the *Irish Biggots* does adore;
His *French* and *Teague* commands on Sea and Shore:
The *Scotch-Scalado* of our *Court* two Hks,
False *Lauderdale* with *Ordure* all defiles.
Thus the States Night marr'd by this hellish Rout,
And no one left these Furies to cast out.
Ah! *Vindex* come, and purge the poyson'd State;
Descend, descend, e'er the Cure's desperate. (slave,

Ral. Once more great *Queen* thy Darling strive to
Snatch him again from Scandal and the Grave:
Present to's Thoughts his long scorn'd *Parliament*,
The Basis of his Throne and Government.
In his deaf Ears sound his dead Father's Name;
Perhaps that Spell may's erring Soul reclaim.
Who knows what good Effects from thence may spring?
'Tis God-like good to save a falling King.

Brit. Rawleigh, no more; for long in vain I've try'd,
The *Steward* from the Tyrant to divide;

As eaſily learn'd *Vertuoſo*'s may
With the Dog's Blood his gentle Kind convey
Into the Wolf, and make him Guardian turn,
To the bleating Flock, by him ſo lately torn.
If this Imperial Juice once taint his Blood,
'Tis by no potent Antidote withſtood.
Tyrants, like Lep'rous Kings, for publick Weal
Should be immur'd, leſt the Contagion ſteal
Over the whole. Th' Elect of the *Jeſſian* Line,
To this firm Law their Scepter did reſign.
And ſhall this baſe Tyrannick Brood evade
Eternal Laws, by God for Mankind made.
To the ſerene *Venetian* State I'll go,
From her ſage Mouth fam'd Principles to know:
With her the Prudence of the Ancients read,
To teach my People in their ſteps to tread.
By their great Pattern ſuch a State I'll frame,
Shall eternize a glorious laſting Name.
Till then, my *Raleigh*, teach our noble Youth
To love Sobriety, and holy Truth.
Watch and preſide over their tender Age,
Leſt *Court*-Corruption ſhould their Soul engage.
Teach them how *Arts* and *Arms* in thy young Days
Employ'd our Youth, not Taverns, Stews and Plays.
Tell them the generous Scorn their riſe does owe
To *Flattery*, *Pimping*, and a *Gawdy Show*.
Teach them to ſcorn the *Carwells*, *Portſmouths*, *Nells*,
The *Clevelands*, O —— *Berties*, *Lauderdales*,
Poppea, *Tegoline*, and *Arterio*'s Name,
Who yield to theſe in Lewdneſs, Luſt and Fame.
Make 'em admire the *Talbots*, *Sidneys*, *Veres*,
Drake, *Cav'ndiſh*, *Bloke*; Men void of ſlaviſh Fears,
True Sons of Glory, Pillars of the State,
On whoſe fam'd Deeds all Tongues and Writers wait:
When with fierce Ardour their bright Souls do burn,
Back to my deareſt Country I'll return.
Tarquin's juſt Judg, and *Caeſar*'s equals Peers,
With them I'll bring to dry my Peoples Tears.

Publicola

Publicola with healing Hands ſhall pour
Balm in their Wounds, and ſhall their Life reſtore:
Greek Arts, and *Roman* Arms, in her conjoyn'd
Shall *England* raiſe, relieve oppreſt Mankind.
As *Jove*'s great Son th' infeſted Globe did free
From noxious Monſters, hell-born Tyranny:
So ſhall my *England*, in a Holy War,
In Triumph lead chain'd *Tyrants* from a far:
Her true *Cruſado* ſhall at laſt pull down
The *Turkiſh* Creſcent, and the *Perſian* Sun.
Freed by thy Labours, Fortunate, Bleſt Iſle,
The Earth ſhall reſt, the Heaven ſhall on thee ſmile;
And this kind Secret for Reward ſhall give,
No poyſon'd Tyrants on thy Earth ſhall live.

Advice to a Painter. By A. Marvell, *Eſq;*

SPread a lage Canvaſs, *Painter*, to contain
The great *Aſſembly*, and the num'rous Train;
Where all about him ſhall in Triumph ſit
Abhorring *Wiſdom*, and deſpiſing *Wit*;
Hating all *Juſtice*, and reſolv'd to Fight,
To rob their native Country of their Right.
Firſt draw his *Highneſs* proſtrate to the South,
Adoring *Rome*, this Label in his Mouth.
Moſt holy Father, being joyn'd in League
With Father *Patrick*, *D*——, and with Teague;
Thrown at your Sacred Feet *I humbly bow*,
I, and the wiſe *Aſſociates* of my Vow:
A Vow, nor *Fire* nor *Sword* ſhall ever end,
Till all this *Nation* to your *Foot ſtool* bend:
Thus arm'd with Zeal and Bleſſings from *your* Hands,
I'll raiſe my *Papiſts*, and my *Iriſh* Bands;
And by a noble well-contrived Plot,
Manag'd by wiſe *Fitz-Gerald*, and by *Scot*,

Prove

Prove to the World, I'll make old *England* know,
That *common Sence* is my *eternal Foe.*
I ne'er can *fight* in a more *glorious Cause*,
Than to destroy their *Liberty* and *Laws*;
Their House of *Commons* and their House of *Lords*;
Their *Parchment Presidents*, and dull *Records*,
Shall *these* e'er dare to contradict *my* Will,
And think *a Prince o' th' Blood can e'er do ill?*
It is our *Birth-right* to have Power to kill.
Shall they e'er dare to think they shall decide
The way to *Heaven?* And who shall be my *Guide?*
Shall they pretend to say, That *Bread* is *Bread*,
If we affirm it is a God indeed?
Or that there's no *Purgatory* for the Dead?
That *Extreme Unction* its but common Oyl,
And not infallible the *Roman* Soil.
I'll have those *Villains* in our *Notions* rest;
And I do say it, therefore it's the best.
Next, *Painter*, draw his *Mordant* by his Side,
Conveying his *Religion*, and his *Bride*:
He who long since abjur'd the Royal Line,
Does now in *Popery* with his Master joyn.
Then draw the *Princess* with her golden Locks,
Hastning to be envenom'd with the P——
And in her youthful Veins receive a Wound,
Which sent *N. H.* before her under Ground;
The Wound of which the tainted C——t fades,
Laid up in store for a new Set of *Maids.*
Poor *Princess*, born under a sullen Star,
To find such Welcome when you came so far!
Better some jealous Neighbour of your own
Had call'd you to a sound though petty *Throne*:
Where 'twixt a wholsom Husband and a Page,
You might have linger'd out out a lazy Age,
Than on dull Hopes of being here a Q——
E'er Twenty dye, and rot before Fifteen.
Now, Painter, shew us in the blackest Dye,
The Counsellors of all this Villany.

Clifford,

Clifford, who first appear'd in humble Guise,
VVas always thought too gentle, meek, and wise:
But when he came to act upon the Stage,
He prov'd the mad *Cathegus* of our Age.
He, and his Duke, had both too great a Mind,
To be by *Justice* or by *Law* confin'd:
Their boiling Heads can bear no other Sounds,
Than Fleets and Armies, Battles, Blood and VVounds;
And to destroy our Liberty, they hope
By *Irish* Fools, and an old doting *Pope*.

Next, *Talbot*, must by his great Master stand,
Laden with *Folly*, *Flesh*, and *ill-got Land*:
He's of a size indeed to fill a Porch,
But ne'er can make a *Pillar of the Church*;
His Sword is all his Argument, not his Book,
Although no Scholar, he can act the Cook;
And will cut Throats again, if he be paid;
In th' *Irish* Shambles he first learn'd the Trade.

Then Painter shew thy Skill, and in fit place
Let's see the *Nuncio Arundel*'s sweet Face;
Let the Beholders by thy Art espy
His *Sense* and *Soul*, as squinting as his Eye.

Let *Bellasis* autumnal Face be seen,
Rich with the Spoils of a poor *Algerine*;
VVho trusting in him, was by him betray'd,
And so shall we when his Advice's obey'd:
The Heroe once got Honour by the Sword,
He got his VVealth by breaking of his VVord;
And now his Daughter he hath got with Child,
And Pimps to have his Family defil'd,

Next Painter draw the Rabble of the Plot.
German, *Fitz-Gerald*, *Loftus*, *Porter*, *Scot*:
These are fit Heads indeed, to turn a State,
And change the Order of a Nation's Fate;
Ten thousand such as these shall ne'er controul
The smallest *Atome* of an *English* Soul.

Old *England* on its strong Foundation stands,
Defying all their *Heads* and all their *Hands*.

Its ſteady *Baſis* never could be ſhook,
When *wiſer Men* her *Ruin* undertook:
And can her *Guardian-Angel* let her ſtoop
At laſt, to *Mad-men*, *Fools* and to the *Pope*?
No *Painter*, no; cloſe up this Piece, and ſee
This Crowd of *Traytors* hang'd in *Effigie*.

To the KING.

GReat *Charles*, who full of Mercy would'ſt command
In Peace and Pleaſure this thy Native Land;
At laſt take pity of thy tottering Throne,
Shook by the Faults of others, not thine own.
Let not thy Life and Crown together end.
Deſtroy'd by a falſe Brother and a Friend.
Obſerve the Danger that appears ſo near,
That all your Subjects do each Minute fear:
One drop of Poiſon, or a Popiſh Knife,
Ends all the Joys of *England* with thy Life.
Brothers, 'tis true, by Nature, ſhould be kind;
But a too zealous and ambitious Mind,
Brib'd with a Crown on Earth, and one above,
Harbours no Friendſhip, Tenderneſs, or Love:
See in all Ages what Examples are
Of Monarchs murther'd by their impatient Heir.
Hard Fate of Princes, who will ne'er believe,
Till the Stroke's ſtruck which they can ne'er retrieve.

Noſtradamus's Prophecy. By *A. Marvell*, Eſq;

FOR Faults and Follies *London*'s Doom ſhall fix,
And ſhe muſt ſink in Flames in *Sixty ſix*;
Fire-Balls ſhall fly, but few ſhall ſee the Train,
As far as from *White-Hall* to *Pudding-Lane*;
To burn the City which again ſhall riſe,
Beyond all hopes, aſpiring to the Skies,

Where

Where Vengeance dwells. But there is one thing more
(Tho its Walls ſtand) ſhall bring the City low'r:
When Legiſlators ſhall their Truſt betray,
Saving their own, ſhall give the reſt away;
And thoſe falſe Men by th' eaſie People ſent,
Give Taxes to the *King* by *Parliament*;
When bare-fac'd *Villains* ſhall not bluſh to cheat,
And *Chequer* Doors ſhall ſhut up *Lombard-ſtreet*:
When Players come to Act the part of *Queens*,
Within the Curtains, and behind the Scenes:
When *Sodomy* ſhall be prime Min'ſters Sport,
And *Whoring* ſhall be the leaſt Crime at Court:
When Boys ſhall take their *Siſters* for their Mate,
And practice *Inceſt* between Seven and Eight:
When no Man knows in whom to put his truſt,
And e'en to rob the *Chequer* ſhall be juſt:
When Declarations, Lies, and every Oath
Shall be in uſe at *Court*, but *Faith* and *Troth*,
When two good Kings ſhall be at *Brentford* Town,
And when in *London* there ſhall be not one;
When the Seat's given to a talking Fool,
Whom wiſe Men laugh at, and whom Women rule;
A Min'ſter able only in his Tongue,
To make harſh empty Speeches two hours long:
When an old *Scotch* Covenanter ſhall be
The Champion for th' *Engliſh* Hierarchy:
When Biſhops ſhall lay all Religion by,
And ſtrive by Law t'eſtabliſh Tyranny:
When a lean Treaſurer ſhall in one Year
Make himſelf fat, his King and People bare:
When th' *Engliſh* Prince ſhall *Engliſh* men deſpiſe,
And think *French* only Loyal, *Iriſh* Wiſe:
When *Wooden Shoon* ſhall be the *Engliſh* wear,
And *Magna Charta* ſhall no more appear;
Then th' *Engliſh* ſhall a greater *Tyrant* know,
Than either *Greek* or *Latin* Story ſhew;
Their VVives to's Luſt expos'd, their VVealth to's Spoil,
VVith Groans to fill his Treaſury they toil;

But

But like the *Bellides*, muſt ſigh in vain;
For that ſtill fill'd, flows out as faſt again:
Then they with envious Eyes ſhall *Belgium* ſee,
And wiſh in vain *Venetian* Liberty.
The Frogs too late grown weary of their Pain,
Shall pray to *Jove* to take him back again.

Sir Edmundbury Godfrey's *Ghoſt.*

IT happen'd in the twy-light of the Day,
As *England's* Monarch in his Cloſet lay,
And *Chiffinch* ſtep'd to fetch the Female-Prey.
The bloody ſhape of *Godfrey* did appear,
And in ſad Vocal ſounds theſe things declare:
" Behold, Great Sir, I from the Shades am ſent,
" To ſhew theſe VVounds that did your Fall prevent.
" My panting Ghoſt, as Envoy, comes to call,
" And warn you, leſt, like me, y' untimely fall;
" VVho againſt Law your Subjects Lives purſue,
" By the ſame Rule may dare to murder you.
" I, for *Religion*, *Laws*, and *Liberties*,
" Am mangled thus, and made a *Sacrifice*.
" Think what befel Great *Egypt's* hardned King,
" VVho ſcorn'd the Prophet's oft admoniſhing.
" Shake off your Brandy-ſlumbers; for my VVords
" More Truth than all your cloſe Cabal affords:
" A Court you have with Luxury o'er-grown,
" And all the Vices e'er in Nature known;
" VVhere Pimps and Pandors in their Coaches ride,
" And in Lampoons and Songs your Luſt deride.
" Old Bawds and ſlighted Whores, there tell with ſhame,
" The dull Romance of your Laſcivious Flame.
" Players and Scaramoches are your Joy;
" Prieſts and *French* Apes do all your Land annoy:
" Still ſo profuſe, you are inſolvent grown,
" A mighty Bankrupt on a Golden Throne.

" Your

" Your nauſeous Palate the worſt Food doth crave ;
" No wholſom Viands can an entrance have :
" Each Night you lodge in that *French Syren*'s Arms,
" She ſtrait betrays you with her wanton Charms ;
" VVorks on your Heart, ſoftned with Love and VVine,
" And then betrays you to ſome *Philiſtine.*
" Imperial Luſt does o'er your Sceptre ſway ;
" And though a Sovereign, makes you to obey.
" She that from *Lisbon* came with ſuch Renown,
" And to inrich you with the *Afric* Town.
" In nature mild, and gentle as a Dove ;
" Yet for Religion can a Serpent prove :
" Prieſt-rid with Zeal, ſhe plots, and did deſign
" To cut your Thread of Life, as well as mine :
" Yet Thoughts ſo ſtupid have your Soul poſſeſt,
" As if inchanted by ſome Magick Prieſt :
" There's no Example urge you to relent,
" You pardon guilty, puniſh innocent.
" Next he who 'gainſt the *Senate*'s Vote did wed,
" Took defil'd *H.* and *Eſte* to his Bed.
" Fiend in his Face, Apoſtate in his Name,
" Contriv'd to VVars to your eternal ſhame.
" He antient Laws and Liberties defies ;
" On ſtanding Guards and new-rais'd Force relies.
" The *Teagues* he courts, and doth the *French* admire,
" And fain he would be mounted one ſtep higher.
" All this by you muſt needs be plainly ſeen,
" And yet he awes you with his daring Spleen.
" Th' unhappy Kingdom ſuffer'd much of old,
" VVhen *Spencer* and looſe *Gaveſton* controul'd ;
" Yet they by juſt Decrees were timely ſent,
" To ſuffer a perpetual Baniſhment.
" But your bold States men nothing can reſtrain,
" Their moſt enormous Courſes you maintain.
" They like thoſe head ſtrong Horſes in the Sun,
" Guided by the unskilful *Phaeton :*
" Your tott'ring Chariot bears through uncouth ways,
" Till the next VVorld's inflamed with your Rays.

" VVitneſs

" VVitneſs that Man, who had for divers Years
" Pay'd the *brib'd Commons*, *Penſions*, and *Arrears*;
" Though your Exchequer was at his Command,
" Durſt not before his juſt Accuſers ſtand:
" His Crimes and Treaſons of ſo black a hue,
" None dare to prove his Advocate but you.
" VVho e'er within your Palace VValls remain,
" Abhor your Actions, ſerve you but for Gain.
" The *Aſſyrian* (as Hiſtories relate)
" Had once a King grown ſo effeminate;
" All State Affairs ſeem'd irkſom in his ſight,
" In Spinning-VVheels he plac'd his whole delight:
" VVith his lewd Strumpet-Crew he did retire,
" Condemn'd and loath'd, he ſet himſelf on fire,
" And only in this Act the VVorld did own,
" The greateſt Man-hood of his Life was ſhewn.
" *Rome* ne'er to ſuch a glorious State had grown,
" Had no luxurious *Tarquin* there been known,
" A ſingle Rape was deem'd ſuch a Diſgrace,
" They extirpate his odious Name and Race:
" Though he from *Tuſcan* Kings did ſuccour crave,
" Yet they with Arms purſu'd him to the Grave:
" Ingenious People always have withſtood,
" VVhat ſtains their Honour or the publick good:
" Truſt not in Prelates falſe Divinity,
" VVho wrong their Prince, and ſhame their Deity,
" Making their God ſo partial in their Cauſe,
" Exempting Kings alone from humane Laws,
" Theſe lying Oracles they did infuſe
" Of old, and did your *Martyr'd Sire* abuſe.
" Their ſtrong Deluſions did him ſo enthral,
" No Cautions would anticipate his Fall.
" Repent in time, and baniſh from your ſight
" The Pimp, the VVhore, Buffoon, Church-Paraſite:
" Let Innocence deck your remaining Days,
" That after-Ages may unfold your Praiſe:
" So may Hiſtorians in new methods write,
" And draw a Curtain 'twixt your black and white.

The

" The Ghoſt ſpake thus, groan'd thrice and ſaid no more;
" Straight in came *Chiffinch*, *Hand* in *Hand*, with Whore;
" The King tho' much concern'd 'twixt Joy and Fear,
" Starts from the Couch, and bids the Dame draw near.

An Hiſtorical Poem. By A. Marvel, *Eſq;*.

OF a Tall Stature, and of Sable Hue;
Much like the Son of *Kiſh*, that lofty *Jew*:
Twelve years compleat he ſuffered in Exile,
And kept is F—thers Aſſes all the while.
At length by wonderful impulſe of Fate,
The People call him home to help the State;
And what is more, they ſend him Mony too,
And Cloath him all, from Head to Foot, a new.
Nor did he ſuch ſmall Favours then diſdain,
But in his Thirtieth year began his Reign:
In a ſlaſht Doublet then he came aſhore,
And dubb'd poor *P——mer*'s Wife his Royal Wh——
Biſhops and Deans, Peers, Pimps, and Knights he made,
Things highly fitting for a Monarch's trade;
With Women, Wine and Viands of Delight,
His Jolly Vaſſals feaſt him Day and Night:
But the beſt Times have ever ſome allay,
His younger Brother dy'd by Treachery.
Bold *James* ſurvives, no dangers make him flinch,
He Marries Seignior *Fal——h*'s pregnate Wench:
The Pious Mother Queen hearing her Son
Was thus Enamour'd on a Butter'd Bun;
And that the Fleet was gone in Pomp and State
To fetch, for *Charles*, the Flow'ry *Lisbon Kate*,
She Chaunts *Te Deum*, and ſo comes away,
To wiſh her hopeful Iſſue timely Joy;
Her moſt Uxorious Mate ſhe rull'd of old,
VVhy not with eaſie youngſters make as Bold?
From the *French* Court ſhe haughty Topicks brings,
Deludes their Plyant Nature with vain things;

Her Miſchief-breeding Breaſt did ſo prevail,
The new got Flemiſh Town was ſet to ſale;
For theſe and *Germains* Sins ſhe Founds a Church,
So ſlips away, and leaves us in the Lurch.
Now the Court-Sins did every Place defile,
And Plagues and VVar fell heavy on the Iſle.
Pride nouriſht Folly, Folly a Delight
VVith the *Batavian* Common-wealth to fight:
But the Dutch Fleet fled ſuddainly with Fear,
Death and the Duke ſo dreadful did appear.
The dreadful Victor took his ſoft Repoſe,
Scorning purſuit of ſuch Mechannick Foes.
But now *Y*——k's Genitals grew over hot,
VVith *D*——*ham* and *Carneige*'s infected Plot;
VVhich, with Religions ſo inflam'd his Ire.
He left the City when 'twas got on Fire:
So *Philip*'s Son, inflam'd with a Miſs,
Burnt down the Palace of *Preſepolis.*
Foild thus by *Venus*, he *Bellona* woe's,
And with the Dutch a ſecond VVar renews.
But here his French bred Proweſs prov'd in vain,
De Ruyter claps him in *Sole* Bay again.
This Iſle was well reform'd, and gain'd Renown,
VVhilſt the brave *Tudor*'s wore th' Imperial Crown;
But ſince the Royal Race of *St*——*s* came,
It has recoyl'd to Popery, and Shame.
Miſguided Monarchs, rarely VViſe and Juſt;
Tainted with Pride, and with impetuous Luſt.
Should we the *Black-Heath* Project here relate,
Or count the various Blemiſhes of State,
My Muſe would on the Reader's Patience grate.
The poor *Priapus King* led by the Noſe,
Looks as a thing ſet up to ſcare the Crows;
Yet in the Mimicks of the Spinſtrian ſport,
Out-does *Tiberius*, and his Goatiſh Court.
In Love's Delights none did 'em e're excel,
Not *Tereus* with his Siſter *Philomel.*

As

As they at *Athens*, we at *Dover* meet,
And Gentlier far the *Orleans* Dutcheſs treat.
What ſad Event attended on the ſame,
We'll leave to the Report of Common Fame.
The *Senate*, which ſhould head-ſtrong Princes ſtay,
Let looſe the Reins, and give the Realm away,
With laviſh Hands they conſtant Tributes give,
And Annual Stipends for their Guilt receive;
Corrupt with Gold, they Wives and Daughters bring
To the Black Idol for an Offering.
All but Religious Cheats might juſtly ſwear,
He true Vice-gerent to old *Molock* were.
Prieſts were the firſt Deluders of Mankind.
Who with vain Faith made all their Reaſon blind;
Not *Lucifer* himſelf more proud than they,
And yet perſwade the World they muſt obey;
'Gainſt Avarice and Luxury complain,
And practiſe all the Vices they arraign.
Riches and Honour they from Lay-men reap,
And with dull *Crambo* feed the ſilly Sheep.
As *Killigrew* Buffoons his Maſter, they
Droll on their God, but a much duller way;
With *Hocus Pocus*, and their Heavenly ſlight
They gain on tender Conſciences at Night.
Who ever has an over zealous Wife,
Becomes the Prieſt's *Amphitrio*, during life.
Who would ſuch Men Heavens Meſſengers believe,
Who from the Sacred Pulpit dare deceive;
Baal's wretched Curates Legerdemain'd it ſo,
And never durſt their Tricks above-board ſhew.
When our firſt Parents Paradiſe did grace,
The Serpent was the Prelate of the place.
Fond *Eve* did for this ſubtil Tempter's ſake,
From the Forbidden Tree the Pippin take.
His God and Lord this Preacher did betray,
To have the weaker Veſſel made his Prey.
Since Death and Sin did humane Nature blot,
The chieſeſt Bleſſings *Adam*'s Chaplain got.

Thrice wretched they, who Nature's Laws deteſt.
And trace the ways fantaſtick of a Prieſt;
Till native Reaſons baſely forc'd to yeild,
And Hoſts of upſtart Errors gains the Field.
My Muſe preſum'd a little to digreſs,
And touch their holy Function with my Verſe.
Now to the State again ſhe tends direct,
And does on Giant *L——dale* reflect.
This haughty Monſter, with his ugly Claws,
Firſt temper'd Poyſon to deſtroy our Laws;
Declares the Councils Edicts are beyond
The moſt Authentick Statutes of the Land:
Sets up in *Scotland* A-la-mode *de France*;
Taxes, Exciſe, and Armies does advance.
This Saracen his Country's Freedom broke,
To bring upon our Necks the heavier Yoke:
This is the Savage Pimp without diſpute,
Firſt brought his Mother for a Proſtitute.
Of all the Meſcreants that e'er went to Hell,
This Villain Rampant bears away the Bell.
Now muſt my Muſe deplore the Nation's Fate,
Like a true Lover, for her dying Mate.
The Royal Evil ſo malignant grows,
Nothing the dire Contagion can oppoſe.
In our Weal-publick ſcarce one thing ſucceeds,
For one Man's weakneſs a whole Nation bleeds,
Ill-luck ſtarts up, and thrives like evil Weeds.
Let *Cromwell*'s Ghoſt ſmile with contempt to ſee
Old *England* ſtrugling under Slavery.
His Meager Highneſs now has got a ſtride,
Does on *Britannia*, as on *Churchil* ride.
White-liver'd D——for his ſwift Jack-call.
To hunt down's Prey, and hopes to Maſter all.
Clifford and *Hide* before had loſt the Day;
One hang'd himſelf, and the other ran away;
'Twas want of Wit and Courage made them fail.
But *O——ne* and the *D——ke* muſt need, prevail.

The

The *D*——*ke* now vaunts with Popiſh Mermydons,
Our Fleets, our Ports, our Cities, and our Towns,
Are Man'd by him, or by his Holineſs,
Bold *Iriſh* Ruffians to his Court Addreſs:
This is the Collony to plant his Knaves,
From hence he picks and culls his Murthering Braves.
Here for an Enſign, or Lieutenant's place,
They'll kill a Judge or Juſtice of the Peace.
At his Command *Mac* will do any thing;
He'll burn a City; or deſtroy a King.
From *Tiber* came th' Advice-Boat monthly home,
And brought new Leſſons to the Duke from *Rome.*
Here with curs'd Precepts, and with Councils dire,
The godly Cheat-King (would be) did inſpire;
Heaven had him Chieftain of Great *Britain* made;
Tells him the Holy Church demands his Aid,
Bad him be bold, all Dangers to defy,
His Brother, ſneaking Heretick, ſhould dye:
A Prieſt ſhould do it, from whoſe ſacred ſtroke,
All *England* ſtrait ſhould fall beneath his Yoke.
God did Renounce him, and his Cauſe diſown,
And in his ſtead had plac'd him on his Throne.
From *Saul* the Land of Promiſe thus was rent,
And *Jeſs*'s Son plac'd in the Government:
The Holy Scripture vindicates his Cauſe,
And Monarchs are above all humane Laws.
Thus ſaid the Scarlet Whore to her Gallant,
Who ſtreight deſign'd his Brother to ſupplant:
Fiends of Ambition here his Soul poſſeſt,
And thirſt of Empire Calentur'd his Breaſt.
Hence Ruine and Deſtruction had enſu'd,
And all the People been in Blood imbru'd,
Had not Almighty Providence drawn near,
And ſtopt his Malice in its full career.
Be wiſe you Sons of Men, tempt God no more,
To give you Kings in's wrath to vex you ſore:
If a King's Brother can ſuch Miſchiefs bring,
Then how much greater Miſchiefs ſuch a King?

Hodges's *Vision from the Monument*, December, 1675. *By* A. Marvell *Esq*;

A Country Clown call'd Hodge, *went up to view The Pyramid; pray mark what did ensue.*

WHen *Hodge* had numbered up how many score
The Airy Pyramid contain'd, he swore,
No Mortal Wight e're Climb'd so high before:
To the best best vantage plac'd he views around
The Imperial Town, with lofty Turrets Crown'd;
That wealthy Store-house of the bounteous Flood,
Whose Peaceful Tides o'reflow our Land with good:
Confused forms flit by his wondring Eyes,
And his rapt Souls o'erwhelm'd with Extasies:
Some God it seems had enter'd his plain Brest,
And with's abode the rustick Mansion blest;
Almighty change he feels in every part,
Light shines in's Eyes, and Wisdom rules his Heart:
So when her Pious Son, fair *Venus* shew'd
His flaming *Troy*, with Slaughter'd *Dardans* strew'd;
She Purg'd his Opticks, fill'd with mortal Night,
And *Troy*'s sad Doom he read, by Heaven's light.
Such light Divine broke on the Clouded Eyes
Of humble *Hodge*.
Regions remote, Courts, Councils, Polices,
The circling wills of Tyrants treacheries:
He Views, Discerns, Uncyphers, Penetrates,
From *Charle*'s Dukes, to *Europes* armed States;
First he beholds Proud *Rome* and *France* Combin'd,
By double Vassallage to enslave Man-kind;
That wou'd the Soul, this wou'd the Body sway,
Their Bulls and Edicts, none must disobey.
For these with War sad *Europe* they inflame,
Rome says for God, and *France* declares for Fame:
See Sons of Satan know Religions force,

Is

Is Gentleneſs, Fame bought with Blood a Curſe,
He whom all ſtil'd Delight of humane kind,
Juſtice and Mercy, Truth with Honour joyn'd:
His kindly Rays cheriſh the teeming Earth,
And ſtruggling Virtue bleſt with proſperous Birth;
Like Chaos you the tott'ring Globe Invade,
Religion cheat, and War ye make a Trade.
Next the lewd Palace of the Plotting King,
To's Eyes new Scenes of Frantick Folly bring;
Behold (ſays he) the Fountain of our Woe,
From whence our Vices and our Ruin flow:
Here Parents their own Off-ſpring proſtitute,
By ſuch vile Arts t' obtain ſome viler Suit;
Here blooming Youth adore Priapus's ſhrine,
And Prieſts pronounce him Sacred and Divine.
The *Goatiſh* God behold in his *Alcove*,
(The ſecret Scene of Damn'd inceſtuous Love.)
Melting in Luſt, and Drunk like *Lot* he lies
Betwixt two bright Daughter Divinities:
Oh! that like Saturn he had eat his Brood,
And had been thus ſtain'd with their impious Blood,
He had in that leſs ill, more Man-hood ſhew'd.
Ceaſe, ceaſe, (O *C*——) thus to pollute our Iſle,
Return, return to thy long wiſh'd Exile;
There with thy Court defile thy Neighbour States,
And with thy Crimes precipitate their fates.
See where the Duke in damn'd Divan does ſit,
To's vaſt deſigns wracking his Pigmy Wit;
Whilſt a choice Senate of the Ignation Crew,
The waies to Murder, Treaſon, Conqueſt ſhew.
Diſſenters they oppreſs with Laws ſevere,
That whilſt to Wound thoſe Innocents, we fear,
Their curſed Sect we may be forc'd to ſpare.
Twice the Reform'd muſt fight a Bloody Prize,
That *Rome* and *France* may on their ruine riſe:
Old *Bonner*, ſingle Hereticks did burn,
Theſe Reform'd Cities into Aſhes turn,
And every year new Fires make us Mourn:

Ireland ſtands ready for his Cruel Reign,
Well fatned once, ſhe gapes for Blood again,
For Blood of *Engliſh* Martyrs baſely Slain.
Our Valiant Youth abroad muſt learn the Trade
Of unjuſt War, their Country to Invade,
Whilſt others here do guard us to prepare
Our Gauled Necks, his Iron Yoke to bear.
Lo how the Wight already is betray'd,
And *Baſhaw Holms*, does the poor Iſle invade:
T' enſure the Plot, *France* muſt her Legions lend
Rome to reſtore, and to Enthrone *Rome's* Friend:
'Tis in return, *James* does our Fleet betray;
(That Fleet whoſe Thunder made the World obey;)
Ships once our ſafety, and our glorious might,
Are doom'd with Worms and Rottenneſs to Fight;
Whileſt *France* rides Soveraign o're the *Britiſh* Main,
Our Merchants robb'd, and our brave Seamen ta'ne:
Thus this raſh *Phaeton* with fury hurl'd,
And rapid rage conſumes our *Britiſh* World;
Blaſt him, Oh Heavens! in his mad Career,
And let this Iſle no more his Frenzy fear.
C—— J——, 'tis he that all good Men abhor,
Falſe to thy ſelf, but to thy Friend much more;
To him who did thy promis'd Pardon hope, *Coleman.*
Whilſt with pretended Joy he kiſs'd the Rope:
O'rewhelm'd with Guilt, and gaſping out a Lye,
Deceiv'd and unprepar'd, thou lets him Dye.
With equal Gratitude and Charity.
In ſpight of *Jermin*, and of Black-mouth'd Fame;
This *St——s* trick Legitimates thy Name.
With one conſent we all her Death deſire,
Who durſt her Husbands and her Kings Conſpire;
And now juſt Heavens prepar'd to ſet us free,
Heaven and our hopes, are both oppos'd by thee.
Thus fondly thou do'ſt *Hides* old Treaſon own,
Thus makes thy new ſuſpected Treaſon known.
Bleſs me! What's that at *Weſtminſter* I ſee?
That piece of Legiſlative Pagentry?

To

To our dear *James*, has *Rome* her Conclave lent?
Or has *Charles* bought the *Paris* Parliament:
None elſe would promote *James* with ſo much Zeal,
Who by Proviſo hopes the Crown to ſteal:
See how in humble guiſe the Slaves advance,
To tell a tale of Army, and of *France*;
Whilſt proud Prerogative in ſcornful Guiſe,
Their Fear, Love, Duty, Danger does deſpiſe;
There in a brib'd Committee they contrive,
To give our Birth-right's to Prerogative:
Give, did I ſay? They ſell, and ſell ſo dear,
That half each Tax *D*—— diſtributes there
D——, 'tis fit the price ſo great ſhould be,
They ſell Religion, ſell their Liberty;
Theſe Vipers have their Mothers Entrals torn;
And wou'd by force a ſecond time be born;
They haunt the place to which you once were ſent,
This Ghoſt of a departed Parliament. Octob. *the*
Gibbets and Halters Country-men prepare, 15*th*, 76.
Let none, let none, their Renegadoes ſpare:
When that Day comes we'll part the Sheep and Goats,
The ſpruce brib'd Monſieurs from the true Grey Coats.
New Parliaments, like Manna, all Taſtes pleaſe,
But kept too long, our Food turns our Diſeaſe;
From that loath'd ſight, *Hodge* turn'd his weeping Eyes,
And *London* thus Alarms with Loyal Cries.
Tho' common Danger does approach ſo nigh,
This ſtupid Town ſleeps in Security:
Out of your Golden Dream awake, awake,
Your All, your All, tho' you ſee't not at's Stake;
More dreadful Fires approach your falling Town,
Then thoſe which burnt your ſtately Structures down,
Such fatal Fires, as once in *Smithfield* ſhone.
If then ye ſtay till *Edward*'s Orders give, *Major.*
No mortal Arm your ſafety can retrieve;
See how with Golden Baits the crafty *Gaul*,
Has brib'd our Geeſe to yield the Capital;

And

And will ye tamely ſee your ſelves betray'd ?
Will none ſtand up in our dear Country's aid ?
Self-preſervation, Natures firſt great Law,
All the Creation, except Man, does awe,
'Twas in him fix'd, till lying Prieſts defac'd
His Heav'n-born Mind, and Natures Tablets raz'd.
Tell me (ye forging Crew) what Law reveal'd
By God, to Kings the *Jus Divinum* ſeal'd ?
If to do good, ye *Jus Divinum* call,
It is the grand Prerogative of all:
If to do Ill unpuniſh'd be their Right,
Such Power's not granted that great King of night;
Man's Life moves on the Poles of hope and fear,
Reward and Pain all Orders do revere.
But if your dear Lord Sov'raign you would ſpare,
Admoniſh him in his Blood-thirſty Heir:
So when the Royal Lyon does offend,
The beaten Currs example makes him mend:
This ſaid poor *Hodge*, then in a broken tone,
Cry'd out, Oh *Charles*! thy Life, thy Life, thy Crown;
Ambitious *James*, and Bloody Prieſts Conſpire,
Plots, Papiſts, Murders, Maſſacres, and Fire;
Poor Proteſtants! With that his Eyes did rowl,
His Body fell, out fled his frighted Soul.

A Dialogue between two Horſes. By Andrew Marvell, *Eſq*; 1674.

The Introduction.

WE read in profane and ſacred Records
Of Beaſts, that have utter'd *Articulate VVords*;
When Magpies and Parrots cry, *VValk Knaves walk*,
It is a clear Proof that Birds too may talk.
And Statues without either Wind-pipes or Lungs,
Have ſpoken as plainly as Men do with Tongues:

Levi

Livy tells a ſtrange Story, can hardly be fellow'd,
That a Sacrific'd Ox when his Guts were out, bellow'd.
Phalaris had a Bull, which as grave Authors tell you,
Would roar like a Devil with a Man in his Belly.
Friar Bacon had a Head that ſpeak, made of Braſs;
And *Balaam* the Prophet was reprov'd by his Aſs.
At *Delphos* and *Rome*, Stocks and Stones now and then
Have to Queſtions return'd Articulate Anſwers. (Sirs,
All Popiſh Believers think ſomething divine,
When Images ſpeak, poſſeſſeth the Shrine:
But they that *Faith Catholick* ne'er underſtood,
When Shrines give Anſwer, a Knaves on the Road.
Thoſe Idols ne're ſpoke, but are Miracles done
By the *Devil*, a *Prieſt*, a *Frier* or a *Nun*.
If the *Roman* Church, good Chriſtians, oblige ye
To believe Man and Beaſt have ſpoke in Effigie.
Why ſhould we not credit the publick Diſcourſes
In a Dialogue between two Inanimate Horſes?
The Horſes, I mean of *Wool-Church* and *Charing*——
Who told many Truths worth any Man's hearing.
Since *Viner* and *Osborn* did buy, and provide 'em,
For the two mighty Monarchs that now do beſtride 'em.
The ſtately braſs Stallion, and the white marble Steed,
One Night came together by all 'tis agreed:
When both Kings being weary of ſitting all Day,
Were ſtollen off *Incognito* each his own way.
And then the two Jades, after mutual Salutes,
Not only diſcours'd, but fell to Diſputes.

The Dialogue.

W. Quoth the marble Horſe, it would make a Stone ſpeak,
To ſee a *Lord Mayor* and a *Lombard-ſtreet* break:
Thy Founder and mine to cheat one another,
When both Knaves agreed to be each others Brother.
C. Here *Charing* broke forth, and thus he went on,
My Braſs is provoked as much as thy Stone,

To

To ſee Church and State bow down to a Whore,
And the Kings chief Miniſter holding the Door.
The Mony of Widows and Orphans imploy'd,
And the Bankers quite broke to maintain the Whores
VV. To ſee *Dei Gratia* writ on the Throne, (Pride.
And the K---'s wicked Life ſay, God there is none.
C. That he ſhould be ſtil'd Defender of the Faith,
Who believes not a Word, what the Word of God ſaith.
VV. That the D. ſhould turn Papiſt, and that Church defy,
For which his own Father a Martyr did die.
C. Tho' he changed his Religion, I hope he's ſo civil
Not to think his own Father is gone to the Devil.
VV. That bondage and beggary ſhould be in a Nation,
By a curſt Houſe of Commons, and a bleſt Reſtoration.
C. To ſee a white Staff make a Beggar a Lord,
And ſcarce a wiſe Man at a long Council-board.
VV. That the Bank ſhould be ſeized, yet the Cheq. ſo poor,
Lord have Mercy, and a *Croſs* might be ſet on the door.
C. That a Million and half ſhould be the Revenue,
Yet the King of his Debts pay no Man a Penny.
VV. That a K-- ſhould conſume three Kingdom's Eſtates,
And yet all the Court be as poor as Church-Rats.
C. That of four Seas Dominion and of their guarding,
No token ſhould appear, but a poor Copper Farthing.
VV. Our Worm-eaten Ships to be laid up at *Chatham*,
(Not our Trade to ſecure) but for Fools to come at
C. And our few Ships abroad become *Tripoli*'s ſcorn, ('em,
By pawning for Victuals their Guns at *Leghorn*.
VV. That making us Slaves by Horſe and Foot-Guard,
For reſtoring the King ſhall be all our reward.
C. The baſeſt Ingratitude ever was heard,
But Tyrants ungrateful are always afraid.
VV. On *Harry* the VII's Head, he that placed the Crown,
Was after Rewarded by loſing his own.
C. That Parliament-men ſhould rail at the Court,
And get good Preferments immediately for't.
To ſee them that ſuffer both for Father and Son,
And helped to bring the latter to his Throne:

That

That with their Lives and Eſtates did loyally ſerve,
And yet for all this, can nothing deſerve;
The King looks not on 'em, Preferments deni'd 'em,
The *Round-heads* inſult, and the *Courtiers* deride them.
And none gets Preferments, but who will betray
Their Country to Ruin, 'tis that ope's the way
Of the bold talking Members.——

VV.——If the Baſtards you add,
What a number of Raſcally Lords have been made.

C. That Traitors to their Country in a brib'd Houſe of C.
Should give away Millions at every Summons.

VV. Yet ſome of thoſe Givers, ſuch beggarly Villains,
As not to be truſted for twice fifty Shillings.

C. No wonder that Beggars ſhould ſtill be for giving,
Who out of what's given, do get a good living.

VV. Four Knights and a Knave, who were Burgeſſes made,
For ſelling their Conſciences were liberally paid.

C. How baſe are the Souls of ſuch low prized Sinners,
Who Vote with the Country for Drink and for Dinners,

VV. 'Tis they that brought on us this Scandalous Yoke.
Of Exciſing our Cups, and Taxing our Smoak.

C. But thanks to the Whores who made the K-- dogged,
For giving no more the R— are Prorogued.

VV. That a King ſhould endeavour to make a War ceaſe,
Which augments and ſecures his own profit and peace.

C. And Plenipotentiaries ſend into *France*.
With an addle-headed Knight, & a Lord without Brains

W. That the King ſhould ſend for another *French* Whore,
When one already had made him ſo Poor.

C. The Miſſes take place, and advanc'd to be Dutcheſs,
With Pomp great as Queens in their Coach and ſix Horſes:
Their Baſtards made Dukes, Earls, Viſcounts & Lords,
And all the High Titles that Honour affords.

W. While theſe Brats and their Mothers, do live in ſuch Plenty (empty:
The Nation's empoveriſht, and the Chequor quite

And

And tho' War was pretended when the Mony was lent,
More on Whores, than in Ships, or in War, hath been ſpent.

C. Enough, dear Brother, although we ſpeak Reaſon;
Yet truth many times being puniſh'd for Treaſon,
We ought to be wary, and bridle our Tongues.
Bold ſpeaking hath done both Men and Beaſts wrong:
When the Aſs ſo boldly rebuked the Prophet,
Thou knoweſt what danger was like to come of it;
Though the Beaſt gave his Maſter ne'er an ill Word,
Inſtead of a Cudgel *Balaam* wiſh'd for a Sword.

W. Truth's as bold as a Lion, I am not afraid,
I'll prove every tittle of what I have ſaid:
Our Riders are abſent, who is't that can hear;
Lets be true to our ſelves, who then need we fear?
Where is thy K--- gone, (*Chair.*) to ſee Biſhop *Laud*?

W. To Cuckold a Scrivener, mines in Maſquerade?
On ſuch Occaſions he oft ſtrays away,
And returns to remount about break of Day.
In very dark Nights ſometimes you may find him
With a Harlot, got up on my Crupper behind him.

C. Pauſe Brother a while, and calmly conſider
What thou haſt to ſay againſt my *Royal Rider*.

W. Thy Prieſt-ridden King turn'd deſperate fighter
For the *Surplice*, *Lawn-ſleeves*, the *Croſs* and the *Miter*;
Till at laſt on the Scaffold he was left in the lurch
By Knaves, that cry'd up themſelves for the Church.
Arch-Biſhops and Biſhops, Arch-Deacons and Deans;

C. Thy King will ne'er fight unleſs't be for *Queans*.

W. He that dies for Ceremonies, dies like a Fool.

C. The K—— on thy back is a lamentable Tool.

W. The Goat and the Lion, I equally hate,
And Freeman alike value Life and Eſtate:
Though the Father and Son be different rods,
Between the two Scourges we find little odds;
Both Infamous ſtand in three Kingdoms Votes,
This for Picking our Pockets, that for cutting our (Throats:

C.

C. More tolerable are the Lion Kings Slaughters,
Then the Goat making Whores of our Wives and (Daughters.
The Debauched and Cruel ſince they equally gall us,
I had rather bear *Nero* than *Sardanapalus.*

VV. One of the two Tyrants muſt ſtill be our Caſe,
Under all that ſhall Reign of the falſe *S*—— Race.
De Wit and *Cromwell* had each a brave Soul,
I freely declare it, I am for old *Nol*;
Though his Government did a Tyrant reſemble,
He made *England* great and his Enemies tremble.

C. Thy Rider puts no Man to Death in his Wrath,
But is bury'd alive in Luſt and in Sloth.

W. What is thy Opinion of *James* Duke of *York?*

C. The ſame that the Frogs had of *Jupiter*'s Stork.
With the *Turk* in his Head, and the *Pope* in his Heart,
Father *Patrick*'s Diſciples will make *England* ſmart.
If e'er he be King, I know *Britain*'s Doom,
We muſt all to a Stake, or be Converts to *Rome.*
Ah! *Tudor*, ah! *Tudor*, we have had *Stu---s* enough;
None ever Reign'd like old *Beſs* in the Ruff.
Her *VValſingham* could dark Counſels unriddle,
And our Sir *J*——*pk* write New-Books, and Fiddle.

VV. Truth Brother, well ſaid, but that's ſomewhat bitter,
His perfum'd Predeceſſor was never more fitter:
Yet we have one Secretary Honeſt and Wiſe;
For that very Reaſon, he's never to riſe.
But can'ſt thou deviſe when things will be mended?

C. When the Reign of the Line of the S---*ts*, are ended.

Concluſion.

If Speeches from Animals in *Romes* firſt Age,
Prodigious Events did ſurely preſage,
That ſhould come to paſs, all Mankind may ſwear,
That which two Inanimate Horſes declare.
But I ſhould have told you before the Jades parted,
Both gallop'd to *Whitehall*, and there humbly farted;

Which

Which Tyranny's downfal portended much more
Than all that the Beasts had spoken before.
If the *Delphick* Sybil's Oracular Speeches,
(As learned Men say) came out of their Breeches,
Why might not our Horses, since Words are but Wind,
Have the Spirit of Prophecy likewise behind?
Tho' Tyrants make Laws, which they strictly proclaim,
To conceal their own Faults, and cover their own Shame;
Yet the Beasts in the Field, and the Stones in the Wall,
Will publish their Faults and prophesy their Fall;
When they take from the People the Freedom of words,
They teach them the sooner to fall to their Swords.
Let the City drink Coffee, and quietly groan, (the Son,
(They that conquer'd the Father won't be Slaves to
For Wine and strong Drink make Tumults encrease,
Chocolate, Tea and Coffee, are Liquors of Peace;
No Quarrels or Oaths among those that drink them,
'Tis *Bacchus* and the Brewer, swear damn 'em and sink 'em,
Then *C*——*s* thy late Edict against Coffee recal,
There's ten times more Treason in Brandy and Ale.

On the Lord Mayor and Court of Alderman, presenting the late King and Duke of York *each with a Copy of their Freedoms*, Anno Dom. 1674.

By *A. Marvell*, Esq;

I.

THE *Londoners* Gent. to the King do present
In a Box the City Maggot;
'Tis a thing full of Weight, that requires the Might
Of whole *Guild-Hall* Team to drag it.

Whilst

II.

Whilſt their Church's unbuilt, and their Houſes undwelt,
And their Orphants want Bread to feed 'em;
Themſelves they've bereft of the little Wealth they had
To make an Offering of their Freedom. (left.

III.

O ye Addle-brain'd Cits! who henceforth in their Wits
Would intruſt their Youth to your heading;
When in Diamonds and Gold you have him thus en-
You know both his Friends and his Breeding? (roll'd,

IV.

Beyond Sea he began, where ſuch a Riot he ran,
That every one there did leave him;
And now he's come o'er ten times worſe than before,
When none but ſuch Fools would receive him.

V.

He ne'er knew, not he, how to ſerve or be free,
Though he has paſt through ſo many Adventures;
But e'er ſince he was bound, (that is he was crown'd)
He has every Day broke his Indentures.

VI.

He ſpends all his Days in running to Plays,
When he ſhould in the Shop be poring:
And he waſts all his Nights in his conſtant Delights,
Of Revelling, Drinking and Whoring.

VII.

Thro'out *Lumbard-ſtreet* each Man he did meet,
He would run on the *Score* and *borrow*,
When they'd ask'd for their own, he was broke and gone,
And his Creditors left to Sorrow.

VIII.

Though oft bound to the Peace, yet he never would ceaſe,
To vex his poor Neighbours with Quarrels,
And when he was beat, he ſtill made his Retreat,
To his *Cleavlands*, his *Nells*, and his *Carwels*.

IX.

Nay, his Company lewd, were twice grown ſo rude,
That had not Fear taught him Sobriety,

And the Houſe being well barr'd with Guard upon Guard,
They'd robb'd us of all our Propriety.

X.

Such a Plot was laid, had not *Aſhley* betray'd,
As had cancell'd all former Diſaſters; (Trumpets,
And your wives had been Strumpets to his Higneſſes
And Foot-Boys had all been your Maſters.

XI.

So many are the Debts, and the Baſtards he gets,
Which muſt all be defray'd by *London*,
That notwithſtanding the Care of Sir *Thomas Player*,
The Chamber muſt needs be undone,

XII.

His Words nor his Oath cannot bind him to Troth,
And he values not Credit or Hiſtory;
And though he has ſerv'd through two Prentiſhips now,
He knows not his Trade nor his Myſtery.

XIII.

Then *London* Rejoyce in thy fortunate Choice,
To have made him free of thy Spices;
And do not miſtruſt he may once grow more juſt,
When he's worn of his Follies and Vices.

XIV.

And what little thing is that which you bring
To the Duke, the Kingdom's Darling;
Ye hug it and draw like Ants at a Straw,
Tho' too ſmall for the Griſtle of Starling.

XV.

Is it a Box of Pills to cure the Kings Ills?
(He is too far gone to begin it)
Or that your fine Show in Proceſſioning go,
With the Pix and the Hoſt within It.

XVI.

The very firſt Head of the Oath you him read,
Shew you all how fit he's to Govern,
When in Heart (you all knew) he ne'er was nor will be true.
To his Country or to his Soveraign.

And

XVII.

And who could ſwear, that he would forbear
To cull out the good of an Alien,
Who ſtill doth advance the Government of *France*,
With a *Wife* and *Religion Italian*?

XVIII.

And now, Worſhipful Sirs, go fold up your Furrs,
And *Vyners* turn again, turn again;
I ſee who e'ers freed, you for Slaves are decreed
Until you *burn again, burn again.*

On Blood's *Stealing the Crown. By* A. Marvell, *Eſq;*

WHen daring *Blood*, his Rent to have regain'd
Upon the *Engliſh* Diadem diſtrain'd:
He choſe the Caſſock, Surſingle and Gown,
The fitteſt Mask for one that robs the Crown;
But his lay-pitty underneath prevail'd,
And whilſt he ſav'd the Keepers Life he fail'd,
With the Prieſts Veſtment had he but put on,
The Prelates Cruelty, the Crown had gone.

A. Marvell.

Farther Inſtructions to a Painter, 1670. *By* A. Marvell *Eſq;*

PAinter once more thy Pencil re-aſſume,
And draw me in one Scene *London* and *Rome*:
Here holy *Charles*, there good *Aurelius* ſat,
Weeping to ſee their Sons Degenerate:
His *Romans* taking up the Teemers Trade,
The *Britains* Jigging it in Maſquerade;

Whilſt the brave Youths tired with the Toil of State,
Their wearied Minds, and Limbs to recreate;
Do to their more belov'd Delights repair,
One to his ——, the other to his Player,
Then change the Scene, and let the next preſent
A Landskip of our Motley Parliament;
And Place hard by the Bar, on the Left-hand,
Circean Clifford with his Charming Wand:
Our Pig-ey'd on his Faſhion,
Set by the worſt Attorney of our Nation:
This great Triumvirate that can divide
The ſpoils of *England*, and along that ſide
Place *Falſtefs* Regiment of thred bare Coats,
All looking this way, how to give their Votes,
And of his dear Reward let none Deſpair.
For Mony comes when *Sey* ——r leaves the Chair:
Change once again, and let the next affoard
The Figure of a Motley Council Board.
At *Arlingtons*, and round about it ſet,
Our mighty Maſters in a warm debate:
Full Bowls, and luſty Wine repeat,
To make them t'other Council-board forget:
That *while* the King of *France* with powerful Arms,
Gives all his fearful Neighbours ſtrange Allarms;
We in our glorious Bachanals diſpoſe
The humbled Fate of a *Plebean* Noſe.
Which to effect, when thus it was Decreed;
Draw me a Champion mounted on a Steed,
And after him a brave Briggade of Horſe,
Arm'd at all Points, ready to reinforce,
His, this Aſſault upon a ſingle Man.
'Tis this muſt make *Obryon* great in Story,
And add more beams to *Sandy*'s former Glory.
Draw our *Olimpia*, next in Council ſet,
With *Cupid*, *S*——*r*, and the tool of State.
Two of the firſt recanters of the Houſe.
That Aim at Mountains, and bring forth a Mouſe;

Who

Who make it by their mean retreat appear,
Five Members need not be demanded here:
Theſe muſt aſſiſt her in her Countermines,
To overthrow the *Darby* Houſe Deſigns.
Whilſt poſitive Walks, like *Woodcock* in the *Park*,
Contriving Projects with a Brewer's Clark;
Thus all Employ themſelves, and without Pity,
Leave *Temple* ſingly to be beat i'th' City.

A. Marvell.

Oceana. & Britannia. By A. Marvell. *Eſq;*

Non ego ſum vates, ſed priſci Conſcius ævi.

Oceana. WHither, O whither wander I forlorn?
Fatal to Friends, and to my Foes a ſcorn.
My pregnant Womb is labouring to bring forth
Thy off-ſpring *Archon*, Heir to thy juſt worth.
Archon, O *Archon*, hear my groaning Cries;
Lucina, help, aſſwage my Miſeries.
Saturnian ſpight purſues me thro' the Earth,
No corner's left to hide my long wiſht Birth.
Great Queen of the Iſles, yield me a ſafe retreat
From the crown'd Gods, that would my Infants eat.
To me O *Delos* on my Child-Bed ſmile,
My happy Seed ſhall fix thy floating Iſle.
I feel fierce pangs aſſault my Teeming Womb,
Lucina, O *Britannia*, Mother, come.

Britan. What doleful ſhrieks pierce my affrighted Ear!
Shall I ne'er reſt for this lewd Raviſher?
Rapes, Burnings, Murthers are his Royal Sport,
Theſe Modiſh Monſters haunt his perjur'd Court.
No tumbling Player ſo oft e'er chang'd his ſhape,
As this Goat, Fox, Wolf, timerous *French* Ape.

True Proteſtants in *Roman* Habits dreſt,
With Scrogs he baits that Ravenous Butchers Beaſt.
Treſilian Jones, that fair fac'd Crocodile,
Tearing their Hearts, at once doth weep and ſmile,
Neronian Flames at *London* do him pleaſe,
At *Oxford* Plots to Act *Agathocles*.
His Plot's reveal'd, his Mirth is at an end,
And's fatal hour ſhall know no Foe nor Friend,
Laſt Martyr's day I ſaw a Cherub ſtand
A croſs my Seas, one Foot upon the Land,
The' other on the enthralled *Gallick* Shore,
Aloud Proclaim their Time ſhall be no more.
This mighty Power Heav'ns equal Ballance ſway'd,
And in one Scale Crowns, Croſiers, Scepters laid.
I'th' other a ſweet Smiling Babe did lye,
Circled with Glories, deck'd with Majeſty.
With ſteady Hand he pois'd the Golden pair,
The gilded Gew-gaws mounted in the Air,
The ponderous Babe deſcending in its Scale,
Leapt on my Shore ——
Nature triumph'd, Joy eccho'd throw the Earth,
The Heav'ns how'd down to ſee the bleſſed Birth,
What's that I hear? A new born Babe's ſoft Cries,
And joyful Mother's tender Lullabies!
'Tis ſo, behold my Daughter's paſt all harms,
Cradeling an Infant in her fruitful Arms.
The very ſame th' Angelick Viſion ſhew'd
In mein, in Majeſty how like a God.
What a firm Health does on her Viſage dwell?
Her ſparkling Eyes Immortal Youth fore-tell,
Rome, *Sparta*, *Venice*, could bring forth
So ſtrong, ſo temperate, ſuch laſting worth.
Marpeſia from the North with ſpeed advance,
Thy Siſters Birth brings thy Deliverance.
Fergusian Founders this juſt Babe exceeds,
I'th' Arts of Peace and mighty Martial Deeds.
Ye *Panopeians* kneel unto your equal Queen,
Safe from the Foreign Sword, and Barbarous Skeen.

Tranſports

Tranſports of Joy divert my yearning Heart
From my dear Child, my Soul, my better part.
Heav'n ſhow'r her choiceſt Bleſſings on thy Womb,
Our preſent help, our ſtay in time to come.
Thou beſt of Daughters, Mothers, Matrons ſay,
What forc'd thy Birth, and got this glorious Day?
Ocea. Scap'd the ſlow Jaws o'th' grinding Penſioners,
I fell i'th' Traps of *Rome*'s dire Murtherers;
Twice reſcu'd by my Loyal Senate's Power,
Twice I expected my Babes happy Hour.
Malignant force twice check'd their Pious aid,
And to my foes as oft my State betray'd.
Great, full of pain, in a dark Winters-night,
Threatned, purſu'd, eſcap'd by ſuddain flight.
Pale fear gave ſpeed to my weak trembling Feet,
And far I fled e'er Day our World could greet.
That dear lov'd Light which the whole Globe doth cheer,
Spur'd on my flight, and added to my fear,
Whilſt black Conſpiracy, that Child of Night,
In Royal Purple clad, out dares the Light.
By Day her ſelf the Faith's Defender ſtiles,
By Night dig Pits, and ſpreads her Papal Toils.
By Day he to the Pompous Chappel goes,
By Night with *York* adores *Rome*'s Idol ſhews:
Witneſs ye Stars and ſilent Powers of Night,
Her Treacheries forc'd my Innocent flight.
With the broad Day my danger too drew near,
Of help, of Council void, how ſhall I ſteer?
I'th' Pulpit of damn'd, Strumpet at Court proclaim'd,
Where ſhould I hide, where ſhould I reſt defam'd:
Tortur'd in Thought, I rais'd my weeping Eyes,
And ſobbing Voice to th' all helping Skies;
As by Heav'n ſent a Reverend Sire appears,
Charming my Grief, and ſtopping my flood of Tears:
His buſie circling Orbs (two reſtleſs Spies)
Glanc'd to and fro, out-ranging *Argos* Eyes.
Like fleeting Time, on's Front one lock did grow,
From his glib Tongue Torrents of Words did flow.

Propoſe, Reſolve, Agrarian Forty one,
Lycurgus, *Brutus*, *Solon*, *Harington*.
He ſaid, he knew me in my Swadling bands,
Had often danc'd me in his careful hands.
He knew Lord *Archon* too, then wept and Swore,
Enſhrin'd in me, his Fame he did adore.
His Name I ask'd, he ſaid, *Politico*,
Deſcended from the Divine *Nicholo*.
My ſtate he knew, my danger ſeem'd to dread,
And to my ſafety vow'd, Hand, Heart, and Head.
Grateful Returns I up to Heaven ſend,
That in Diſtreſs had ſent me ſuch a Friend.
I ask'd him where I was? Pointing he ſhew'd
Oxford's Old Towers, once the Learned Arts aboad.
(Once great in Fame, now a Pyratick Port,
Where *Romiſh* Prieſts and *Elviſh* Monks reſort)
He added near a new-built Colledge ſtood,
Endow'd by *Plato* for the Publick good.
Thither allur'd by Learned Honeſt Men,
Plato vouchſaf'd once more to live again.
Securely there I might my ſelf repoſe,
From my fierce Griefs and my more cruel Foes.
Tyr'd with long flights, e'en hunted down with fear,
The welcome news my drooping Soul did chear.
His pleaſing words ſhortned the time and way,
And me beguil'd at *Plato*'s houſe to ſtay.
When we came in, he told me (after reſt,)
He'd ſhew me *Plato* and's *Venetian* Gueſt,
I ſcarce reply'd, with wearineſs oppreſt,
To my deſir d Apartment I repair'd,
Invoking Sleep and Heaven's Almighty Guard.
My waking Cares and ſtabbing frights recede,
And nodding Sleep dropt on my drowſie Head.
At laſt the ſummons of a buſie Bell,
And glimmering Lights did Sleeps kind Miſts diſpel,
From Bed I ſtole, and creeping by the Wall,
Thro a ſmall Chink I ſpy'd a Spacious Hall.

Tapers

Tapers as Thick as Stars did ſhed their Light
Around the place, and made a Day of Night.
The curious Art of ſome great Maſter's hand,
Adorn'd the Room — *Hide, Clifford, D.* — ſtand
In one large piece, next them the two *Dutch* Wars,
In bloody Colours paint our fatal Jars.
Here *London* Flames in Clouds of ſmoke aſpire,
Done to the life, I'd almoſt cry'd out Fire.
But living Figures did my Eyes divert
From thoſe, and many more of wondrous Art.
There entred in three Mercenary Bands.
(The different Captains had diſtinct Commands)
The Begger's deſperate Troop did firſt appear,
L — tow led, proud *S — -re* had the Rear.
The diſguis'd Papiſts under *Garroway*,
Talbot Lieutenant (none had better pay)
Next greedy *Lee* led Party-colour'd Slaves,
Deaf Fools i'th' right, i'th' wrong ſagacious Knaves.
Brought up by *M —*, then a Nobler Train,
(In Malice mighty, impotent in Brain)
The Pope's Solicitor brought into th' Hall,
Not guilty Lay much guilty Spiritual.
I alſo ſpy'd behind a private Skreen,
Colebert and *Portſmouth*, *York* and *Mazarine*.
Immediately in cloſe Cabal they joyn,
And all applaud the Glorious Deſign.
'Gainſt me and my lov'd Senates Free born Breath,
Dire threats I hear'd, the Hall did Eccho Death.
A Curtain drawn, another Scene appear'd,
A tinckling Bell, a mumbling Prieſt I heard.
At Elevation every Knee ador'd
The Baker's Craft, Infallible's vain Lord.
When *Cataline* with Vipers did conſpire,
To Murther *Rome* and bury it in Fire,
A Sacramental Bowl of Humane Goar,
Each Villain took, and as he drank he ſwore.
The Cup deny'd, to make their Plot compleat,
Theſe *Catalines* their conjur'd Gods did eat.

Whilſt

Whilſt to their Breaden Whimſeys they did kneel,
I crept away, and to the door did ſteal.
As I got out, by Providence I flew,
To this cloſe Wood, too late they did purſue.
That dreadful night, my Child-Bed Throws brought on,
My Crys mov'd yours and Heaven's Compaſſion.
Britania. Oh happy day! A Jubilee Proclaim,
Daughter adore the unutterable name.
With grateful Heart breath out thy ſelf in Prayer.
In the mean time thy Babe ſhall be my care.
There is a man my Iſland's Hope and Grace,
The chief Delight and Joy of humane Race.
Expos'd himſelf to War, in tender Age,
To free his Country from the *Gallick* Rage,
With all the Graces bleſt his riper Years,
And full blown Vertue wak'd the Tyrant's fears.
By's Sire rejected, but by Heaven call'd,
To break my Yoake, and reſcue the Enthrall'd.
This, this is he who with a ſtretch'd out Hand,
And matchleſs might ſhall free my groaning Land.
On Earth's proud Baſilisks he'll juſtly fall,
Like *Moſes* Rod, and Prey upon them all.
He'll guide my People through the Raging Seas,
To Holy-Wars and certain Victories.
His ſpotleſs Fame, and his Immenſe Deſert,
Shall plead Loves cauſe, and ſtorm this Virgins Heart.
She like *Ægeria* ſhall his Breaſt inſpire,
With Juſtice, Wiſdom, and Celeſtial Fire.
Like *Numa* he her Dictates ſhall obey,
And by her Oracles the World ſhall ſway.

On his Excellent Friend Mr. Anth. Marvell,
1677

WHile lazy Prelates lean'd their Mitred-Heads
On downy Pillows, lull'd with Wealth and Pride,
(Pre-

(Pretending Propheſie, yet naught forſee.)
Marvell, this Iſlands watchful Centinel
Stood in the gap, and bravely kept his Poſt,
When Courtiers too in Wine and Riot ſlept:
Twas he th' approach of *Rome* did firſt explore,
And the grim Monſter, Arbitrary Power.
The ugliеſt Giant ever trod the Earth,
Who like *Goliah* marcht before the Hoſt:
Truth, Wit and Eloquence, his Conſtant Friends,
With ſwift diſpatch he to the Main-Guard ſends,
Th' Alarm ſtrait their Courage did Excite,
Which check'd the Haughty Foes bold Enterprize.
And left them halting between Hope and Fear;
He like the Sacred *Hebrew* Leader ſtood,
The Peoples ſureſt Guide, and Prophet too.
Athens may boaſt of Virtuous *Socrates*,
The Chief among the *Greeks* for Moral good.
Rome of her Orator, whoſe fam'd Harangues,
Foyl'd the Debauch'd *Antony*'s deſigns.
We him, and with deep Sorrows 'wail his loſs;
But whether Fate or Art unwind'd his thread,
Remains in doubt, Fames laſting Regiſter,
Shall leave his Name enroll'd as great as theirs,
Who in *Phillippi* for their Country fell.

An Epitaph on the Lord Fairfax. *By the* D. *of* Buckingham.

I.

UNder this Stone does lye
One, born for Victory,
Fairfax the Valliant, and the only He,
Who e'r, for that alone a Conqueror wou'd be,
Both Sexes Virtues were in him combin'd:
He had the Fierceneſs of the Manlieſt Mind,
And eke the Meekneſs too of Woman kind.

He

He never knew what Envy was, or Hate:
His Soul was fill'd with Worth and Honeſty;
And with another thing quite out, of date,
Call'd Modeſty.

II.

He ne'er ſeem'd Impudent, but in the Field; a Place
Where Impudence it ſelf dares ſeldom ſhew her Face:
Had any ſtranger ſpy'd him in the Room
With ſome of thoſe whom he had overcome,
And had not heard their Talk, but only ſeen,
Their geſture and their meen,
They wou'd have ſworn he had the Vanquiſh'd been;
For as they brag'd, and dreadful wou'd appear,
While they their own ill lucks in War repeated,
His Modeſty ſtill made him bluſh, to hear
How often he had them Defeated.

III.

Through his whole Life, the Part he bore
Was Wonderful, and Great,
And yet, it ſo appear'd in nothing more,
Than in his private laſt retreat:
For it's a ſtranger thing, to find
One Man of ſuch a Glorious mind,
As can diſmiſs the Pow'r h' has got,
Than Millions of the *Pools*, and Braves;
Thoſe deſpicable Fools and Knaves,
Who ſuch a Pother make,
Through dulneſs and miſtake;
In ſeeking after Pow'r, but get it not.

IV.

When all the Nation he had won,
And with expence of Blood had bought,
Store great enough he thought,
Of Fame and of Renown;
He then his Arms laid down,

With

With full as little Pride
As if he had been of his Enemies ſide,
Or one of them cou'd do that were undone:
He neither Wealth, nor Places ſought;
For others, not himſelf he Fought.
He was content to know,
For he had found it ſo,
That, when he pleas'd, to Conquer, he was able
And left the Spoil and plunder to the Rabble:
He might have been a King,
But that he underſtood
How much it is a meaner thing
To be unjuſtly Great, than honourably Good.

V.

This from the World did admiration draw;
And from his Friends, both Love and Awe,
Remembring what in Fight he did before:
And his Foes lov'd him too,
As they were bound to do,
Becauſe he was reſolv'd to fight no more.
So bleſs'd of all, he Dy'd; but far more bleſs'd were we,
If we were ſure to live, till we could ſee
A Man as great in War, in Peace as juſt as He.

An Eſſay upon the Earl of Shaftsbury's *Death.*

WHen ever Tyrants fall, the Air
And other Elements prepare
To Combat in a Civil-War,
Large Oaks up by the Roots are torn,
The Savage Train
Upon the Foreſt or the Plain
To a Proceſſion through the Sky are born,
Sulphureous Fire diſplays
Its baneful Rays.

Then

Then from the hollow Womb
Of ſome rent Cloud does comes
The Blazing Meteor or Deſtructive Stone;
Diſtant below the Grumbling Wind
Pent up in Earth a vent would find;
But failing, roars
Like broken Waves upon the Rocky Shores.
The Earth with Motion rowls,
Thoſe Buildings which did brave the Sky,
Now in an humble poſture lye,
While here and there
A ſubtile Prieſt and Sooth ſayer
The Fatal Dirges howl.
Thus when the firſt twelve *Cæſars* fell,
A Jubilee was kept in Hell;
But when that Heaven deſigns the Brave
Shall quit a Life to fill a Grave,
The Sun turns pale and Courts a Cloud,
From Mortals ſight his Grief to ſhroud,
Shakes from his Face a ſhower of Rain,
And faintly views the World again.
The Tombs of Ancient Heroes weep,
Hard Marble Tears let fall:
The *Genii*, who poſſeſs the Deep,
And ſeems the Iſlands Fate to keep,
Lament the Funeral.
Silence denotes the greateſt Woe,
So Calms precede a Storm,
Deep Waters ſmootheſt are we know,
And bear the eveneſt Form.
So 'tis when Patriots ceaſe to be,
And haſt to Immortality;
Their Noble Souls bleſt Angels bear
To the Ethereal Palace there,
Mounting upon the ambient Air,
While Wounded Atomes preſs the Ear
Of Mortals who far diſtant are.

Hence

Hence ſudden Grief does ſeize the Mind,
For good and brave agree;
Each being moves unto his Kind
By Native Sympathy.
So 'twas when mighty *Cooper* dy'd
The *Fabius* of the Iſle,
A ſullen look the Great o'er-ſpread,
The Common People lookt as dead,
And Nature droopt the while.
Living; Religion, Liberty,
A mighty Fence he ſtood,
Peers Rights and Subjects Property
None ſtronglier did maintain than he,
For which *Rome* ſought his Blood.
Deep Politician, *Engliſh* Peer,
That quaſh't the power of *Rome*,
The change of State they brought ſo near,
In bringing Romiſh Worſhip here,
Was by thy skill o'er-thrown:
'Leſs Heav'n a Miracle deſign'd
Sure it could never be
One ſo Gyantick in his Mind,
That ſoar'd a pitch 'bove humane kind,
So ſmall a Corps ſhould be.
Time was, the Court admir'd thy ſhrine,
And did the homage pay:
But wiſely thou didſt Countermine,
And having found the black deſign,
Scorn'd the Ignoble way.
Having thus ſtrongly ſtem'd the Tide,
And ſet thy Country free:
Thou, *Cato* like, an Exile prid'ſt,
'Mongſt Enemies belov'd reſid'ſt,
Whilſt Good men Envy thee.
And as the Sacred Hebrew Seer
Canaan to view deſir'd;
So Heav'n did ſhew this Noble Peer
The end of Popiſh Malice here,
Which done, his ſoul expir'd.

A Satyr in Answer to a Friend. 1682.

'Tis strange that you, to whom I've long been known,
Should ask me why I always rail at th' Town:
As a good Hound when he runs near his Prey,
With double Eagerness is hard to Bay.
So when a Coxcomb doth offend my sight,
To ease my Spleen, I straight go home and write:
I love to bring Vice ill conceal'd to light.
And I have found that they that Satyr write,
Alone can season the useful with the sweet.
Should I write Songs, and to cool Shades confin'd,
Expire with Love, who hate all Women kind!
Then in my Closet, like some fighting Sparks,
Thinking on *Phillis* Love upon my works!
I grant I might with bolder Muse inspir'd,
Some *Hero* Sing worthy to be admir'd,
Our King hath Qualities might entertain,
With Noblest Subjects *Waller*'s lofty Pen.
But then you'll own no Man is thought his Friend,
That doth not love the Pope and *York* commend.
He who his Evil Counsellours dislikes,
Say what he will, still like a Traytor speaks.
Now I Dissimulation cannot bear,
Truth and good Sense, my Lines alike must share.
I love to call each Creature by his Name,
H—— a Knave, *S*—— an Honest Man.
With equal scorn I always did abhor,
The Effeminate Fops and bustling Men of War.
The careful Face of Ministers of State,
I always judg'd to be a down-right Cheat.
The smiling Courtier, and the Counsellour Grave,
I always thought two different Marks of Knave.
They that talk loud, and they that draw i th' Pit,
These want of Courage shew, those want of Wit.
Thus all the World endeavours to appear,
What they'd be thought to be, not what they are.

If

If any then by moſt unhappy choice,
Seek for content in *London*'s crow'd and noiſe.
Muſt form his words and manners to the place,
If he'll ſee Ladies muſt like *Villers* dreſs.
In a ſoft tone without one word of Senſe,
Muſt talk of Dancing and the Court of *France*.
Muſt praiſe alike the ugly and the fair,
Buckly's good Nature, *Feltons* ſhape and Hair,
Exalt my Lady *Portſmouth*'s Birth and Wit,
And vow ſhe's only for a Monarch fit.
Although the fawning Coxcombs all do know,
She's lain with *Beaufort* and the Count *de Leau*.
This method with ſome ends of Plays,
Baſely apply'd, and dreſt in a *French* Phraſe
To Ladies favour, can e'en *Hewit* raiſe,

He that from Buſineſs would Preferment get,
Plung'd in the Toyls and Infamies of State,
All Senſe of Honour from his Breaſt muſt drive,
And in a courſe of Villanies reſolve to live.
Muſt cringe and flatter the King's Owls and Curs,
Nay worſe, muſt be obſequious to his Whores.
Muſt always ſeem to approve what they commend,
What they diſlike, by him muſt be contemn'd.
And when at laſt by a thouſand different Crimes,
The Monſter to his wiſht-for Greatneſs climbs,
He muſt in his continu'd greatneſs wait,
With Guilt and Fears, the Impriſon'd *D*——*y*'s Fate
This Road has *H*—*r* and *S*—*r* gone,
And thus muſt anſwer for the Ills they've done.
Who then would live in ſo deprav'd a Town,
Where pleaſure is but Folly, power alone
By Infamy obtain'd?—— —— ——

Wiſe *Heraclitus*, all his life-time griev'd,
Democritus in endleſs Laughter Liv'd;
Yet to the firſt no fears of Plots were known,
Nor Parliaments remov'd to Popiſh Town.
Murthers not favour'd, Virtues not ſuppreſt,
Laws not derided, Commons not oppreſt

Nor King, who *Claudius* like, expels his Son,
To make th' Imperious *Nero* Prince of *Rome*;
Nor yet to move the others merry vane,
Did Cuckolds (who each Boy i'th' ſtreet could name)
Moſt learned proof in publick daily give,
That they themſelves do their own ſhame contrive;
While their Lewd Wives ſcouring from place to place,
T' expoſe their ſecret Members, hide their Face.

But Lo! how would this Sage have burſt his ſpleen,
Had he ſeen Whore and Fool with merry King,
And Miniſters of State at Supper ſit,
Miſtaking Bawdy Ribaldry for wit;
Whilſt *C—s* with tottering Crown and empty purſe,
(Derided by his Foes, to's Friends a Curſe)
Abandon'd now by every Man of Wit,
Delights himſelf with any he can get.
Pimps, Fools, and Paraſites, make up the Rout,
For want of Wedding Garments, none's left out.

But I ſhall weary both my ſelf and you,
To tell you all the Follies that I know.
How a great Lord, in numbers ſoft, thought fit,
(Though void of Senſe, to ſet up for a Wit.)
And how with wondrous Spirit, he and's Friend
An Epitaph to Cruel *Cloris* pen'd;
His Name (I think) I hardly need to tell,
For who ſhould be, but the Lord *Ar—l.*
But ſhould I here waſte Paper to declare,
The ſenſeleſs Tricks of every ſilly Peer,
I'd as good tell how many ſeveral ways,
The truſty Duke his Country ſtill betrays.
How full the World is ſtuft with Knave and Fool,
How to be very Honeſt is counted dull.
How to ſpeak plain, and greatneſs to diſpiſe,
Is thought a Madneſs, but Flattery is Wiſe,
Diſſimulation excellent, to cheat a Friend
A very Trifle, provided ſtill our end
Be but the Snare We call our Intereſt,
Then nothing is ſo bad, but that is beſt;

I'll

I'll therefore end this vain Satyrick rage,
And leave the Biſhops to reform the Age.

A Character of the Engliſh. *In Alluſion to* Tacit. de Vit. Agric.

THE Free-born *Engliſh*, Generous and Wiſe,
Hate Chains, but do not Government deſpiſe:
Rights of the Crown, Tribute and Taxes, they
When Lawfully Exacted, freely pay.
Force they abhor, and Wrong they ſcorn to bear,
More guided by their Judgment than their Fear;
Juſtice with them is never held ſevere.
Here Power by Tyranny was never got;
Laws may perhaps Enſnare them, Force cannot:
Raſh Councils here, have ſtill the ſame Effect;
The ſureſt way to Reign is to protect.
Kings are leaſt ſafe in their unbounded Will,
Joyn'd with the Wretch'd Power of doing ill.
Forſaken moſt when they're moſt Abſolute;
Laws guard the Man, and only bind the Brute:
To force that Guard, and with the worſt to joyn,
Can never be a prudent King's deſign;
What King would chuſe to be a *Cataline*?
Break his own Laws, ſtake an unqueſtion'd Throne,
Conſpire with Vaſſals to Uſurp his own;
'Tis rather ſome baſe Favourites Vile pretence,
To Tyrannize at the wrong'd King's expence.
Let *France* grow Proud, beneath the Tyrants Luſt,
While the Rackt People crawl and lick the Duſt:
The mighty Genious of this Iſle diſdains
Ambitious Slavery and Golden Chains.
England to ſervile Yoke did ne'er bow,
What Conquerours ne'er preſum'd, who dares do now;
Roman nor *Norman* ever could pretend
To have Enſlav'd, but made this Iſle their Friend.

Cullen *with his Flock of Miſſes*, 1679.

AS *Cullen* drove his Sheep along,
By *Whitehall* there was ſuch a throng
Of Earls Coaches at the Gate,
The ſilly Swain was forc'd to wait.
Chance threw him on Sir *Edward S*——
The ſilly Knight that Rhimes to Mutton:
Cullen, (ſaid he,) this is the Day,
For which poor *England* once did pray;
The day that ſets our Monarch free,
From butter'd Buns and Slavery.
This hour from *French* Intreagues, ('tis ſaid,)
He'll clear his Council and his Bed.
Portſmouth he vouchſafes to know,
Was the caſt Whore of Count *de Loe*.
She muſt return and ſell her place;
Buyers (you ſee) flock in a pace;
Silence i'th' Court being once Proclam'd,
In ſteps fair *Ri* —— *d* once ſo fam'd:
She offers much but was refus'd,
And of miſcarriages accus'd.
Nor would his Majeſty accept her:
At thirty, who at fifteen left her:
She bluſht and Modeſtly withdrew:
Next *M*——*ton* appear'd in View,
Who ſtraight was told of *M*——*ue*.
Of Cates from *Hide*; of Cloaths from *France*,
Of Arm-pits, Toes of Nauſeance;
At which the Court ſet up a Laughter,
She never pleads but for her Daughter;
A Buxom laſs fit for the place,
Were not her Father in Diſgrace:
Beſides ſome ſtrange inceſtuous Stories
Of *Harvey* and her long *C*——*ies*:

With

With theſe exceptions ſhe's diſmiſt,
And *M*———*nd* Fair enters the Liſt:
Husband in Hand moſt decently,
And begs at any rate to Buy:
She offered Jewels of great price,
And dear Sir *Samuels* next Device.
Whether it be a Pump or Table,
Glaſs Houſe or any other Bauble.
But ſhe was told ſhe had been try'd,
And for good Reaſon lay'd aſide.
Next in ſteps pretty Lady *G*——*y*,
Offers her Lord ſhould nothing ſay;
'Gainſt the next Treaſurer accuſed,
So her pretence was not refus'd:
R——— in rage bid her be gone,
And play her game out with her Son;
Or if ſhe lik'd an aged Carcaſs,
For *L*———get a Noble Marqueſs.
Sh——*ry* offered for the place,
All ſhe had gotten from his Grace; *D—of Buck.*
She knew his wants and could comply
With all his wants of Leachery.
She was diſmiſt with Scorn and told
Where a Tall *P*———was to be Sold.
Then in came Dowdy *M*——*ine*,
That Foreign Antiquated Quean;
Who ſoon was told the King no more
Would deal with an Intrigueing Whore:
That ſhe already had about her
To good an Equipage *de Foutre*;
Her Grace at theſe Rebukes lookt Blank,
And ſneakt away to Villain *Frank*.
Fair *L*———too her claim put in,
'Twas urg'd ſhe was to much a Kin:
She modeſtly reply'd no more
A Kin than *S*———*x* was before:
Beſides ſhe had often heard her Mother
Call her the Daughter of another:

She did not drivel and had Sence,
To which all his had no pretence;
Yet for the preſent ſhe's put off,
And told ſhe was not Whore enough.
L———*s* Smil'd at that Exception,
And doubted not of good Reception.
Put in her claim, Vowing ſhe'd Steal
All that her Husband got of *Neale*:
To by the place all ſhe could get,
By his long Suit with Mr. *Pitt*:
But from *Goliah*'s ſieze of *Gath*,
Down to the Pitch of little Wroth;
The Court was told ſhe lay with all,
The roaring Royſters of *White-hall*:
For which old *R*———left ſhe'd grudge,
Gave her the making of a Judge:
She bow'd and ſtraight went her way,
To Haunt the Court, Park, and Play.
In ſtept ſtately *Carry F*———*er*,
Straight the whole Court began to Praiſe her:
As fine as Chains and Point could make her,
She vow'd the King or Goal muſt take her.
R———reply'd, he was Retrenching,
And Vow'd no more of coſtly Wenching:
That ſhe was Proud and went too Gaudy,
Nor could ſhe Swear, Drink or talk Bawdy,
Virtues requiſite for that place
More than Youth, Wit, or a good Face.
C———*and* offered down a Million,
But ſhe was ſoon told of *Caſtillion*;
At that name ſhe fell a weeping
And ſwore ſhe was undone with Keeping:
That *C*———, *G*———, had ſo drain'd her,
She could not live on the Remainder:
The Court ſaid, there was no Record,
Of any to that place Reſtor'd,
Nor might the King at theſe Years venture,
Who in his Prime could not content her.

Young Lady *J*———*s* ſtept up and urg'd,
She'd give the Deed her Father Forg'd:
But ſhe was told her Family
Was tainted with *Presbytery*:
She ſaid her Mother with clean Heart
And Hand, had lately done her part,
In bringing *M* —— *ne* to Bed,
Nor was't her fault the Babe was Dead:
For her *R*——*y* own'd his Paſſion,
But ſaid, he ſtaid for Declaration.
Ingaged, no matter of great weight,
To paſs till after ſome debate
In his great Council ſo they Adjourn'd,
And *Cullen* with his Flocks return'd.
Swearing there was at every Fair
Blither Girls than any there.

Sir Tho. Amſtrong's *Ghoſt.*

THE groans, dear *Armſtrong*, which the world employ,
Would pleaſe thy Ghoſt, to ſee transform'd to joy:
Had'ſt thou abroad found ſafety in thy flight,
Thy immortal honour had not ſhin'd ſo bright;
Thou ſtill hadſt been a worthy Patriot thought:
But now thy glory's to perfection brought,
In Exile and in Death to *England* true,
What more could *Brutus* or juſt *Cato* do?
What can the Villains ſpread to blaſt thy fame,
Unleſs thy former Loyalty they blame?
To be concern'd the *Stuarts* to reſtore,
Is a reproach that hardly can be bore.
The utmoſt Plague a Nation could befall,
Like the forbidden Fruit, it curſt us all.
Yet thou in ſeaſon a brave Convert grew,
Abhorr'd their counſels and their int'reſt too:
And death at laſt before their ſmiles preferr'd;
So holy *Cranmer* burnt the hand that err'd.

Let 'em now place thy Quarters in the Air,
'Twill pleaſe thy ſoul to think they flouriſh there:
Thou ſcorn'ſt to hope for freedome in the Grave;
And ſlumbring lie, whilſt *England* was a Slave:
Thy Carcaſs ſtands a Monument to all,
Till the whole Progeny a Victim fall;
And like their Father, tread that Stage, which ſome,
In a blaſphemous ſtrain, call Martyrdom;
For they in guilt tranſcendently excell,
All that e'er Poets or Hiſtorians tell.
To act freſh Murders, and by Flames devour,
Is but the recreation of their power:
For they alone are for deſtruction choſe,
Who either *Rome* or Tyranny oppoſe:
Tarquin and *Nero* were but Types of theſe,
In whom all crimes are in their laſt degrees.
Swelling like *Nile* in a prodigious Flood
Of execrable Villanies and Blood:
Yet how the age their Lives and Peace betray,
And thoſe whom th' ought to ſacrifice th' obey.
They lick up Poyſon and to Tortures run,
And madly hugg all *Egypt*'s Plagues in one.
Degenerous Slaves! ſuch Monſters to adore,
Was ever *Sodom* ſo careſs'd before?
Quick vengeance put a period to their breath,
By their deſtruction eaſe the groaning earth:
For Mortals attempt the righteous work in vain;
Heaven it ſelf does th' immediate glory claim,
For they're reſerv'd by Thunder to be ſlain.

The Royal Game: or, A Princely new Play found in a Dream, &c. 1672.

PROLOGUE.

WHoever looks about and minds things well,
And on Affairs abroad doth take a view,

May

May think the Story which I here do tell
Was never dream't it falleth out ſo true.
I do confeſs it's ſomething hard to find
A crooked Path directly in the dark;
And while a Man's aſleep, you know he's blind,
And can't eaſily hit on a Mark.
Well, be it ſo, yet this you know is right,
What's ſeen i'th' Day is dreamt again at Night.
A Dream I hope will no Wiſe man offend,
Nor will it Treaſon be (I trow) to lend
A Copy of my Dream unto my Friend.
Cabal, beware your Shins,
For thus my Tale begins.

The Dream of the Cabal: *A Prophetick Satyr,* Anno 1672.

AS 'tother Night in Bed I thinking lay,
How I my Rent ſhou'd to my Landlord Pay,
Since Corn, nor Wool, nor Beaſt would Money make;
Tumbling perplex'd, theſe Thoughts kept me awake.
What will become of this mad World, quoth I?
What's its Diſeaſe? what is its Remedy?
Where will it iſſue? whereto does it tend?
Some eaſe to Miſery 'tis to know its end.
Till Servants Dreaming, as they us'd to doe
Snor'd me aſleep, I fell a Dreaming too.
Methought there met the Grand Cabal of Seven,
(Odd numbers ſome Men ſay do beſt pleaſe Heaven)
When ſate they were, and Doors were all faſt ſhut,
I ſecret was behind the Hangings put:
Both hear and ſee I could; but he that there
Had placed me, bad me have as great a care
Of ſtirring, as my life: and ere that out
From thence I came, reſolv'd ſhou'd be my Doubt.
What would become of this mad World, unleſs
Preſent Deſigns were croſs'd with ill ſucceſs?

An

An awful Silence there was held ſome ſpace,
Till trembling, thus began one call'd his Grace.
Great Sir, your Goverment for firſt twelve years
Has ſpoil'd the Monarchy, and made our Fears [*Buck.*
So potent on us, that we muſt change quite
Th' old Foundations, and make new, wrong or right.
For too great mixture of Democracy
Within this Goverment allay'd muſt be;
And no allay like nulling Parliaments
O'th' Peoples Pride and Arrogance, the vents
Factious and Saucy, diſputing Royal Pleaſure,
Who your Commands by their own humours meaſure.
For King in Barnacles (and to th' Rack-Staves ty'd)
You muſt remain, if theſe you will abide.
So ſpake the Long blue-Ribbon: then a Second,
Though not ſo tall, yet quite as wiſe is reckon'd, [*Orm.*
Did thus begin: Great Sir, you are now on
A tender Point much to be thought upon,
And thought on only; for by Ancient Law,
'Twas Death to mention what my Lord fore-ſaw;
His trembling ſhew'd it, wherefore I am ſo bold
To adviſe its ſtanding, leſt it ſhou'd be-told
We did attempt to change it; for ſo much
Our Anceſtors ſecur'd it, that to touch,
Like Sacred Mount, 'tis Death; and ſuch a Trick,
I no-ways like my Tongue ſhou'd break my Neck.
Thus ſaid, he ſate. Then Lord of Northern Tone,
In Gall and Guile a ſecond unto none, [*Lauderd.*
Inraged roſe, and Col'rick, thus began.
Dread Majeſty, Male beam of Fame, a Son
Of th' hundred and tenth Monarch of the Nore;
De'l ſplit the Weam of th' Loon that ſpoke afore,
Shame faw the Crag of that ill-manner'd Lord,
That nent his King durſt ſpeak ſo faw a word;
And aw my Saul, right weell the firſt man meant,
De'l hoop his Luggs that loves a Parliament.
Twa Houſes aw my Saul are too too mickle,
They'll gar the Leard ſhall ne'er have a more prickle;

No

No money get to gee the bonny Laſs,
But full as good be Born without a ——
Ten thouſand Plagues light on his Cragg (that gang)
To make you be but third part of a King.
De l take my Saul, I'll ne er the matter mince,
I'd rather ſubject be then ſike a Prince.
To Hang, and Burn, and Slay, and Draw, and Kill,
And meaſure aw things by my awn gude will,
Is gay Dominion; a Checkmate I hate,
Of Men, or Laws, it looks ſo like a State.
This eager well-meant Zeal ſome Laughter ſtirr'd;
Till Noſe half Pluſh, half Fleſh, the Inkhorn Lord
Crav'd Audience thus. Grave Majeſty Divine, [*Arling.*
(Pardon that *Cambridge* Title, I make mine)
We now are enter'd on the great'ſt Debate
That can concern your Throne and Royal State.
His grace hath ſo ſpoke all, that we who next
Speak after, can but comment on his Text:
Only 'tis wonder at this ſacred Board,
Shou'd ſit 'mongſt us a *Magna Charta* Lord,
A Peer of old Rebellious Barons breed,
Worſt, and great'ſt Enemies to Royal Seed.
But to proceed; well was it urg'd by's Grace,
Such Liberty was given for twelve years ſpace,
That are by paſt, there's no neceſſity
Of new Foundations, if ſafe you'll be.
What Travel, Charge and Art before was ſet
This Parliament, we had, you can't forget;
Now force, cajole, and court, and bribe for fear
They wrong ſhould run, e'er ſince they have been here.
What diligence, what ſtudy, day and night
Was on us, and what care to keep them right?
Wherefore (if good) you can't make Parliament,
On whom ſuch coſts, ſuch art and pains were ſpent,
And Moneys, all we had for them to do;
Since we miſs that, 'tis beſt diſmiſs them too.
'Tis true, this Houſe the beſt is you can call,
But in my Judgment, beſt is none at all:

Well

Well mov'd, the whole Cabal cry'd, Parliaments
Are cloggs to Princes, and their brave intents.
One did object, 'twas againſt Majeſty
To obey the Peoples pleaſure. Another he
Their Inconvenience argues, and that neither
Cloſe their Deſigns were, nor yet ſpeedy either.
Whilſt thus confuſed chatter'd the Cabal,
And many mov'd, none heard, but ſpeak did all;
A little bobtail'd Lord, Urchin of State, [*Chancel Shafts.*
A *Praiſe-God-bare-bone* Peer whom all men hate,
Amphibious Animal, half Fool, half Knave;
Begg'd ſilence, and this purblind Counſel gave:
Bleſt and beſt Monarch that e'er Scepter bore,
Renown'd for Vertue, but for Honour more;
That Lord ſpake laſt, has well and wiſely ſhown,
That Parliaments, nor new, nor old, nor none
Can well be truſted longer; for the State
And Glory of the Crown, hate all Checkmate.
That Monarchy may from its Childhood grow
To man's Eſtate; *France* has taught us how
Monarchy's Divine: Divinity it ſhows,
That he goes backward that not forward goes.
Therefore go on, let other Kingdoms ſee
Your Will's your Law, that's abſolute Monarchy;
A mixt hodge-podge will now no longer do,
Cæſar or nothing you are brought unto:
Strike then, Great Sir, 'fore theſe Debates take wind,
Remember that Occaſion's bald behind.
Our Game is ſure in this, if wiſely play'd,
And ſacred Votes to th' Vulgar not betray'd;
But if the Rumour ſhou'd once get on wing,
That we conſult to make you abs'lute King,
The Plebeians head, the Gentry forſooth,
They ſtrait would ſnort and have an aking Tooth;
Leſt they, I ſay, ſhould your great Secrets ſcent,
And you oppoſe in nulling Parliament.
I think it ſafer, and a greater skill
To obviate, than to o'ercome an ill;

For

For thoſe that head the Head are full as rude,
When th' humor takes, as th' following Multitude;
Therefore be quick in your Reſolves, and when
Reſolv'd you have, execute quicker then.
Remember your great Father loſt the Game
by ſlow Proceedings, mayn't you do the ſame?
An unexpected, unregarded blow
Wounds more than ten made by an open Foe.
Delays do Dangers breed; the Sword is yours,
By Law declar'd, what need of other Powers?
We may unpolitick be judg'd, or worſe,
If we can't make the Sword command the Purſe;
No Art, or Courtſhip can the rule ſo ſhape
Without a Force, it muſt be done by Rape:
And when 'tis done, to ſay you cannot help,
Will ſatisfie enough the gentle Whelp.
Phanaticks they'll to Providence impute
Their Thraldom, and immediately grow mute;
For they, poor pious Fools, think the Decree
Of Heaven falls on them, though from Hell it be;
And when their reaſon is abas'd to it,
They forthwith think t' Religion to ſubmit,
And vainly glorying in a paſſive Shame,
They'll put of Man to wear the Chriſtian Name:
Wherefore to lull 'em, do their Hopes fulfill
With Liberty, they're halter'd at your Will;
Give them but Conventicle-room, and they
Will let you ſteal the Engliſhman away,
And heedleſs be, till you your Nets have ſpread,
And pull'd down Conventicles on their Head.
Militia therefore and Parliaments caſhier,
A formidable ſtanding Army rear,
They'll mount you up, and up you ſoon will be,
They'll fear who ne'er did love your Monarchy:
And if they fear, no matter for their hate;
To rule by Law becomes a ſneaking State.
Lay by all Fear, care not what People ſay,
Regard to them will your Deſigns betray:

When

When bite they cannot, what hurt can barking do?
And, Sir, in time we'll ſpoil their barking too,
Make Coffee-Clubs talk of more humble things
Than State Affairs, and Intereſt of Kings.
Thus ſpake the Rigling Peer, when one more grave,
That had much leſs of Fool, but more of Knave,
Began: Great Sir, it gives no ſmall content, [Cliff.
To hear ſuch Zeal (for you) 'gainſt Parliament;
Wherefore, though I an Enemy no leſs
To Parliaments than you your ſelves profeſs;
Yet I muſt alſo enter my proteſt
'Gainſt theſe rude rumbling Counſels indigeſt.
And, Great Sir, tell you, 'tis an harder thing
Than they ſuggeſt, to make you abs'lute King;
Old Buildings to pull down, believe it true,
More danger in it hath, than building New.
And what ſhall prop your Superſtructure till
Another you have built that ſuits your Will?
An Army ſhall, ſay they (content) but ſtay,
From whence ſhall this new Army have its pay?
For eaſie gentle Government a while
Muſt firſt appear this Kingdom to beguile
The Peoples minds, and make them cry up you,
For raiſing Old, and making better New.
For Taxes with new Government all will blame,
And put the Kingdom ſoon into a flame:
For Tyranny has no ſuch lovely Look
To catch Men with, unleſs you hide the Hook;
And no Bait hides it more than preſent Eaſe;
Eaſe but their Taxes, then do what you pleaſe.
Wherefore, all wild Debates laid by, from whence
Shall Money riſe to bear this vaſt expence?
For our firſt thoughts thus well reſolved, we
in other things much ſooner ſhall agree:
Join then with Mother-Church, whoſe boſom ſtands
Ope to receive us, ſtretching forth her Hands:
Cloſe but this breach, and ſhe will let you ſee
Her Purſe as open as her Arms ſhall be.

For

For ſacred Sir, (by gueſs I do not ſpeak)
Of poor ſhe'll make you rich, and ſtrong of weak.
At home, abroad, no Money, no nor Men,
She'll let you lack, turn but to her agen.
The *Scot* cou'd here no longer hold, but cry'd, [*Laud.*
Del' take the Pape, and all that's on his ſide;
The Whore of *Rome*, that mickle Man of Sin,
Plague take the Mother, Bearns, and aw the Kin.
What racks my Saul! muſt we the holy Rood
Place in God's Kirk again? troth 'tis not gude,
I defy the Loon, the De'l and all his Works,
The Pape ſhall lig no mare in God's gude Kirk,
The *Scot* with Laughter check'd, they all agreed,
The Lord ſpoke laſt ſhou'd in his Speech proceed, [*Cliff.*
Which thus he did; Great Sir, You know 'tis Seaſon
Salts all the motions that we make with Reaſon;
And now a ſeaſon is afforded us,
The beſt e'er came, and moſt propitious.
Beſides the Summ the Cath'licks will advance,
You know the Offers we are made from *France*;
And to have Money and no Parliament,
Muſt fully anſwer your deſign'd intent.
And thus without tumultuous noiſe, or huff
Of Parliaments, you may have Money enough;
Which, if neglected now, there's none knows when
Like Opportunities may be had again,
For all to extirpate, now combined be,
Both civil and religious Liberty.
Thus Money you'll have to exalt the Crown,
Without ſtooping Majeſty to Country Clown.
The triple League, I know, will be objected;
As if that ought by us to be reſpected;
But who to Hereticks, or Rebel pay'th
The truth ingag'd to by ſolemn Faith,
Debauched Vertue, by thoſe very things,
The Church profaneth and debaſeth Kings,
As you your ſelf have admirably ſhown
By burning ſolemn Cov'nant, though your own;

Faith,

Faith, Juſtice, Truth, Plebeian Vertues be;
Look well in them, and not in Majeſty.
For publick Faith is but a publick Thief,
The greateſt Cheat in Nature's vain Belief.
The ſecond Lord though check'd, yet did not fear;
Impatient grew and could no longer bear,
But roſe in heat, and that a little rude
The Lord's voice interrupts, and for Audience ſu'd:
Great Majeſty, authentick Authors ſay,
When hands was lifted up, *Cræſus* to ſlay,
The Fathers's danger on th' Dumb Son did make
Such deep Impreſſions that he forthwith ſpake.
Pardon, Great Sir, If I, in imitation,
Seeing the danger to your Land and Nation,
Do my reſolv'd-on Silence alſo break,
Although I ſee the matter I ſhall ſpeak,
Under ſuch diſadvantages will fall,
That it, as well as I, exploded ſhall;
But vainly do they boaſt they Loyal are,
That can't for Princes good, Reflections bear;
Nor will I call Compurgators to prove,
What honour to the Crown Iv'e born, with Love,
My Acts have ſpoken, and ſufficient are,
Above what e'er Detractors did or dare.
Wherefore, Great Sir, 'tis Ignorance, or Hate,
Dictates theſe Counſels, you to precipitate.
For ſay't again I will, not eat my word,
No Council's Power, no, nor yet the Sword
Can old Foundations alter or make new:
Let time interpret who hath ſpoken true.
Thoſe Country Gentry with their Beef and Bacon,
Will ſhew how much you Courtiers are miſtaken;
For Parliaments are not of that cheap rate,
That they will down without a broken Pate;
And then I doubt you'll find thoſe worthy Lords
More Brave and Champions with their Tongue than Swords.
Wherefore, Dread Sir, encline not Royal Ear
To their Advice, but ſafer Counſels hear;

Stay

Stay till theſe Lords have got a Crown to loſe,
And then conſult with them which way they'll chuſe,
Will you all hazard for their humours ſake,
Who nothing have to looſe, nothing at ſtake;
And at one Game your Royal Crown expoſe,
To gratifie the fooliſh Luſts of thoſe,
Who hardly have ſubſiſtence how to live,
But what your Crown and Grace to them does give?
And one of thoſe (Bagg-pudding) Gentleman,
(Except their Places) would buy nine or ten:
Then, why they ſhould thus ſlight the Gentleman,
I ſee no reaſon, nor think how they can;
For had not Gentleman done more than Lord,
I'll boldly ſay't, you ne'er had been reſtor'd.
But why, of Armies now, Great Sir, muſt we
(So fond juſt now) all on the ſudden be?
What faithfull Guardians have they been to Pow'rs
That have employ'd 'em, that you'd make 'em yours?
Enough our Age, we need not ſeek the glory
Of Armies Faith, in old, or doubtfull Story:
Your Father 'gainſt the *Scots* an Army rear'd,
But ſoon, that Army more than *Scot* he fear'd:
He was in haſt to raiſe them, as we are,
But to disband them was far more his care;
How *Scottiſh* Army after did betray
His Truſt and Perſon both, I need not ſay.
Rump-Parliament an Army rear'd, and they
The Parliament that rais'd them, did betray;
The Lord Protector they ſet up one hour,
The next pull'd down the Protectorian pow'r.
Your Father's Block and Judges the ſame Troops
Did guard, ſome Tongues at Death of both made hoops:
And will you ſuffer Armies to beguile,
And give your Crown and them to Croſs and Pile?
What if as *Monk* ſhou'd both ſwear, lie and feign,
Till he does both your Truſt and Army gain,
And you believe his Oath and Faith is true,
But ſerves himſelf inſtead of ſerving you.

Pardon, Great Sir, if Zeal tranſports my Tongue,
T' expreſs what your Greatneſs don't become.
Expoſe I can't your Crown and ſacred Throat
To the falſe Faith of a common Red-coat.
Your Law, your All does ſence ſecure from Fears;
That kept, what trouble needs of Bandileers?
Conſider, Sir, 'tis Law that makes you King,
The Sword another to the Crown may bring;
For Force knows no diſtinction, longeſt Sword
Makes Peaſant Prince, Lackquey above his Lord.
If that be all that we muſt have for Laws,
Your Will inferiour may be to *Jack Straw*'s.
If greater Force him follow; there's no Right
Where Law is failing, and for Will men fight.
Beſt Man is he alone whoſe Steel's moſt ſtrong;
Where no Law is, there's neither right nor wrong.
That Fence broke down, and all in-common laid,
Subjects may Prince, and Prince may them invade.
See, greateſt Sir, how theſe your Throne lay down,
Inſtead of making great your Royal Crown,
How they diveſt you of your Majeſty:
For Law deſtroy'd, you are no more than we.
And very vain would be the Plea of Crown,
When Statute-Laws, and Parliaments are down.
This Peer proceeded on to ſhew how vain
An Holy League would be with *Rome* again,
And what diſhonour 'twould be to our Crowns,
If unto *France* give cautionary Towns.
He's interrupted, and bid ſpeak no more,
By's enraged Majeſty, who deeply ſwore,
His Tongue had ſo run o'er, that he'd take
Such Vengeance on him, and example make
To after Ages, all which heard ſhou'd fear,
To ſpeak what wou'd diſpleaſe the Royal Ear;
And bid the Lord that ſpoke before go on,
And ſilence all ſhould keep till he had done;
Who thus his Speech re'ſſum'd. If Lord ſpake laſt,
To interrupt me had not made ſuch haſt,

I ſoon

I ſoon had done; for I was come, Great Sir,
T' adviſe your ſending *Dutch* Embaſſador;
But much it does concern you whom to truſt,
With this Embaſſy: for none true, nor juſt,
Wiſe, Stout, or Honourable, nor a Friend,
Should you in any wiſe reſolve to ſend,
Leſt any unſeen, or unlucky Chance
Shou'd in this War befall to us or *France*.
We may that loathed wretch give to the hate
Of th' Peoples fury, them to ſatiate.
And when all's done that can be done by man,
Much muſt be left to chance, do what we can.
And if you'll make all Chriſtendom your Friend,
And put to *Dutch-land*-League an utter end;
Then ſurely you may have of Men and Treaſure
Enough of both to execute your Pleaſure.
This Speech being ended, five or ſix agree,
France ſhall be lov'd, and *Holland* hated be.
All gone, I wak'd, and wondred what ſhould mean
All I had heard, methought 'twas more than Dream.
And if Cabal thus ſerve us *Engliſhmen*,
'Tis ten to one but I ſhall dream again.

On the Three Dukes killing the Beadle *on Sunday Morning*, Febr. *the 26th*, 167$\frac{0}{1}$.

NEar *Holborne* lies a Park of great Renown,
The place, I do ſuppoſe, is not unknown.
For brevity's ſake the Name I ſhall not tell,
Becauſe moſt genteel Readers know it well,
(Since middle Park near *Chairing-Croſs* was made,
They ſay there is a great decay of Trade,
'Twas there Gleek of Dukes by Fury brought
With bloody mind a ſickly Damſel ſought,
And againſt Law her Caſtle did invade,
To take from her her inſtrument of Trade,

'Tis ſtrange (but ſure they thought not on't before)
Three Baſtard Dukes ſhould come t'undoe one Whore.
Murder was cry'd (truth is, her caſe was ſad)
When ſhe was like to loſe ev'n all ſhe had:
In came the Watch, diſturb'd with Sleep and Ale,
By ſhrill Noiſes, but they could not prevail,
T' appeaſe their Graces; ſtraight roſe Mortal Jarrs
Betwixt the Night black Guard and Silver Stars;
Then fell the Beadle by a Ducal Hand,
For daring to pronounce the ſawcy Stand.
The way in Blood certain Renown to win,
Is firſt with Bloody Noſes to begin.
The high-born Youths their haſty Errand tell,
Dam ye you Rogue, we'll ſend your Soul to Hell.
They need not ſend a Meſſenger before,
They're too well known there to ſtay long at Door.
See what miſhaps dare ev'n invade *Whitehall*;
This ſilly Fellow's death puts off the Ball,
And diſappoints the Queen, poor little Chuck,
I warrant 'twould have danc'd it like a Duck.
The Fidlers, Voices, Entries, all the ſport,
And the gay Show put off, where the briſk Court
Anticipates in rich Subſidy-Coats
All that is got by Mercenary Votes:
Yet ſhall *Whitehall* the Innocent, the Good,
See theſe men dance all daub'd with Lace and Blood.
Near t'other Park there ſtands an aged Tree,
As fit as if 'twere made o'th nonce for Three;
Where that no Ceremony may be loſt,
Each Duke for State may have a ſeveral Poſt.
What Storms may riſe out of ſo black a Cauſe,
If ſuch Turd-Flies ſhall break through Cobweb Laws?

The Hiſtory of Inſipids; *A Lampoon*, 1676. *By the Lord* Roch——r.

1.

CHaſt, pious, prudent, C —— the Second,
The Miracle of thy Reſtoration,
May like to that of Quails be reckon'd
Rain'd on the *Iſraelitiſh* Nation;
The wiſh'd for Bleſſing from Heav'n ſent,
Became their Curſe and Puniſhment.

2.

The Vertues in thee, C —— inherent,
Although thy Countenance be an odd-piece,
Prove thee as true a God's Vicegerent
As e'er was *Harry* with the Codpiece:
For Chaſtity and pious Deeds,
His Grandſire *Harry*, C —— exceeds.

3.

Our *Romiſh* Bondage-breaker *Harry*,
Eſpouſed half a dozen Wives;
C —— onely one reſolv'd to marry,
And other Mens he never ——
Yet hath he Sons and Daughters more,
Than e'er had *Harry* by threeſcore.

4.

Never was ſuch a Faith's Defender,
He like a politick Prince, and pious,
Gives liberty to conſcience tender,
And doth to no Religion tye us.
Jews, *Turks*, *Chriſtians*, *Papiſts*, he'll pleaſe us,
With *Moſes*, *Mahomet*, or *J* ——

5.

In all affairs of Church or State,
He very zealous is, and able,
Devout at Prayers, and ſits up late
At the Cabal and Council-Table;

His very Dog at Council-Board,
Sits grave and wiſe as any Lord.

6.

Let *C* —— his Policy no man flout,
The wiſeſt Kings have all ſome Folly;
Nor let his Piety any doubt;
C —— like a Sovereign wiſe and holy,
Make young Men Judges of the Bench,
and Biſhops thoſe that love a Wench,

7.

His Father's Foes he doth reward,
Preſerving thoſe that cut off's Head:
Old Cavaliers the Crown's beſt Guard,
He let's them ſtarve for want of Bread.
Never was any King endow'd
With ſo much Grace and Gratitude.

8.

Blood that wears Treaſon in his Face,
Villain compleat, in Parſon's Gown,
How much is he at Court in Grace
For ſtealing *Ormond* and the Crown?
Since Loyalty does no man good,
Let's ſteal the King and out-do *Blood*.

9.

A Parliament of Knaves and Sots,
Members by name, you muſt not mention,
He keeps in Pay, and buys their Votes;
Here with a Place there with a Penſion.
When to give Money he can't cologue 'um,
He doth with Scorn prorogue, prorogue 'um.

10.

But they long ſince, by too much giving,
Undid, betray'd, and ſold the Nation;
Making their Memberſhips a Living,
Better than e'er was Sequeſtration.
God give thee *C* —— a Reſolution
To damn the Knaves by Diſſolution,

Fame

11.

Fame is not grounded on Succeſs,
Though Victories were *Cæſar*'s Glory;
Loſt Battels make not *Pompey* leſs,
But left them ſtiled great in Story,
Malicious Fate doth oft deviſe
To beat the Brave and fool the Wiſe.

12.

Charles in the firſt *Dutch* War ſtood fair
To have been Sovereign of the Deep;
When *Opdam* blew up in the Air,
Had not his Highneſs gone to ſleep.
Our Fleet ſlack'd Sails, fearing his waking,
The *Dutch* elſe had been in ſad taking.

13.

The *Bergen* Buſineſs was well laid,
Though we paid dear for that Deſign:
Had we not three days parling ſtaid,
The *Dutch* Fleet there, *Charles* had been thine.
Though the falſe *Dane* agreed to ſell 'um,
He cheated us, and ſaved *Skellum*.

14.

Had not *Charles* ſweetly choos'd the States,
By *Bergen* baffle grown more wiſe,
And made them Shit as ſmall as Rats,
By their rich *Smyrna* Fleets ſurprize.
Had haughty *Holms* but call'd in *Spragg*,
Hans had been put into a Bag.

15.

Miſts, Storms, ſhort Victuals, adverſe Winds,
And once the Navies wiſe Diviſion,
Defeated *Charles* his beſt deſigns,
Till he became his Foes Deriſion.
But he had ſwing'd the *Dutch* at *Chattam*,
Had he had ſhips but to come at 'um.

16.

Our *Blackheath* Hoſt without diſpute,
Rais'd, (put on Board, why, no man knows)

Muſt *Charles* have rendered abſolute,
Over his Subjects or his Foes.
Has not the *French* King made us Fools,
By taking *Maeſtricht* with our Tools ?

17.

But *Charles* what could thy Policy be,
To run ſo many ſad Diſaſters ;
To join thy Fleet with falſe *D' Etrees*,
To make the *French* of *Holland* Maſters ?
Was't *Carewell*, Brother *James*, or *Teague*,
That made thee break the Triple League ?

18.

Could *Robin Viner* have foreſeen
The glorious Triumphs of his Maſter,
The Wool-Church Statue Gold had been,
Which now is made of Alabaſter :
But wiſe Men think, had it been Wood,
'Twere for a Bankrupt K —— too good.

19.

Thoſe that the Fabrick well conſider,
Do of it diverſly diſcourſe ;
Some paſs their Cenſure of the Rider,
Others their Judgment of the Horſe :
Moſt ſay the *Steed*'s a goodly thing,
But all agree 'tis a Lewd K ——

20.

By the Lord Mayor and his grave Coxcombs,
Free-man of *London Charles* is made ;
Then to *Whitehall* a Rich Gold Box comes,
Which was beſtow'd on the *French* Jade.
But wonder not it ſhould be ſo, Sirs,
When Monarchs rank themſelves with Grocers,

21.

Cringe, ſcrape no more, ye City Fops,
Leave off your Feaſting and fine Speeches,
Beat up your Drums, ſhut up your Shops,
The Courtiers then will kiſs your Breeches,

Arm'd,

Arm'd, tell the Popiſh Duke that rules,
You're Free-born Subjects, not *French* Mules.

22.

New Upſtarts, Pimps, Baſtards, Whores,
That Locuſt-like devour the Land,
by ſhutting up th' Exchequer Doors,
When thither our Money was trapann'd,
Have rendred C —— his Reſtauration,
But a ſmall Bleſſing to the Nation.

23.

Then C —— beware of thy Brother *York*
Who to thy Government gives Law;
If once we fall to the old Sport,
You muſt again both to *Breda*:
Where 'ſpight of all that would reſtore you,
Grown wiſe by wrongs, we ſhall abhor you,

24.

If of all Chriſtian Blood the guilt
Cry loud for Vengeance unto Heaven;
That Sea by Treacherous *Lewis* ſpilt,
Can never be by God forgiven.
Worſe Scourge unto his Subjects, Lord,
Than Peſtilence, Famine, Fire or Sword.

25.

That falſe repacious Wolf of *France*,
The Scourge of *Europe*, and its Curſe,
Who at his Subjects cry, does dance,
And ſtudys how to make them worſe.
To ſay ſuch Kings, Lord, rule by thee,
Were moſt prodigious Blaſphemy.

26.

Such know no Law but their own Luſt,
Their Subjects Subſtance, and their Blood,
They count it Tribute due and juſt,
Still ſpent and ſpilt for Subjects good.
If ſuch Kings are by God appointed,
The Devil may be L—— Anointed.

27.

Such Kings muſt be the Power and Name,
Let all the World henceforth abhor 'em;
Monſters which Knaves ſacred proclaim,
And then like Slaves fall down before 'em.
What can there be in Kings Divine?
The moſt are Wolves, Goats, Sheep, or Swine.

28.

Then farewell ſacred Majeſty,
Let's pull all Britiſh Tyrants down;
When Men are born, and ſtill live free,
Here ev'ry Head doth wear a Crown,
Mankind like miſerable Frogs,
Prove wretched, King's by Storks and Logs.

ROCHESTER's *Farewell*, 1680.

TIr'd with the noyſom Follies of the Age,
And weary of my part, I quit the Stage;
For who in Life's dull Farce a part would bear,
Where Rogues, Whores, Bawds, all the head Actors are?
Long I with charitable Malice ſtrove,
Laſhing the Court, thoſe Vermin to remove,
But thriving Vice under the Rod ſtill grew,
As aged Letchers whipp'd, their Luſt renew;
Yet though my Life hath unſucceſsfull been,
(For who can this *Augæan* Stable clean)
My gen'rous end I will purſue in Death,
And at Mankind rail with my parting breath.
Firſt then, the *Tangier* Bullies muſt appear,
With open Bravery, and diſſembled Fear:
Mulg —— *e* their Head; but Gen'ral have a care,
Though skill'd in all thoſe Arts that cheat the fair,
The undiſcerning and Impartial *Moor*,
Spares not the Lover on the Ladies ſcore.
Think how many periſh by one fatal ſhot,
The Conqueſts all thy Ogling ever got.

Think

Think then (as I preſume you do) how all
The EngliſhBeauties will lament your fall;
Scarce will there greater Grief pierce ev'ry heart,
Should Sir *George Hewit* of Sir *Carr* depart.
Had it not better been, than thus to roam,
To ſtay and tye the Cravat-ſtring at home?
To ſtrut, look big, ſhake Pantaloon, and ſwear
With *Hewit*, *Dame*, there's no Action there.
Had'ſt thou no Friend that would to *Rowly* write,
To hinder this thy eagerneſs to fight?
That without danger thou a Brave might'ſt be,
As ſure to be deny'd as *Shrewſ* — *y*.
This ſure the Ladies had not fail'd to do,
But who ſuch Courage could ſuſpect in you?
For ſay, what reaſon could with you prevail,
To change Embroider'd Goat for Coat of Mail?
Let *Plim* — *h*, or let *Mord* — *t* go, whom Fate
Has made not valiant but deſperate.
For who would not be weary of his Life,
Who's loſt his Money, or has got a Wife?
To the more tolerable Alcaid of *Alcazzer*,
One flies from's. Creditors, the other from *Frazier*;
'Twere cruelty to make too ſharp Remarks,
On all the little, forward, fighting Sparks;
Only poor *Charles* I can't but pity thee,
When all the pert young Voluntiers I ſee.
Thoſe Chits in War, who as much Mirth create,
As the Pair Royal of the Chits of State:
Their Names ſhall equal or exceed in Story,
Chit *Sund* — *d*, Chit *Godo* — *n*, and Chit *L* — *y*.
When thou let'ſt *Plim* — *h*. go twas ſuch a jeſt,
As when the Brother made the ſame requeſt;
Had *Rich* — *d* but got leave as well as he,
The Jeſt had been compleat and worthy thee.
Well ſince be muſt, he'll to *Tangier* advance
It is reſolv'd, but firſt let's have a Dance.
Firſt, at her Highneſs Ball he muſt appear,
And in a parting Country Dance, learn there
With Drum and Fife to make a Jigg of War;

What

What is of Soldier ſeen in all the heap,
Beſides the flutt'ring Feather in the Cap,
The Scarf, and Yard or two of Scarlet Cloath,
From Gen'ral *Mulg——e* down to little *Wroth*?
But now they're all embark'd and curſe their Fate,
Curſe *Charles* that gave them leave, and much more *Kate*,
Who then *Tangier* to *England* and the King
No greater Plague, beſides her ſelf could bring;
And wiſh the *Moors*, ſince now their hand was in,
As they have got her Portion, had the Queen.
There leave we them, and back to *England* come,
Where-by the wiſer Sparks that ſtay at home,
In ſafe Ideas by their fancy form'd,
Tangier (like *Maſtrich*) is at *Windſor* ſtorm'd.
But now we talk'd of *Maſtrich*, where is he,
Fam'd for that brutal piece of Bravery?
He with his thick impenetrable Skull,
The ſolid, hard'ned Armour of a Fool:
Well might himſelf to all Wars ill expoſe,
Who (come what will yet) had no Brains to loſe:
Yet this is he, the dull unthinking he,
Who muſt (forſooth) our future Monarch be,
This Fool by Fools (*Armſtrong* and *Ven---n*) led,
Dreams that a Crown will drop upon his head,
By great example, he this Path doth tread,
Following ſuch ſenſleſs Aſſes up and down,
(For *Saul* ſought Aſſes when he found a Crown)
But *Roſſe* is riſen as *Samuel* at his call,
To tell that God hath left th' ambitious *Saul*.
Never (ſays Heaven) ſhall the bluſhing Sun,
See *Proger*'s Baſtard fill the Regal Throne.
So Heaven ſays, but *Bran——n* ſays he ſhall,
But who e'er he protects is ſure to fall.
Who can more certain of Deſtruction be,
That he that truſts to ſuch a Rogue as he?
What good can come from him who *York* forſook,
T' eſpouſe the Intereſt of this booby Duke?

But who the beſt of Maſters could deſert,
Is the moſt fit to take a Traytor's part.
Ungrateful! This thy Maſter-piece of ſin,
Exceeds ev'n that with which thou didſt begin.
Thou great Proficient in the Trade of Hell,
Whoſe latter Crimes ſtill do thy firſt excell:
The very top of Villainy we ſeize,
By ſteps in order, and by juſt degrees.
None e'er was perfect Villain in one day,
The murder'd Boy to Treaſon led the way;
But when degrees of Villainy we name,
How can we chuſe but think on *Buck—m?*
He who through all of them hath boldly ran,
Left ne'er a Law unbroke of God or Man.
His treaſured Sins of Supererogation,
Swell to a ſumm enough to damn a Nation:
But he muſt here, *per* force, be let alone,
His acts require a Volume of their own:
Where rank'd in dreadful order ſhall appear,
All his Exploits from *Shrewſ—y* to *Le Meer.*
But ſtay, methinks I on a ſudden find,
My Pen to treat of th' other Sex inclin'd:
But where in all this choice ſhall I begin?
Where, but with the renowned *Mazarine?*
For all the Bawds the Courts rank Soil doth bear,
And Bawds and Stateſmen grow in plenty there.
To thee ſubmit and yield, ſhould we be juſt,
To thy experienc'd and well-travell'd Luſt:
Thy well-known Merits claim that thou ſhould'ſt be,
Firſt in the Glorious Roll of Infamy.
To thee they all give place, and Homage pay,
Do all thy Letcherous Decrees obey;
(Thou Queen of Luſt, thy Bawdy Subjects they.)
While *Suſſex*, *Brughill*, *Betty Felton* come,
Thy Whores of Honour, to attend thy Throne;
For what proud Strumpet e'er could merit more,
Than be Anointed the Imperial Whore?

For

For tell me in all *Europe*, where's the part,
That is not conſcious of thy Lewd deſert.
The great *Pedalion* Youth, whoſe Conqueſts run
O'er all the World, and travell'd with the Sun,
Made not his Valour in more Nations known,
Than thou thy Luſt, thy matchleſs Luſt have ſhown.
All Climes, all Countries do with Tribute come,
(Thou World of Lewdneſs) to thy boundleſs Womb:
Thou Sea of Luſt, that never ebb doſt know,
Whither the Rivers of all Nations flow.
Lewd *Meſſaline* was but a Tipe of thee,
Thou higheſt, laſt degree of Letchery:
For in all Ages, except her and you,
Who ever ſinn'd ſo high and ſtoop'd ſo low?
She to the Imperial Bed each Night did uſe,
To bring the ſtink of the exhauſted Stews;
Tir'd (but not ſatify'd) with Man did come,
Drunk with abundant Luſt, and reeling home.
But thou to our admiring Age doſt ſhow
More ſin than innocent *Rome* did ever know;
And having all her Lewdneſſes out-ran,
Takes up with Devil, having tir'd Man:
For what is elſe that loathſome ugly Black,
Which you and *Suſſex* in your Arms do take?
Nor does Old Age, which now rides on ſo faſt,
Makes thee come ſhort of all thy Lewdneſs paſt:
Though on thy Head, Grey Hairs, like *Etna*'s Snow
Are ſhed, thour't Fire and Brimſtone all below.
Thou monſtrous thing, in whom at once does rage
The Flames of Youth, and Impotence of Age.
My Lady Dutcheſs takes the ſecond place,
Proud with thy favour and peculiar grace;
Ev'n ſhe with all her Piety and Zeal,
The hotter flames that burn in thee does feel.
Thou doſt into her kindling Breaſt inſpire,
The luſtful Seeds of thy contagious fire;
So well the Spirit and the Fleſh agree,
Luſt and Devotion, Zeal and Letchery.

Of

Of what Important uſe Religion's made,
By thoſe who wiſely drive the cheating Trade;
As Wines prohibited ſecurely paſs,
Changing the Name of their own native Place.
So Vice grows ſafe, dreſs'd in Devotion's Name,
Unqueſtion'd by the Cuſtom-houſe of Fame:
Where ever too much Sanctity you ſee,
Be more ſuſpicious of hid Villany?
Whoſe'ever's Zeal is than his Neighbours more,
If Man ſuſpect him Rogue, if Woman Whore:
And ſuch a thing art thou religious Pride,
So very Lew'd, and yet ſo ſanctify'd.
Let now the Dutcheſs take no further care,
Of numorous Stallions, let her not deſpair,
Since her indulgent Stars ſo kind have been,
To ſend her *Bromley H*— and *Mazarine*;
This laſt doth baniſh'd *Monmouth*'s place ſupply,
And Wit ſupplanted is by Letchery.
For *Monmouth*'s he had Parts, and Wit, and Senſe,
To all which *Mazrine* had no pretence;
A proof that ſince ſuch things as ſhe prevail,
Her Highneſs Head is lighter than her Tail.
But ſtay, I *Portſmouth* almoſt had forgot,
The common Theam of ev'ry rhiming *Sot*;
She'll after railing make us laugh a while,
For at her Folly who can chuſe but ſmile?
While them who always ſlight her, great ſhe makes,
And ſo much pains to be deſpis'd ſhe takes.
Goes ſauntring with her Highneſs up to Town,
To an old Play, and in the dark come down;
Still makes her Court to her as to the Queen,
But ſtill is Juſtled out by *Mazarine*.
So much more Worthy a kind Bawd is thought,
Than even ſhe who her from Exile brought.
O *Portſmouth*, fooliſh *Portſmouth!* Not to take
The offer the great *Sun* —— *d* did make.
When cringing at thy Feet; e'en *Monmouth* bow'd,
The Golden Calf, that's worſhipp'd by the Crowd.

But

But thou for *Y*——*k*, who now deſpiſes thee,
To leave both him and pow'rful *Shaftsbury*.
If this is all the Policy you know,
This all the skill in States you boaſt of ſo,
How wiſely did thy Countreys Laws ordain,
Never to let the fooliſh Women reign,
But what muſt we expect, who daily ſee
Unthinking *Charles* rul'd by Unthinking thee?

Marvil's *Ghoſt*. *By Mr.* Jo. Ayloffe.

FRom the dark Stygian Lake I come,
To acquaint poor *England* with her doom;
Which by the infernal Siſters late,
I copied from the Book of Fate:
And though the ſenſe may ſeem diſguis'd,
'Tis in theſe following Lines compriz'd.

When *England* ſhall forſake the Broom,
And take the Thiſtle in the room;
A wanton Fidler ſhall be led
By Fate to ſhame his Maſter's Bed;
From whence a ſpurious Race ſhall grow,
Deſign'd for *Britain*'s overthrow.
Theſe, whilſt they do poſſeſs her Throne,
Shall ſerve all intereſts but their own;
And ſhall be both in Peace and War,
Scourges unto themſelves and her.
A brace of Excil'd Youths, whoſe Fates
Shall pull down Vengeance on thoſe States
That harbour'd them abroad, muſt come
Well skill'd in foreign Vices home,
And ſhall their dark deſigns to hide,
With two conteſting Churches ſide;
Till with croſs perſecuting Zeal,
They have deſtroy'd the Common-weal:

Then

Then Inceſt, Murder, Perjury,
Shall faſhionable Vertues be;
And Villainies infeſt this Iſle,
Shall make the Son of *Claudius* ſmile.
No Oaths or Sacraments hold good,
But what are ſeal'd with Luſt and Blood:
Luſt, which cold Exile could not tame,
Nor Plague nor Fire at home reclaim:
For this ſhe ſhall in Aſhes mourn,
From *Europe*'s envy turn her ſcorn,
And curſe the day that e'er gave Birth
To *Cæcil*, or to *Monk* on Earth.
But as I onwards ſtrove to look,
The angry Siſter ſhut the Book,
And ſaid, No more, that fickle State
Shall know no further of her Fate;
Her future Fortunes muſt be hid,
Till her known Ills be remedied;
And ſhe to thoſe Reſentments come,
That drove the *Tarquins* out of *Rome*;
Or ſuch as did in fury turn
The *Aſſyran*'s Palace to his Urn.

The True Engliſhman, 1686.

CUrs'd be the tim'rous Fool, whoſe feeble Mind
Is turn'd about with every blaſt of Wind;
Who to ſelf-intereſt baſely does give ear,
And ſuffers Reaſon to be led by Fear:
He only merits a true *Engliſh* Name,
Who always ſays, and does, and is the ſame;
Who dares be honeſt, though at any rate,
And ſtands prepar'd to meet the worſt of Fate:
He laughs at Threats, and Flatt'ries does deſpiſe,
And won't be knaviſh to be counted wiſe:
No publick ſtorm can his clear Reaſon blind,
Or bad example influence his mind.

Let *M* —— like a Cur kick'd out of doors,
For his aſpiring Projects and Amours,
Unman himſelf to ſneak, fawn, cringe and whine,
And play the Spaniel, till they let him in;
Then, with a grinning and affected Leer,
Run his red Snout in every Lady's ear.

Let a lewd Judge come reeking from a Wench,
To vent a wilder Luſt upon the Bench;
Bawl out the Venom of his rotten Heart,
Swell'd up with envy, over-act his part;
Condemn the Innocent by Laws ne'er fram'd;
And ſtudy to be more than doubly damn'd.
Let a mean ſcoundrel Lord (for equal fear
Of hanging, or of ſtarving) falſely ſwear;
Let him, whoſe Knavery and Impudence
Is known to every Man's experience,
With ſcraps of broken evidence, contrive
To feed, and keep a fainting Plot alive:
Nay, though he ſwears by the ſame Deities,
Whom he has mock'd by Mimmic Sacrifice.

Let *Rumſey*, with his ill-look'd treacherous Face,
That ſwarthy off-ſpring of a Helliſh Race,
Whoſe Mother, big with an intriguing Devil,
Brought an Epitome of all that's evil:
Let him be perjur'd, and as raſhly damn
T' eternal Infamy his odious Name.

Let Knaves and Fools confound the tott'ring State,
And plunge the Subjects in their Monarch's hate;
Blinding by falſe accounts of Men and Things,
The moſt indulgent and the beſt of Kings.

Let an unthinking hair-brain'd Bigot's zeal,
(Not out of any thought of doing well,
But in a pure defiance of the Law)
In bloody Lines his true Idea draw;
That Men may be inform'd, and early ſee,
What ſuch a Man (if once in pow'r) wou'd be:
Of Royal Mercy: let him ſtop the courſe,
That Death may have a free and boundleſs courſe;

Till

Till ſhivering Ghoſts come from their gloomy Cell,
And in dumb Forms a fatal ſtory tell.
Let the Court ſwarm with Pimps, Rogues, Bawds and Whores,
And honeſt men be all turn'd out of doors;
Let Atheiſm and prophaneneſs there abound,
And not an upright Man (God ſave the King) be found.
Let men of Principles be in diſgrace,
And mercenary Villains in their place;
Let free born Cities be by Treach'ry won,
Loſe their juſt Liberties, and be undone:
Let States-men ſudden Changes undertake,
And make the Government's foundation ſhake;
Till ſtrange tempeſtuous Murmers do ariſe,
And ſhow a ſtorm that's gath'ring in the Skies.
Let all this happen. Nay, let certain Fate
Upon the iſſue of their Actions wait;
If you've a true, a brave undaunted Mind
Of *Engliſh* Principles, as well as kind;
You'll on the bottom of true Honour ſtand,
Firm as a Rock, unſhaken as the Land:
So when vaſt Seas of Trouble 'gainſt you beat,
They'll break, and force themſelves to a Retreat;
No Fate, no flattery can e'er controul
A ſteady, reſolute, Heroick Soul.

On the Young Stateſmen. By J. Dryden, 1680.

Clarenden had Law and Senſe,
Clifford was Fierce and Brave,
Bennet's grave look was a pretence,
And *D——y*'s matchleſs impudence
Help'd to ſupport the Knave.

2.

But *Sund——d*, *God——n*, *L——y*,
Theſe will appear ſuch Chits in ſtory,
'Twill turn all Politicks to Jeſts,

To be repeated like *John Dory*,
When Fidlers ſing at Feaſts.

3.

Protect us, mighty Providence,
What wou'd theſe Mad-men have?
Firſt, they would bribe us without Pence,
Deceive us without common Senſe,
And without Power enſlave.

4.

Shall free-born Men in humble awe,
Submit to ſervile ſhame;
Who from conſent and cuſtom, draw
The ſame Right to be rul'd by Law
Which Kings pretend to reign?

5.

The Duke ſhall wield his conq'ring Sword,
The Chancellor make a Speech,
The King ſhall paſs his honeſt word,
The pawn'd Revenue Summs afford;
And then come kiſs my Breech.

6.

So have I ſeen a King on Cheſs,
(His Rooks and Knights withdrawn,
His Queen and Biſhops in diſtreſs)
Shifting about, grow leſs and leſs,
With here and there a Pawn.

Portſmouth's *Looking-Glaſs. By the Lord* Roch---r.

METhinks I ſee you newly riſen,
From your Embroidered Bed and piſſing;
With ſtudied Mein and much Grimace,
Preſent your ſelf before your Glaſs,
To varniſh and rub o'er thoſe Graces,
You rub'd off in your Night Embraces:
To ſet your Hair, your Eyes, your Teeth,
And all thoſe Powers you Conquer with;

Lay

Lay trains of Love and State-Intrigues,
In Powders, Trimmings, and curl'd Wigs:
And nicely chuſe, and neatly ſpread,
Upon your Cheeks the beſt French Red.
Indeed for Whites none can compare,
With thoſe you naturally wear;
And though her Highneſs much delights
To laugh and talk about your Whites;
I never could perceive your Grace
Made uſe of any for your Face.
Here 'tis you practice all your Art,
To triumph o'er a Monarch's Heart;
Tattle and ſmile, and wink and twink on't,
It almoſt makes me ſp—— to think on't.
Theſe are your maſter-ſtrokes of Beauty,
That keeps poor *Rowley* to hard Duty:
And how can all theſe be withſtood,
By frail amorous Fleſh and Blood?
Theſe are the Charms that have bewitcht him,
As if a Conjurer's Rod had ſwitcht him:
Made him he knows not what to do,
But loll and fumble here with you.
Amongſt your Ladies, and his Chitts,
At Cards and Council here he ſits:
Yet minds not how they play at either,
Nor cares not when 'tis walking weather:
Buſineſs and Power he has reſign'd,
And all things to your mighty Mind.
Is there a Miniſter of State,
Or any Treaſurer of late,
That's fawning and imperious too?
He owes his Greatneſs all to you:
And as you ſee juſt cauſe to do it,
You keep him in, or turn him out.
Hence 'tis you give us War and Peace,
Raiſe Men, disband them as you pleaſe:
Take any Penſions, retrench Wages,
For Petticoats, and luſty Pages:

Contrive and Execute all Laws,
Suiting the Judges to the Cauſe.
Learn'd *Scroggs* and honeſt *Jeffreys*,
A Faithfull Friend to you who e're is;
He made the Jury come in booty,
And for your ſervice wou'd hang *Doughty*.
You govern every Council meeting,
Making th' Fools do as you think fitting:
Your Royal Cully has command,
Onely from you at ſecond hand;
He does but at the Helm appear,
Sits there and ſleeps while your Slaves ſteer:
And you are the bright Northern Star,
By which they guide this Man of War;
Yet without doubt they might conduct
Him better, were you better ſ——
Many begin to think of late,
His Crown and C —— ds have both one date;
For as they fall, ſo falls the State.
And as his Reins prove looſe and weak,
The Reigns of Government muſt break.

The Impartial Trimmer. 1682.

SInce there are ſome that with me ſee the ſtate
Of this declining Iſle, and mourn its fate;
French Councellors and Whores, *French* Education,
Have chang'd our Natures, and enſlav'd our Nation:
There was a time when Barons boldly ſtood,
And ſpent their Lives for their dear Countries good;
Confirm'd our Charter, with a Curſe to light
On thoſe that ſhou'd deſtroy that ſacred Right,
Which Power with Freedom can ſo well unite,
The hated name of Rebel is not due
To him that is to Law and Juſtice true.

Brutus

Brutus bold part may juſtly claim Renown,
Preferring Right to Friendſhip and a Crown;
For 'twas not Treaſon then to keep our own.
But now the Nation with unuſual need
Cries help, where is our bold, our *Engliſh* Breed?
Popery and Slavery are juſt at hand,
And every Patriot is a *S* —— *d.*
Shaftsbury's gone, another Change to try;
He hates his Word, yet more the Monarchy.
No Head remains our Loyal Cauſe to grace,
For *Monmouth* is too weak for that high Place:
More proper for the Court where he was rais'd,
His Dancing envy'd, and his Dreſſing prais'd,
Where ſtill ſuch Folly is ſo well protected,
Thoſe few that han't it are oblig'd t' affect it;
For Stateſmen, King, and Whore, and all have ſworn
T' advance ſuch Wit and Virtue as their own:
Degenerate *Rome* and *Spain* deſerves to out-brave us,
If *Hide* or *Hallifax* can e'er enſlave us;
Or he that kneels 'twixt his Dogs and Whore,
Rul'd by a Woman, he can uſe no more;
Whiſpers with Knaves, and Jeſts all day with Fools,
Is chid to Counſel like a Boy to School.
Falſe to Mankind, and true to him alone.
Whoſe Treaſon ſtill attempts his Life and Crown.
Rouſe up and cry, No Slavery, no *York*,
And free your King from that devouring Stork;
Tho' lull'd with Eaſe and Safety he appear,
And truſts the Reins to him he ought to fear.
'Tis Loyalty indeed to keep the Crown
Upon a Head that would it ſelf dethrone.
This is the caſe of our unthinking Prince,
Wheedled by Knaves, to rule 'gainſt common Senſe;
That we provok'd our Wrongs to juſtifie,
Might in his Reign his Brother's Title try.
Live long then *Charles*, ſecure of thoſe you dread,
There's not five Whiggs that ever wiſh'd you dead,

For as old Men rarely of Gout complain,
That Life prolongs, but ſooths its wholſome pain.
So we with as ſmall cauſe (God knows) to boaſt,
Bear much with you, rather than with him roaſt:
For if a ſubject ſuch Terror bring,
What may we hope from a revengefull King?
Both lew'd and zealous, ſtubborn in his Nonſenſe,
He'll ſacrifice Mankind to eaſe his Conſcience.
O happy *Venice*, whoſe good Laws are ſuch,
No private Crime the publick Peace can touch.
But we moſt wretched, while two Fools diſpute,
If *Leg* or *Armſtrong* ſhall be abſolute.

Bajazet *to* Gloriana, 168¾.

FAir Royal Maid, permit a Youth undone,
To tell you how he drew his ruin on;
By what degrees he took that Paſſion in,
That made him guilty of *Promethean* Sin,
Who from the Gods durſt ſteal Celeſtial Fire;
And tho' with leſs ſucceſs I did as high aſpire:
Ah! why (you Gods) was ſhe of mortal Race,
And why 'twix her and me was there ſo vaſt a ſpace?
Why was ſhe not above my Paſſion made?
Some Star in Heaven or Goddeſs of the Shade.
And yet my haughty Sold could ne'er have bow'd
To any Beauty of the common Crowd.
None but the Brow that did expect a Crown
Could charm or awe me with a Smile or Frown.
I liv'd the Envy of the *Arcadian* Plains,
Sought by the Nymphs, and bow'd to by the Swains.
Where e'er I paſs'd, I ſwept the Street along,
And gather'd round me all the gazing Throng.
In numerous Flocks and Herds I did abound,
And when I vainly ſpread my Wiſhes round,
They wanted nothing but my being crown'd;

Yet

Yet witneſs all you ſpightfull Pow'rs above,
If my Ambition did not ſpring from Love:
Had you, bright *Gloriana*, been leſs fair,
Leſs excellent, leſs charming than you are,
I had my honeſt Loyalty retain'd,
My noble Blood untainted had remain'd;
Witneſs your Graces, witneſs your ſacred Bowers,
You ſhaded River, Banks, and Beds of Flowers,
Where the expecting Nymphs have paſt their Hours;
Witneſs how oft (all careleſs of their fame)
They Languiſh'd for the Author of their Flame:
And when I came reproach'd, my old reſerve
Ask'd for what Nymph I did my Joys preſerve?
What ſighing Maid was next to be undone,
For whom I dreſt and put my Graces on?
And never thought (tho' I feign'd ev'ry proof
Of tender Paſſion) that I lov'd enough.
While I with Love's Variety was cloy'd,
Or the faint Pleaſure like a Dream enjoy'd;
'Twas *Gloriana*'s Eyes, my Soul alone,
With everlaſting Guſt could feed upon.
From her firſt Bloom my fate I did purſue,
And from the tender fragrant Bud I knew,
The charming Sweet it promis'd when it blew.
They gave me hope, and 'twas in vain I try'd
The Beauty from the Princeſs to divide:
For he at once muſt feel whom you inſpire
A ſoft Ambition and a haughty Fire,
And hopes the natural Aid of young Deſire.
My unconſidering Paſſion had not yet
Thought your Illuſtrious Birth for mine too great
'Twas Love that I purſu'd, that God that leads
Sometimes the equall'd Slave to Princes Beds.
But oh! I had forgot that Flame muſt reſt
In your bright Soul that makes th' Adorer bleſt;
Your ſacred Fire alone muſt you ſubdue,
'Tis that, not mine, can raiſe me up to you;

Yet

Yet if by chance m' ambition meet a ſtop,
With any thought that check'd m' advancing hope:
This new one ſtraight wou'd all the reſt confound,
How every Coxcomb aim'd at being crown'd:
The vain young Fool with all his Mother's parts,
Who wanted Senſe enough for little arts;
Whoſe compoſition was like *Cheder* Cheeſe,
(In whoſe Production all the Town agrees.)
To whom from Prince to Prieſt was added Suff,
From great King *Charles* e'en down to Father *Goff*;
Yet he with vain Pretenſion lays a claim,
To th' glorious title of a Sovereign:
And when for Gods ſuch wretched things ſet up,
Was it ſo great a Crime for me to hope?
No Laws of God or Man my Vows reprove,
There is no Treaſon in ambitious Love:
That ſacred Antidote i'th' poyſon'd Cup,
Quells the Contagion of each little drop.
I bring no forces but my Sighs and Tears,
My Languiſhments, my ſoft Complaints and Prayers.
Artillery which was never ſent in vain,
Nor fails, where-e'er it lights, to wound or pain.
Here only, here rebated they return,
Meeting the ſolid Armour of your Scorn;
Scorn by the Gods, I any thing could bear,
The rough Fatigues and Storms of dangerous War;
Long Winter Marches or the Summer's Heat,
Nay e'en in Battle from the Foe defeat;
Scars on this Face, Scars, whoſe dull recompence
Wou'd ne'er attone for what they rob from thence;
Scandal of Coward, nay half witted too,
Or ſiding with the pardon'd rebel Crew:
Or ought but Scorn, and yet you muſt frown on,
Your Slave was deſtin'd thus to be undone;
You the avenging Deity appear,
And I a Victim fall to all the injur'd fair.

On King CHARLES, *by the Earl of* Rocheſter, *For which he was baniſh'd the Court and turn'd* Mountebank.

IN the Iſle of Great *Britain* long ſince famous known,
For breeding the beſt C—— in *Chriſtendom*;
There reigns, and long may he reign and thrive,
The eaſieſt Prince and beſt bread Man alive:
Him no ambition moves to ſeek Renown,
Like the *French* Fool, to wander up and down,
Starving his Subjects, hazarding his Crown.
Nor are his high deſires above his ſtrength,
His ſcepter and his P—— are of a length,
And ſhe that plays with one may ſway the other,
And make him little wiſer than his Brother.
I hate all Monarchs and the Thrones that they ſit on,
From the Hector of *France* to the Cully of *Britain*.
Poor Prince, thy P—— like the Boffoons at Court,
It governs thee, becauſe it makes thee ſport;
Tho' Safety, Law, Religion, Life lay ont,
'Twill break through all to make it's way to C——,
Reſtleſs he rolls about from Whore to Whore,
A merry Monarch, ſcandalous and poor.
To *Carewell* the moſt Dear of all thy Dears,
The ſure relief of thy declining Years;
Oft he bewails his fortune and her fate,
To love ſo well, and to be lov'd ſo late;
For when in her he ſettles well his T——,
Yet his dull graceleſs Buttocks hang an Arſe.
This you'd believe, had I but time to tell you,
The pain it coſts to poor laborious *Nelly*,
While ſhe employs Hands, Fingers, Lips and Thighs,
E'er ſhe can raiſe the Member ſhe enjoys.

Cato's

Cato's *Answer to* Libanius, *when he advis'd him to go and consult the Oracle of* Jupiter Hamon; *translated out of the 9th. Book of* Lucan, *beginning at* quid quin. Labiene jubes, &c.

By Mr. John Ayloffe.

WHat should I ask my Friends which best wou'd be,
To live enslav'd or thus in Arms dye free;
If any force can honours price abate,
Or Vertue bow beneath the Blows of Fate:
If Fortune's Threats a steady Soul disdains;
Or if the Joys of life be worth the pains:
If it our Happiness at all import,
Whether the foolish Scene be long or short:
If when we do but aim at noble ends,
The attempt alone immortal Fame attends:
If for bad accidents which thickest press,
On Merit we should like a good cause less,
Or be the fonder of it for success.
All this is clear, words in our Minds it strikes,
Nor *Hamon* nor his Priest can deeper fix,
Without the Clergies venial Cant and Pains,
Gods never frustrate Will holds ours in Chains,
Nor can we act, but what th' All-wise ordains;
Who need no Voice nor perishing Word to awe
Our wild Desires and give his Creatures Law;
Whate'er to know, or needfull was or fit,
In the wise Frame of humane Souls is writ,
Both what we ought to do and what forbear,
He once for all did at our Birth declare;
But never did he seek out desert Lands,
To bury Truth in unfrequented Sands;
Or to a corner of the World withdrew
Head of a Sect, or partial to a few.

Nature's

Nature's vaſt Fabrick is his Houſe alone,
This Globe his Footſtool, and high Heaven his Throne.
In Earth, Air, Sea, and in who e'er excells
In knowing Heads and honeſt Hearts he dwells.
Why ſeek we then among theſe barren Sands,
In narrow Shrines and Temples built with hands;
Him whoſe dread Preſence does all Places fill,
Or look but in our Reaſon for his Will?
And we e'er ſaw is God, in all we find
Apparent print of the eternal Mind.
Let flatt'ring Fools their courſe by Prophets ſteer,
And always of the future live in fear:
No Oracle or Dream the Crowd is told,
Can make me more or leſs reſolv'd or bold;
But certain Death which equally on all
Both on the Coward and the Brave muſt fall;
This ſaid, and turning with diſdain about,
He left ſcorn'd and *Hamon* to the vulgar Rout.

The Lord Lucas's *Ghoſt*, 1687.

FRom the bleſt Regions of eternal day,
Where Heaven-born Souls imbibe th' immortal Ray,
Where Liberty and Innocence reſide
Free from the Gripes of Tyranny and Pride,
Where pious Patriots that have ſhed their Blood
For ſacred Truths and for the publick Good,
Now reſt ſecure from thence (poor Iſle) I come
To ſee thy Sorrows and bewail thy Doom,
Thy ſore Oppreſſions and thy piercing Cry,
Diſturbs our Reſt and drowns our Harmony.
When ſtiff-neck'd *Iſrael* did their God reject,
And in his ſtead an Idol-King erect:
Heav'ns flaming Sword he brandiſh'd in his hand,
And dreadfull Thunder ſtruck their ſinfull Land;

Till

Till Penitence atton'd his ſinful Ire,
And quench'd the rage of his conſuming fire.
But this poor Land ſtill feels the dire Effect
Of his juſt Wrath, who his mild Reign reject.
Unhappy Iſle, how oft haſt thou been curſt
With f—— liſh Kings; but this of all's the worſt.
The Fire, the Plague, the Sword, are dreadful fiends,
This R——l Plague all other far tranſcends.
From him the Fountain of all our Miſchiefs flows,
From him the Fire, from him the War aroſe.
With *Rome* he plots, Religion to o'erthrow,
With *France* combines to enſlave the People too.
No Man muſt near his ſacred Perſon come,
Unleſs he be for Tyranny and *Rome*.
With hardned Face he aſſaults the frail and fair,
Uſes his Power the Vertuous to enſnare.
With Troops of Vice he conquers Liberty;
Depreſſes Virtue, enthrones Tyranny;
Threatens the Coward, fawns upon the Bold,
Debauches all with Power or with Gold.
Lift up thy Head, afflicted Iſle, and hear,
The time of thy Deliverance draws near;
His full-blown Crimes will certainly pull down
A ſlow, but ſure Deſtruction of his Crown.
His loathed Acts thy freedom's Birth ſhall cauſe,
Secure Religion, produce wholeſome Laws.
No more the Poor, the Rich one ſhall devour;
No more ſhall Right yield to oppreſſive Power:
No more ſhall Rapine make the Country groan,
Nor Civil Wars ſhall Reign within the Town:
The Iron Scepter, and the Tyrant's Hand,
Shall ceaſe henceforth to bruiſe thy happy Land.
Rome's Hocus Pocus Miniſters no more
Shall cauſe Mankind their jugling Prieſts t' adore:
Thy *Learned Clergy* ſhall confound them all,
And they, like *Ely*'s Sons, unpitied fall.
Dark Miſts of Errors then muſt fly away,
And Hell's Deluſions ſhrink from the bright day

Truth's

Truth's ſacred Light in full abundance ſhall
Upon thy Teachers and thy People fall.
So when th' eternal Son was born to die
For all the World, the leſſer Gods did fly;
His bright appearance ſtruck their *Prophets* dumb,
And Death, like Silence, did their *Gods* intomb.
The tunefull *Spheres* with Hallelujahs rung,
Heaven's mighty Hoſt with Man one Chorus ſung.
Ne'er fading Glory unto God above,
Peace upon Earth, to Men eternal Love.
Thus the Creation ſhouted with one Voice;
Thus Heaven and Earth did at his Birth rejoice:
And thus ſhall all repeat this Song again,
When upon Earth he ſhall begin to reign.
But this lov'd Iſle ſhall be the choſen place,
Here ſhall the King of Kings begin his race:
Judea was his Cradle and the Tomb,
Britain ſhall be his Throne in time to come.

An EPITAPH.

ALgernoon *Sidney* fills this Tomb:
An *Atheiſt*, by declaiming *Rome*:
A Rebel bold, by ſtriving ſtill
To keep the Laws above the Will;
And hindring thoſe would pull them down,
To leave no limits to a Crown:
Crimes damn'd by Church and Government,
Oh! whither muſt his Soul be ſent?
Of Heaven it muſt needs deſpair,
If that the Pope be Turn-key there;
And Hell can ne'er it entertain,
For there is all Tyrannick Reign;
And Purgatory's ſuch a Pretence,
As ne'er deceiv'd a Man of Senſe.
Where goes it then? Where't ought to go,
Where Pope and Devil have nought to do.

The

The Brazen-Head, 1688

WHat ſtrepitantious Noiſe is it that ſounds
From raiſed Banks, or from the lower Grounds?
From hollow Caverns, Labyrinths from far,
Threatning Confuſions of a dreadfull War?
What diſmal Cries of People in Deſpair,
Fill the vaſt Region of the troubled Air?
The Tune of Horror, or of what's as ſtrange,
That ſtrikes uneven like a World of Change?
With ſuch a bold Surprize attacks my Senſe,
Beyond the Power of Counſel or Defence?
But tho' blind Fortune rools her turning Wheel
With a perpetual Motion, who can feel
This Surge of Fate, puſh'd on with Fire and Steel?
You precious Moments of ſerener Days!
When many Victories enlarg'd my Praiſe,
And all things ran in a moſt eaſie Stream,
Back unto me their Ocean and Supreme.
Are you all vaniſh'd by the ſudden Fright,
And left m' encompaſs'd with a diſmal Night?
By my own Subjects in ſuſpicion held,
Murmurings as bad, as if they had Rebell'd?
You all controling Powers of things above!
Whoſe eaſier Dictates guide the World by Love!
Avert th' impendent Miſeries, and ſhow
Us Earthly Gods to govern here below.

The Anſwer.

'TIS well you've thought upon the chiefeſt Cauſe,
Change nothing of Religion nor the Laws.
Let the great Monarch this good Motto wear,
Not only in his Arms but every-where.
Integer Vitæ, is my whole Defence;
Scelerisque purus, a moſt ſtrong Defence;

Non

Non eget Mauri, that no Forces need,
Jaculis nec Arcu, which contentions breed:
Nec venenatis gravida Sagittis
Pharetra, to make Loyal his own Cities.

Upon the Execrable Murder of the Honourable Arthur *Earl of* Eſſex.

MOrtality wou'd be too frail to hear,
How *ESSEX* fell, and not diſſolve with fear;
Did not more generous Rage take off the Blow,
And by his Blood the ſteps to vengeance ſhow.

The Tow'r was for the Tragedy deſign'd,
And to be ſlaughter'd he is firſt confin'd:
As fetter'd Victims to the Altar go.
But why muſt noble *ESSEX* periſh ſo?
Why with ſuch fury dragg'd into his Tomb,
Murther'd by Slaves, and ſacrific'd to *Rome*?

By Stealth they kill, and with a ſecret Stroke
Silence that Voice, which charm'd when'er it ſpoke.
The bleeding Orifice o'erflow'd the Ground,
More like ſome mighty Deluge than a Wound.
Through the large ſpace his Blood and Vitals glide,
And his whole Body might have paſt beſide.
The reeking Crimſon ſwell'd into a Flood,
And ſtream'd a ſecond time in *Capel*'s Blood.
He's in his Son again to death purſu'd,
An inſtance of the high'ſt Ingratitude.
They then malitious Stratagems employ,
With Life, his dearer. Honour to deſtroy;
And make his Fame extinguiſh with his Breath,
And act beyond the Cruelties of Death
Here Murther is in all its ſhapes complete,
As *Lines* united in their *Centre* meet;

Form'd by the blackeſt Politicks of Hell:
Was *Cain* ſo dev'liſh when his Brother fell?

He that contrives, or his own Fate deſires.
Wants Courage, and for fear of Death expires;
But mighty *ESSEX* was in all things brave,
Neither to *Hope*, nor to *Deſpair*, a Slave.
He had a Soul too *Innocent* and *Great*,
To fear, or to anticipate his Fate:
Yet their exalted Impudence and Guilt,
Charge on himſelf the precious Blood they ſpilt.
So were the *Proteſtants* ſome Years ago,
deſtroy'd in *Ireland* without a Foe.
By their own barbarous Hands the Mad men dye,
And maſſacre themſelves, they know not why:
Whilſt the kind *Iriſh* howl to ſee the Gore,
And pious *Catholicks* their Fate deplore.
If you refuſe to truſt erroneous Fame,
Royal *Mac-Nimny* will confirm the ſame.

We have loſt more in injur'd *Capel*'s Heir,
Than the poor Bankrupt Age can e'er repair,
Nature indulg'd him ſo, that there we ſaw
All the choice Stroakes her ſteady Hand cou'd draw.
He the Old *Engliſh* Glory did revive,
In him we had *Plantagenets* alive.
Grandeur and Fortune, and a vaſt Renown,
Fit to ſupport the Luſtre of a Crown.
All theſe in him were potently conjoyn'd,
But all was too ignoble for his Mind:
Wiſdom and *Vertue*, properties Divine,
Thoſe, God-like *ESSEX*, were entirely thine.

In this great Name he's ſtill preſerv'd alive,
And will to all ſucceeding Times ſurvive.
With juſt Progreſſion, as the conſtant Sun
Doth move, and through its bright *Eclipſick* run.

For

For whilſt his Duſt does unextinguiſh'd lye,
And his bleſt Soul is ſoar'd above the Sky,
Fame ſhall below his parted Breath ſupply.

An Eſſay upon Satyr: By J. Dr — en, *Eſquire.*

HOW dull, and how inſenſible a Beaſt
Is Man, who yet would Lord it o'er the reſt?
Philoſophers and Poets vainly ſtrove
In every Age the lumpiſh Maſs to move:
But thoſe were Pedants when compar'd with theſe,
Who know not only to inſtruct, but pleaſe.
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Myſterious Morals gently to convey
In charming Numbers; ſo that as men grew
Pleas'd with their Poems, they grew wiſer too.
Satyr has always ſhone among the reſt,
And is the boldeſt way if not the beſt,
To tell men freely of their fouleſt Faults,
To laugh at their vain Deeds, and vainer Thoughts.
In Satyr too the Wiſe took different ways,
To each deſerving its peculiar praiſe.
Some did all Folly with juſt ſharpneſs blame,
Whilſt others laugh'd and ſcorn'd them into ſhame.
But of theſe two, the laſt ſucceeded beſt,
(As men aim righteſt when they ſhoot in jeſt:)
Yet if we may preſume to blame our Guides,
And cenſure thoſe who cenſure all beſides;
In other things they juſtly are preferr'd,
In this alone methinks the Ancients err'd;
Againſt the groſſeſt Follies they diſclaim,
Hard they purſue, but hunt ignoble Game.
Nothing is eaſier than ſuch blots to hit,
And 'tis the Talent of each vulgar Wit;
Beſides, tis labour loſt; for who would preach
Morals to *Armſtrong*, or dull *Aſton* teach?
'Tis being devout at Play, wiſe at a Ball,
Or bringing Wit and Friendſhip to *Whitehall*;

But with ſharp Eyes thoſe nicer faults to find,
Which lie obſcurely in the wiſeſt Mind;
That little ſpeck, which all the reſt does ſpoil,
To waſh off that would be a noble Toil,
Beyond the looſe-writ Libels of this Age,
Or the forc'd Scenes of our declining Stage;
Above all Cenſure too, each little Wit
Will be ſo glad to ſee the greater hit:
Who judging better, though concern'd the moſt,
Of ſuch Correction will have cauſe to boaſt.
In ſuch a Satyr all wou'd ſeek a ſhare,
And every Fool will fancy he is there.
Old Story-tellers too muſt pine and dye,
To ſee their antiquated Wit laid by;
Like her who miſs'd her Name in a Lampoon,
And grieved to find her ſelf decay'd ſo ſoon;
No common Coxcomb muſt be mention'd here,
Not the dull train of dancing Sparks appear;
Not fluttering Officers, who never fight?
Of ſuch a wretched Rabble who would write?
Much leſs half Wits, that's more againſt our Rules;
For they are Fops, the other are but Fools.
Who would not be as ſilly as *Dunbarr*?
As dull as *Monmouth*, rather than Sir *Carr*?
The cunning Courtier ſhould be ſlighted too,
Who with dull Knavery makes ſo much adoe;
Till the ſhrew'd Fool, by thriving too too faſt,
Like *Æſop*'s Fox, becomes a Prey at laſt:
Nor ſhall the Royal Miſtreſſes be nam'd,
Too ugly, or too eaſie to be blam'd;
With whom each rhyming Fool keeps ſuch a pother,
They are as common that way as the other:
Yet ſantering *Charles* between his beaſtly Brace,
Meets with diſſembling ſtill in either place,
Affected Humour or a painted Face.
In Loyal Libels we have often told him,
How one has jilted him, the other ſold him.

How

How that affects to laugh, how this too weep;
But who can rail ſo long as he can ſleep?
Was ever Prince by two at once miſ-led,
Falſe, fooliſh, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred?
Earnely and *Ayleſbury*, with all that Race
Of buſie Block-heads ſhall have here no place;
At Council ſet as foils on *D* —— 's ſcore,
To make that great falſe Jewel ſhine the more;
Who all that while was thought exceeding wiſe,
Only for taking pains and telling lies.
But there's no medling with ſuch nauſeous Men,
Their very Names have tyr'd my lazy Pen;
'Tis time to quit their company, and chuſe
Some fitter Subject for a ſharper Muſe.
First, let's behold the merrieſt Man alive,
Againſt his careleſs Genius vainly ſtrive;
Quit his dear Eaſe, ſome deep deſign to lay,
'Gainſt a ſet time, and then forget the day:
Yet he will laugh at his beſt Friends, and be
Juſt as good Company as *Nokes* and *Lee*.
But when he aims at Reaſon or at Rule,
He turns himſelf the beſt in ridicule.
Let him at buſineſs ne'er ſo earneſt ſit,
Shew him but Mirth, and bait that Mirth with Wit;
That ſhadow of a Jeſt ſhall be enjoy'd,
Though he left all Mankind to be deſtroy'd:
So Cat tranſform'd ſat gravely and demure,
Till Mouſe appear'd and thought himſelf ſecure;
But ſoon the Lady had him in her Eye.
And from her Friend did juſt as odly fly;
Reaching above our Nature does no good,
We muſt fall back to our old fleſh and blood.
As by our little *Matchiavel* we find
(That nimbleſt Creature of buſie kind)
His Limbs are crippled, and his Body ſhakes,
Yet his hard Mind, which all this buſtle makes,
No pity of its poor Companion takes.

What Gravity can hold from laughing out,
To ſee that drag his feeble Legs about;
Like Hounds ill coupled, Jowler lugs him ſtill
Through Hedges, Ditches, and through all that's ill!
'Twere Crime in any Man but him alone,
To uſe a Body ſo, though 'tis one's own:
Yet this falſe Comfort never gives him o're,
That whilſt he creeps his vigorous thoughts can ſoar:
Alas, that ſoaring to thoſe few that know,
Is but a buſie groveling here below.
So Men in Rapture think they mount the Sky,
Whilſt on the Ground th'intranſed Wretches lye;
So modern Fops have fancied they could fly:
Whilſt 'tis their Heads alone are in the Air,
And for the moſt part building Caſtles there;
As the new Earl with Parts deſerving praiſe,
And wit enough to laugh at his own ways;
Yet loſes all ſoft days and ſenſual nights,
Kind Nature checks, and kinder Fortune ſlights;
Striving againſt his quiet all he can,
For the fine Notion of a buſie Man;
And what is that at beſt but one whoſe Mind,
Is made to tire himſelf and all Mankind:
For *Ireland* he would go, faith let him reign,
For if ſome odd fantaſtick Lord would fain
Carry in Trunks, and all my drudgery do,
I'll not only pay him but admire him too;
But is there any other Beaſt that lives,
Who his own harm ſo wittily contrives?
Will any Dog that has his Teeth and Stones,
Refin'dly leave his Bitches and his Bones
To turn a Wheel? and bark to be employ'd,
While *Venus* is by rival Dogs enjoy'd;
Yet this fond Man to get a Statelman's Name,
Forfeits his Friends, his Freedom and his Fame.
Though *Satyr* nicely writ, no humour ſtings
But thoſe who merit Praiſe in other things;

Yet

Yet we muſt needs this one exception make,
And break our rules for folly *Tropos* ſake;
Who was too much deſpis'd to be accus'd;
And therefore ſcarce deſerves to be abus'd;
Rais'd only by his mercenary Tongue,
From railing ſmoothly, and from reaſoning wrong:
As Boys on Holy-days let looſe to play,
Lay waggiſh Traps for Girls that paſs that way;
Then ſhout to ſee in dirt and deep diſtreſs,
Some ſilly Cit in flowr'd fooliſh Dreſs;
So have I mighty ſatisfaction found,
To ſee his tinſel reaſon on the Ground.
To ſee the florid Fool deſpis'd (and know it)
By ſome who ſcarce have words enough to ſhow it;
(For ſenſe ſits ſilent, and condemns for weaker
The finer; nay, ſometimes the wittieſt Speaker)
But 'tis prodigious ſo much Eloquence
Should be acquired by ſuch a little Senſe;
For words and wit did anciently agree,
And *Tully* was no Fool though this may be:
At Bar abuſive, on the Bench unable,
Knave on the Woolſack, Fop at Council-Table.
Theſe are the Grievances of ſuch Fools as wou d,
Be rather wiſe than honeſt, great than good.
Some other kind of Wits muſt be made known,
Whoſe harmleſs Errours hurt themſelves alone;
Exceſs of Luxury they think can pleaſe,
And lazineſs call loving of their eaſe;
To live diſſolv'd in pleaſures ſtill they feign,
Though their whole Life's but intermitting pain:
So much of Surfeits, Head-aches, Claps are ſeen,
We ſcarce perceive the little time between:
Well-meaning men who makes this groſs miſtake,
And pleaſure loſe only for pleaſures ſake;
Each pleaſure has its price, and when we pay
Too much of pain we ſquander Life away.
Thus *D — et* purring like a thoughtfull Cat,
Married but wiſer, Puſs ne're thought of that:

And firſt he worried her with railing rhime,
Like *Pembrook*'s Maſtives at his kindeſt time;
Then for one night ſold all his ſlaviſh Life,
A teeming Widow but a barren Wife;
Suckl'd by contract of ſuch a fulſome toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load;
Till Fortune blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill reſtor'd him to his liberty;
Which he would uſe in all his ſneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day;
Dull as *Ned Howard*, whom his briſker Times,
Had fam'd for dulneſs in malicious Rhimes.
Mul — ve had much adoe to ſcape the ſnare,
Though learn'd in thoſe ill Arts that cheat the Fair:
For after all his vulgar Marriage-mocks,
With Beauty dazled Numps was in the Stocks:
Deluded Parents dry'd their weeping Eyes,
To ſee him catch his Tartar for his Prize:
Th' impatient Town waited the wiſht for change,
And Cuckolds ſmil'd in hopes of ſweet revenge;
Till *Petworth* Plot made us with ſorrow ſee,
As his Eſtate his Perſon too was free:
Him no ſoft thoughts, no gratitude could move,
To Gold he fled from Beauty and from Love;
Yet failing there he keeps his freedom ſtill,
Forc'd to live happily againſt his will:
'Tis not his fault if too much wealth and power,
Break not his boaſted quiet every hour.
And little *Sid — y* for *Simile* renown'd,
Pleaſures has always ſought but never found:
Though all his Thoughts on Wine and Women fall,
His are ſo bad ſure he ne'er thinks at all.
The Fleſh he lives upon his rank and ſtrong,
His Meat and Miſtreſſes are kept too long;
But ſure we all miſtake this pious Man,
Who mortifies his Perſon all he can:
What we uncharitably take for Sin,
Are only Rules of this old *Capuchin*;

For

For never Hermit under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common ſenſe;
And 'tis a miracle we may ſuppoſe,
No Naſtineſs offends his skilfull Noſe:
Which from all ſtink can with peculiar art
Extract Perfume, and Eſſence, from a F——t;
Expecting Supper is his great delight,
He toils all day but to be drunk at night:
Then o'er his Cups this Night-bird chirping ſits,
Till he takes *Hewet*, and *Jack Hall* for Wits.
Roch——*r* I deſpiſe for his meer want of wit,
Though thought to have a Tail and Cloven Feet;
For while he miſchief means to all Mankind,
Himſelf alone the ill effects does find;
And ſo like Witches juſtly ſuffers ſhame,
Whoſe harmleſs malice is ſo much the ſame.
Falſe are his words, affected is his wit,
So often he does aim, ſo ſeldom hit;
To every face he cringes while he ſpeaks,
But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks.
Mean in each Action, lew'd in every Limb,
Manners themſelves are miſchievous in him:
A proof that chance alone makes every Creature,
A very *Killigrew* without good Nature.
For what a *Beſſus* has he always liv'd,
And his own *Kickings* notably contriv'd:
For (there's the folly that ſtill mixt with fear)
Cowards more blows than any Hero bear;
Of fighting Sparks ſome may her pleaſures ſay,
But 'tis a bolder thing to run away:
The World may well forgive him all his ill,
For every Fault does prove his penance ſtill:
Falſly he falls into ſome dangerous nooſe,
And then as meanly labours to get looſe;
A Life ſo infamous is better quitting,
Spent in baſe injury and low ſubmitting.
I'd like to have left out his Poetry;
Forgot by all almoſt as well as me.

Sometimes

Sometimes he has ſome humour, never wit,
And if it rarely, very rarely hit,
'Tis under ſo much naſty rubbiſh laid,
To find it out's the Cinder-woman's trade;
Who for the wretched remnants of a fire,
Muſt toil all day in aſhes and in mire:
So lewdly dull his idle Works appear,
The wretched Texts deſerve no Comments here;
Where one poor Thought ſometimes left all alone,
For a whole Page of dulneſs to attone:
'Mongſt forty bad, one tolerable line,
Without expreſſion, fancy, or deſign.
How vain a thing is Man, and how unwiſe,
Even he would himſelf the moſt deſpiſe;
I who ſo wiſe and humble ſeem to be,
Now my own Vanity and Pride can't ſee.
While the World's nonſenſe is ſo ſharply ſhewn,
We pull down others but to raiſe our own;
That we may Angels ſeem, we paint them Elves,
And are but Satyrs to ſet up our ſelves.
I who have all this while been finding fault,
Even with my Maſter, who firſt Satyr taught;
And did by that deſcribe the Task ſo hard,
It ſeems ſtupendious and above reward.
Now labour with unequal force to climb
That lofty Hill, unreacht by former time;
'Tis juſt that I ſhould to the bottom fall,
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

Upon an undeſerving and ungrateful Miſtreſs, whom he could not help loving.

Being a Paraphraſtical Tranſlation of *Ovid's* Tenth Elegy. *Lib.* 3. *Amorum.*

I Have to long endur'd her guilty Scorn,
Too long her falſeneſs my fond Love has born;

My

My freedom and my wits at length I claim;
Be gone baſe Paſſion, dye unworthy Flame;
My Life's ſole torment and my Honour's ſtain,
Quit this tir'd Heart, and end the lingring pain.
I have reſolv'd I'le be my ſelf once more
Long baniſh'd Reaſon to her right reſtore,
And throw off Love's tyrannick ſway that ſtill encroaching power.

My growing ſhame I ſee at laſt, tho' late,
And my paſt Follies both deſpiſe and hate:
Hold out my Heart, nor let her Beauty move,
Be conſtant in thy Anger as thy Love:
My preſent pains ſhall give thee future eaſe,
As bitter Potions cure, tho' they diſpleaſe.
'Tis for this end, for freedom more aſſur'd,
I have ſo long ſuch ſhamefull Chains endur'd.
Like a ſcorn'd Slave before her door I lay,
And proud repulſes ſuffer'd every day;
Without complaining, baniſh'd from her ſight,
On the cold ground I ſpent the tedious Night;
While ſome glad Rival in her Arms did lye,
Glutted with Love and ſurfeited with Joy.
Thence have I ſeen the tir'd Adulterer come,
Dragging a weak exhauſted Carkaſs home.
And yet this Curſe a Bleſſing I eſteem,
Compar'd with that of being ſeen by him;
By him deſcry'd attending in the Street,
May my foes only ſuch Diſgraces meet.
What toyl and time has this falſe Woman coſt?
How much of unreturning Youth has for her ſake been loſt?
How long did I, where fancy led on fate;
Unthank'd unminded, on her Rambles wait?
Her Steps, her Looks were ſtill by mine purſu'd,
And watch'd by me ſhe charm'd the gazing Crowd.
My diligent Love and over-fond Deſire,
Has been the means to kindle others Fire.
What need I mention every little Wrong,
Or curſe the ſoftneſs of her ſoothing Tongue.

The

The private Love-ſigns that in publick paſs,
Between her and ſome common ſtaring Aſs.
The Coquet Art her faithleſs Heart allows,
Or tax her with a thouſand broken Vows:
I hear ſhe's ſick, and with wild haſt I run,
Officious Haſt, and Viſit importune.
Entring, my Rival on her Bed I ſee,
The politick Sickneſs only was to me.
With this and more oft has my Love been try'd,
Some other Coxcomb let her now provide,
To bear her Jilting and maintain her Pride;
My batter'd Bark has reach'd the Port at laſt,
Nor fears again the Billows it has paſt.
Ceaſe your ſoft Oaths and that ſtill ready ſhow'r,
Thoſe once dear words have loſt their charming pow'r.
In vain you flatter, I am now no more,
That eaſie Fool you found me heretofore.
Anger and Love a doubtfull fight maintain,
Each ſtrives by turns my ſtaggering heart to gain:
But what can long againſt Lov's force contend,
My love I fear will conquer in the end;
I'll do what e'er I can to hate you ſtill,
And if I Love, know 'tis againſt my Will.
So the Bull hates the Ploughman's Yoke to wear,
Yet what he hates, his ſtubborn Neck muſt bear.
Her manners oft my Indignation raiſe,
But ſtraight her Beauty the ſhort ſtorm allays.
Her Life I loath, her Perſon I adore;
Much I contemn her, but I love her more.
Both with her and without her I'm in pain,
And rage to loſe what I ſhould bluſh to gain:
Uncertain, yet at what my wiſhes aim;
Loath to abandon Love or part with Fame:
That Angel-form ill ſuits a form all ſin;
Ah! be leſs fair without, or more within.
When theſe ſoft Smiles my yielding Powers invade,
In vain I call her Vices to my aid;

Tho'

Tho' now diſdaining the diſguiſe of Art,
In my eſteem her Conduct claims no part,
Her Face a natural right has to my Heart.
No Crime's ſo black as to deform her Eyes,
Thoſe Clouds muſt ſcatter when theſe Suns ſhall riſe.
Enough, fair Conqueror, the day's your own,
See at your Feet, Love's vanquiſh'd Rebel thrown;
By theſe dear Joys, (Joys dear tho' they are paſt) (faſt;
When in the kindeſt Links of Love we held each other
By th'injur'd Gods your falſe Oaths did prophane (diſdain;
By all thoſe Beauties that ſupport and feed your proud
By that lov'd Face from the whole Sex Elect,
To which I all my Vows and Pray'rs direct,
And equal with a Power divine reſpect:
By every feature of a turn ſo fine,
And by thoſe Arms that charm and dazle mine.
Spare from new triumphs, cheriſh without art,
This over-faithfull, this too tender Heart:
A Heart that was reſpectfull while it ſtrove,
But yielding is all blind impetuous Love:
Live as you pleaſe, torment me as you will,
Still are you fair, and I muſt love you ſtill.
Think only, if with juſt and clement Reign,
A willing Subject you wou'd chuſe to gain,
Or drag a conquer'd Vaſſal in a Chain;
But to what ever Conduct you incline,
Do ſuffer, be what my worſe fears divine,
You are, you ought, you muſt, you ſhall be mine,
Reaſon for ever, the vain ſtrife give o'er,
Thy cruel Wiſdom I can bear no more;
Let me indulge this one ſoft Paſſion's rule,
Curb vexing Senſe and be a happy Fool;
With full ſpread Sails the tempting Gale obey,
That down Love's Current drives me faſt away.

The Town Life.

ONce how I doated on this Jilting Town,
Thinking no Heaven was out of *London* known;
Till I her Beauties artificial found,
Her pleasure's but a short and giddy round;
Like one who has his *Phillis* long enjoy'd
Grown with the fulsom repetition cloy'd:
Love's Mists then vanish from before his Eyes,
And all the Ladies Frailties he descries:
Quite surfeited with Joy, I now retreat
To the fresh Air, a homely Country Seat,
Good Hours, Books, harmless Sports, & wholsom Meat.
And now at last I have chose my proper Sphere,
Where Men are plain and rustick, but sincere.
I never was for Lies not Fawning made,
But call a Wafer Bread, and Spade a Spade.
I tell what merits got Lord —— his place,
And laugh at marry'd *M*——*ve* to his Face.
I cannot vere with ev'ry change of State,
Nor flatter Villains, tho' at Court they 're great:
Nor will I prostitute my Pen for Hire,
Praise *Cromwell*, damn him, write the *Spanish Fryar*:
A Papist now, if next the Turk should reign,
Then piously transverse the Alcoran.
Methinks I hear one of the Nation cry,
Be Christ, this is a Whiggish Calumny,
All Virtues are compriz'd in Loyalty.
Might I dispute with him, I'd change his Note,
I'de silence him, that is, he'd cut my Throat.
This powerfull way of reasoning never mist,
None are so positive but then desist,
As I will, e'er it come to that extreme;
Our Folly, not our Misery is our Theam.
Well may we wonder what strange Charm, what Spell,
What mighty Pleasures in this *London* dwell,

That

That Men renounce their Eaſe, Eſtates and Fame,
And drudge it here to get a Fopling's Name.
That one of ſeeming ſenſe advanc'd in years,
Like a Sir *Courtly Nice* in Town appears:
Others exchange their Land for tawdry Cloaths,
And will in ſpight of Nature paſs for Beauxs.
Indulgent Heaven, who ne'er made ought in vain,
Each Man for ſomething proper did ordain;
Yet moſt againſt their Genius blindly run,
The wrong they chuſe, and what they 're made for ſhun.
Thus *Ar* —— *n* thinks for State affairs he's fit;
Hewit for Ogling, *Chomly* for a Wit:
But 'tis in vain, ſo wiſe, theſe Men to teach,
Beſides the King's learn'd Prieſts ſhould only preach.
We'll ſee how Sparks the tedious day employ,
And trace them in their warm purſuit of Joy;
If they get dreſt (with much ado) by Noon,
In queſt of Beauty to the *Mall* they run,
Where (like young Boys) with Hat in hand they try
To catch ſome flutt'ring gawdy Butterfly.
Thus *Gray* purſues the Lady with a Face,
Like forty more, and with the ſame ſucceſs,
Whoſe Jilting Conduct in her Beauty's ſpite,
Loſes her fame, and gets no pleaſure by't.
The ſecret Joys of an Intrigue ſhe ſlights,
And in an Equipage of Fools delights:
So ſome vain Heroes for a vain command,
Forfeit their Conſcience, Liberty and Land.
But ſee high Maſs is done, in Crowds they go,
What, all theſe *Iriſh* and *Mall Howard* too?
'Tis very late, to *Lockets* let's away,
The Lady *Frances* comes, I will not ſtay.
Expecting Dinner, to diſcourſe they fall,
Without reſpect of Morals cenſuring all:
The Nymph they lov'd, the Friend they hug'd before,
He's a vain Coxcomb, ſhe's a common Whore:
No obligation can their Jeſts prevent;
Wit, like unruly Wind in Bowels pent,
Torments the bearer till he gives it vent; Tho',

Tho' this offends the Ear as that the Noſe,
No matter, 'tis for Eaſe and out it goes.
But what they talk (too nauſeous to rehearſe)
I leave for the late Ballad-writers Verſe.
After a dear bought Meal they haſt away,
To a deſert of Ogling at the Play:
What's here which in the Box's front I ſee,
Deform'd old Age, diſeaſes Infamy.
Warwick, *North*, *Poget*, *Hinton*, *Martin*, *Willis*,
And that Epitome of Lewdneſs, *Elly's*:
I'll not turn that way, but obſerve the Play,
Pox, 'tis a tragick Farce of Banks to day:
Beſides ſome *Iriſh* Wits the Pit invade
With a worſe Din than Cat-call Serenade:
I muſt be gone, let's to *Hide-Park* repair,
If not good Company, we'll find good Air:
Here with effected Bow and Side-Glaſs look,
The ſelf-conceited Fool is eaſily took.
There comes a Spark with ſix in Tarſels dreſt,
Charming the Ladies Hearts with dint of Beaſt:
Like Scullers on the *Thames* with frequent bow,
They labour, tugg, and in their Coaches row,
To meet ſome fair one, ſtill they wheel about,
Till ſhe retires, and then they hurry out.
But next we'll viſit where the Beauxs in order come,
('Tis yet too early for the drawing-room)
Here *Nowels* and *Olivio's* abound;
But one plain *Manly* is not to be found:
Flattring the preſent, the abſent they abuſe,
And vent their Spleen and Lies, pretending News:
Why, ſuch a Lady's pale and wou'd not dance;
This to the Country gone, and that to *France*:
Whoſe marry'd, ſlipp'd away, or miſt at Court,
Others Misfortunes thus offord them ſport:
A new Song is produc'd, the Author gueſt,
The Verſes and the Poet made a Jeſt.

Live Laureat *E——er*, in whom we ſee,
The Engliſh can excell Antiquity.
Dryden writes Epick, *Woſley* Odes in vain,
Virgil and *Horace* ſtill the chief maintain:
He with his matchleſs *Poems* has alone,
Bavius and *Mevius* in their way out-done.
But now for Cards, and play they all propoſe,
While I who never in good breeding loſe,
Who cannot civilly ſit ſtill and ſee
The Ladies pick my Purſe and laugh at me,
Pretending earneſt buſineſs drive to Court,
Where thoſe who can do nothing elſe reſort.
The *Engliſh* muſt not ſeek preferment there,
For *Mack's* and *O's* all places deſtin'd are.
No more we'll ſend our Youth to *Paris* now,
French Principles and *Breeding* once wou'd do:
They for improvement muſt to *Ireland* ſail,
The *Iriſh* Wit and Language now prevail.
But ſoft my *Pen*, with care this Subject touch,
Stop where you are, you ſoon may write too much.
Quite weary with the hurry of the day,
I to my peacefull home direct my way;
While ſome in Hack and Habit of Fatigue,
May have (but oft pretend) a cloſe Intrigue;
Others more open to the Tavern ſcower,
Calling for Wine, and every Man his Whore,
As ſafe as thoſe with quality perhaps,
For *N——rgh* ſays great Ladies can give Claps:
Somewhere they're kept, and many where they keep;
Moſt ſee an eaſie Miſtreſs e'er they Sleep.
Thus Sparks may dreſs, dance, play, write, fight, get (drunk,
But all the mighty *Pother* ends in Punk.

A Satyr on the modern Tranſlators.

Odi imitatores ſervum pecus, &c.

By Mr. P——r.

SInce the united cunning of the Stage,
Has balk'd the hireling Drudges of the Age:
Since *Betterton* of late ſo thrifty's grown,
Reviyes old Plays, or wiſely acts his own:
Thumb'd *Rider* with a Catalogue of Rhimes,
Makes the compleateſt Poet of our times:
Thoſe who with nine months toil had ſpoil'd a Play,
In hopes of eating at a full Third day,
Juſtly deſpairing longer to ſuſtain
A craving Stomach from an empty Brain,
Have left Stage-practice, chang'd their old Vocations,
Attoning for bad Plays, with worſe Tranſlations,
And like old *Sternhold* with laborious ſpite,
Burleſque what nobler Muſes better write:
Thus while they for their cauſes only ſeem
To change the Channel, they corrupt the Stream.
So breaking *Vintners* to increaſe their Wine,
With nauſeous Drugs debauch the generous Vine:
So barren *Gipſies* for recruit are ſaid,
With Strangers Iſſue to maintain the Trade;
But leſt the fair Bantling ſhould be known,
A daubing Walnut makes him all their own.

In the head of this Gang too *John Dryden* appears,
But to ſave the Town-cenſure and leſſen his Fears,
Joyn'd with a Spark whoſe title makes me civil,
Bog *Scandalum Magnatum* is the Devil;
Such mighty thoughts from *Ovid's* Letters flow,
That the Tranſlation is a work for two;
Who in one Copy joyn'd their ſhame have ſhewn,
Since *T——e* could ſpoil ſo many tho' alone:
My Lord I thought ſo generous would prove,
To ſcorn a Rival in affairs of Love:

But well he knew his teeming pangs were vain,
Till Midwife *Dryden* eas'd his labouring Brain;
And that when part of *Hudibras's* Horſe
Jogg'd on, the other would not hang an Arſe;
So when fleet *Fowler* hears the joyfull hallow,
He drags his ſluggiſh Mate, and *Tray* muſt follow.
But how could this learn'd brace employ their time?
One conſtrued ſure, while th'other pump'd for Rhime:
Or it with theſe, as once at *Rome*, ſucceeds,
The *Bibulus* ſubſcribes to *Cæſar's* Deeds:
This, from his Partners acts enſures his Name,
Oh ſacred thirſt of everlaſting Fame!
That could defile thoſe well-cut Nails with Ink,
And make his Honour condeſcend to think:
But what Excuſe, what Preface can attone,
For crimes which guilty *Bayes* has ſingly done?
Bayes, whoſe *Roſe Alley* Ambuſcade injoyn'd,
To be to Vices which he practic'd kind,
And brought the venom of a ſpitefull *Satyr*,
To the ſafe innocence of a *dull Tranſlator*.
Bayes, who by all the Club was thought moſt fit
To violate the *Mantuan Prophet's* wit,
And more debauch what looſe *Lucretius* writ.
When I behold the rovings of his Muſe,
How ſoon *Aſſyrian* Ointments ſhe would loſe
For Diamond Buckles ſparkling at their Shoes.
When *Virgil's* height is loſt, when *Ovid* ſoars,
And in Heroics *Canace* deplores
Her Follies louder than her Father roars,
I'd let him take *Almanzor* for his Theme;
In lofty Verſes make *Maximin* blaſpheme,
Or ſing in ſofter Airs St. *Katharine's* Dream.
Nay, I could hear him damn laſt Ages Wit,
And rail at Excellence he ne'er can hit;
His Envy ſhou'd at powerfull *Cowley* rage,
And baniſh Senſe with *Johnſon* from the Stage:
His Sacrilege ſhould plunder *Shakeſpear's* Urn,
With a dull Prologue make the Ghoſt return

To bear a ſecond Death, and greater pain,
While the Fiend's words the Oracle prophane;
But when not ſatisfied with Spoils at home,
The Pyrate wou'd to foreign Borders roam;
May he ſtill ſplit on ſome unlucky Coaſt,
And have his Works or Dictionary loſt;
That he may know what *Roman* Authors mean,
No more than does our blind Tranſlatreſs *Behn*.

The Female VVit; who next convicted ſtands,
Nor for abuſing *Ovid*'s Verſe but *Sand*'s:
She might have learn'd from the ill borrow'd Grace,
(VVhich little helps the ruin of her Face)
That VVit, like Beauty, triumphs o'er the Heart,
VVhen more of Nature's ſeen and leſs of Art:
Nor ſtrive in *Ovid*'s Letters to have ſhown,
As much of Skill, as Lewdneſs in her own:
Then let her from the next inconſtant Lover,
Take a new Copy for a ſecond Rover:
Deſcribe the cunning of a jilting VVhore,
From the ill Arts her ſelf has us'd before;
Thus let her write, but Paraphraſe no more.

R—mer to *Crambo* privilege does claim,
Not from the Poet's Genius, but his Name;
VVhich Providence in contradiction meant,
Though he Predeſtination coul'd prevent,
And with bold dulneſs tranſlate Heavens intent.
Raſh Man! we paid thee Adoration due,
That ancient Criticks were excell'd by you:
Each little VVit to your Tribunal came
To hear their doom, and to ſecure their Fame:
But for reſpect you ſervilely ſought praiſe,
Slighted the Umpire's Palm to court the Poet's Bays;
VVhile wiſe Reflections and a grave Diſcourſe,
Declin'd to *Zoons a River for a Horſe*.
So diſcontented *Pemberton* withdrew,
From ſleeping Judges to the noiſie Crew;
Chang'd awefull Ermin for a ſervile Gown,
And to an humble fawning ſmooth'd his frown:

The

The *Simile* will differ here indeed;
You cannot verſify, though he can plead.

To painfull *Creech* my laſt advice deſcends,
That he and Learning would at length be Friends;
That he'd command his dreadfull forces home,
Not be a ſecond *Hannibal* to *Rome*.
But ſince no Counſel his Reſolves can bow;
Nor may thy fate, O *Rome*, reſiſt his Vow;
Debarr'd from Pens as Lunaticks from Swords,
He ſhould be kept from waging VVar with words.
VVords which at firſt like Atoms did advance,
To the juſt meaſure of a tunefull Dance,
And jumpt to form, as did his worlds, by chance.
This pleas'd the Genius of the vicious Town;
The VVits confirm'd his Labours with renown,
And ſwear the early Atheiſt for their own.
Had he ſtopt here— but ruin'd by ſucceſs,
VVith a new Spawn he fill'd the burthen'd Preſs,
Till, as his Volumes ſwell'd, his fame grew leſs.
So Merchants flattered with increaſing gain,
Still tempt the falſhood of the doubtfull Main;
So the firſt running of the lucky Dice,
Does eager *Bully* to new *Bets* intice;
Till Fortune urges him to be undone,
And *Ames-Ace* loſes what kind *Sixes* won.
VVitneſs this truth *Lucretia's* wretched Fate,
VVhich better have I heard my Nurſe relate;
The Matron ſuffers Violence again,
Not *Tarquin's* Luſt ſo vile as *Creech's* Pen;
Witneſs thoſe heaps his Mid-night Studies raiſe,
Hoping to Rival *Ogilby* in Praiſe:
Both writ ſo much, ſo ill, a doubt might riſe,
Which with moſt Juſtice might deſerve the Prize;
Had not the firſt the Town with Cutts appeas'd,
And where the Poem fail'd, the Picture pleas'd.
Wits of a meaner Rank I wou'd rehearſe,
But will not plague your Patience nor my Verſe;

In long Oblivion may they happy lie,
And with their Writings may their Folly die.
Now why ſhould we poor *Ovid* yet purſue,
And make his very Book an Exile too,
In words more barbarous than the place he knew?
If *Virgil* labour'd not to be tranſlated,
Why ſuffers he the only thing he hated?
Had he foreſeen ſome ill officious Tongue,
Wou'd in unequal Strains blaſpheme his Song;
Nor Prayers, nor Force, nor Fame ſhou'd e'er prevent
The juſt Performance of his wiſe Intent:
Smiling h'had ſeen his Martyr'd Work expire,
Nor live to feel more cruel Foes than Fire.
Some Fop in Preface may thoſe Theſts excuſe,
That *Virgil* was the draught of *Homer*'s Muſe;
That *Horace*'s by *Pindar*'s Lyre was ſtrung,
By the great Image of whoſe Voice he ſung;
They found the Maſs, 'tis true, but in their Mould
They purg'd the droſſy Oar to current Gold:
Mending their Pattern, they eſcap'd the Curſe;
Yet had *they* not writ better, they'd writ worſe.
But when we bind the Lyric up to rhime,
And loſe the Senſe to make the Poem chime:
When from their Flocks we force *Sicilian* Swains,
To raviſh Milk-maids in our *Engliſh* Plains;
And wandring Authors, e'er they touch our ſhore,
Muſt, like our Locuſt *Hugonots*, be poor;
I'de bid th' importing Club their pains forbear,
And traffick in our own, tho' homely Ware,
Whilſt from themſelves the honeſt Vermin ſpin,
I'de like the Texture, tho' the Web be thin;
Nay, take *Crown*'s Plays, becauſe his own, for wit;
And praiſe what *D'urfey*, not tranſlating, writ.

The

The Parliament-House to be Lett, 1678.

1.

HEre's a House to be lett,
For C——s S——d swore,
On *Portsmouth*'s bare Arse,
He wou'd shut up the Door.

2.

Inquire at the Lodgings
Next Door to the Pope,
At Duke *Lauderdale*'s Head,
With a Cravat of Rope.

3.

And there you will hear
How next he will let it,
If you pay the old Price
You may certainly get it.

4.

He holds it in Tail,
From his Father, who fast
Did keep it long shut,
But paid for't at last.

Advice to Apollo, 1678.

I'VE heard the Muses were still soft and kind,
To Malice Foes, to gentle Love inclin'd;
And that *Parnassus* Hill was fresh and gay,
Crown'd still with Flowers, as in the faireſt *May*;
That *Helicon* with pleasures charm'd the Soul,
Could Anger tame and restless care controul:
That bright *Apollo* still delights in Mirth,
Chearing (each welcome day) the drowsie Earth;
Then whence comes Satyr, is it Poetry?
O great *Apollo*, God of Harmony!

Far be't from thee, this cruel *Art* t'inſpire,
Then ſtrike theſe VVretches who thus dare aſpire,
To tax thy gentleneſs, making thee ſeem
Malicious as their *Thought*, harſh as their *Theme*.
Firſt, ſtrike Sir *Carr*, that Knight o'th' wither'd Face,
VVho (for th' reverſion of a Poet's place)
VVaits on *Melpomene*, and ſooths her Grace;
That angry miſs alone he ſtrives to pleaſe,
For fear the reſt ſhould teach him wit and eaſe,
And make him quit his lov'd laborious walks,
VVhen ſad or ſilent o'er the room he ſtalks,
And ſtrives to write as wiſely as he talks.
Next with a gentle Dart ſtrike *Dryden* down,
VVho but begins to aim at the Renown
Beſtow'd on *Satyriſts*, and quits the Stage,
To laſh the witty Follies of the *Age*.
Strike him but gently that he may return,
VVrite Plays again, and his paſt Follies mourn.
He had better make *Almanzor* give offence
In fifty Lines without one word of Senſe,
Than thus offend and wittily deſerve,
VVhat will enſue with his lov'd Muſe to ſtarve.
D—ſet writes Satyr too, but writes ſo well,
O great *Apollo!* let him ſtill rebell,
Pardon a *Muſe* which does ſo far excell:
Pardon a *Muſe* which does with *Art* ſupport,
Some drowſie VVit in our unthinking Court.
But *M——ve* ſtrike with many angry Dart,
He who profanes thy Name offends thy *Art*,
Ne'er ſaw thy Light, yet would uſurp thy power,
And govern VVit, and be its Emperour.
In ſee with *Dryden* to be counted wiſe,
VVho tells the VVorld he has both VVit and Eyes.
Rocheſter's eaſie *Muſe* does ſtill improve,
Each hour thy little wealthy VVorld of Love,
(*That* VVorld in which each *Muſe* is thought a Queen)
That he muſt be forgiven in Charity then;

Though

Though his ſharp Satyrs have offended thee;
In charity to Love who will decay,
When his delightfull Muſe (its only ſtay)
Is by thy power ſeverely ta'en away.
Forbear (then) civil Wars, and ſtrike not down
Love, who alone ſupports thy tottering Crown.
But ſawcy *Sh——ard* with the affected train,
Who Satyrs write, yet ſcarce can ſpell their Name,
Blaſt, great *Apollo*, with perpetual ſhame.

The Duel of the Crabs: By the Lord B——ſt.

IN *Milford-lane* near to St. *Clement*'s Steeple,
There liv'd a Nymph kind to all Chriſtian People.
A Nymph ſhe was, whoſe comely Mien and Stature,
Whoſe height of Eloquence and every Feature,
Struck through the heart of City and of *Whitehall*,
And when they pleas'd to court her, did 'em right all.
Under her beauteous Boſom their did lie
A Belly ſmooth as Ivory.
Yet Nature to declare her various Art,
Had plac'd a Tuft in one convenient part,
No Park with ſmootheſt Lawn or higheſt Wood,
Cou'd e'er compare with this admir'd abode.
Here all the Youth of *England* did repair,
To take their pleaſure and uneaſe their care.
Here the diſtreſſed Lover that had born
His haughty Miſtreſs Anger or her Scorn
Came for Relief; and in this pleaſant Shade,
Forgot the former, and this Nymph obey'd.
And yet what corner of the World is found,
Where pain or pleaſure does not ſtill ſurround?
One wou'd have thought that in this ſhady Grove,
Nought cou'd have dwelt but Quiet, Peace and Love.
But Heaven directed otherwiſe; for here,
I'th' midſt of plenty bloody Wars appear:
The Gods will frown where-ever they do ſmile;
The Crocodile infeſts the fertil Soil: Lyons

Lyons and Tygers on the *Lybian* Plains,
Forbid all pleaſures to the fearfull Swains:
Wild Beaſts in Foreſts do the Hunters fright,
They fear their ruin 'midſt of their delight.
Thus in the ſhade of this dark ſilent Bower,
Strength ſtrives with ſtrength, & power vies with power.
Two mighty Monſters did this Wood infeſt,
And ſtruck ſuch awe and terror in the reſt,
That no *Sicilian* Tyrant e'er could boaſt
He e'er with greater rigour rul'd the roaſt.
Each had his Empire, which he kept in awe,
Was by his will obey'd, allow'd no Law:
Nature ſo well divided had their ſtates,
Nought but Ambition cou'd have chang'd their fates:
For 'twixt their Empire, ſtood a briny Lake,
Deep as the Poets do the Centre make;
But dire Ambition does admit no bounds,
There are no limits to aſpiring Crowns.
The *Spaniard* by his *Europe* Conqueſts bold,
Sail'd o'er the Ocean for the *Indian*'s Gold:
The *Carthaginian* Hero did not ſtay,
Becauſe he met vaſt Mountains in his way:
He paſs'd the *Alps* like Mole-hills; ſuch a Mind
As thinks on Conqueſt will be unconfin'd.
Both with theſe haughty thoughts one courſe to tend,
To try if this vaſt Lake had any end:
Where finding Countries yet without a Name,
They might by Conqueſts get eternal Fame.
After long Marches both their Armies tired,
At length they find the place ſo much deſired:
Where in a little time each does deſcry,
The glymps of an approaching Enemy.
They in this ſight do equal pleaſure prove,
As we ſhould do in well rewarded Love:
Blood-thirſty Souls, whoſe only perfect Joy,
Conſiſts in what their fury can deſtroy.
And now both Armies do prepare to fight,
And each of th'other unto War incite;

In

In vain, alas, for all their force and ſtrength
Was quite conſumed by their Marches length;
But the great Chiefs, impatient of delay,
Reſolve by ſingle fight to try the day.
Each does the other with Contempt defie,
Reſolv'd to conquer, or reſolv'd to die;
Both Armies are commanded to withdraw,
In expectation who ſhould give 'em Law;
While the amaz'd Spectators full of care,
Hope for a better or worſe Tyrant fear:
And now theſe Princes meet, now they engage
With all their chiefeſt Strength and higheſt Rage:
Now with their Inſtruments of Wrath they puſh,
As Hills in Earthquakes on each other ruſh;
Where their Militia lies is ſtill in doubt,
Whether like Elephants upon their Snout;
Or if upon their Heads vaſt Horns they wore,
Or if they fought with Tusks like the wild Boar.
Some *Greſhamites* perhaps, with help of Glaſs,
And poring long upon't, may chance to gueſs;
But no Tradition has inform'd our Age,
What were their chiefeſt inſtruments of Rage.
With ſmall or no advantage they proceed,
Both are much bruiſed, and their Wounds do bleed:
Both keep their Anger, both do loſe their force,
Both get the better, neither get the worſe;
Juſtice her ſelf might put into each Scale
One of theſe Princes, and ſee neither fall:
Spurr'd on by Fury, now they both provide,
To let one grapple, this great cauſe decide;
Joyning, they ſtrive, and ſuch reſiſtance make,
Both fall together in the Briny Lake,
Where from the trouble of a tottering Crown,
Each mighty Monarch is laid gently down:
Both Armies at this fight amazed ſtand,
In doubt, who ſhall obey, who ſhall command:
In this extremity they both agree,
A Common-wealth their Government ſhall be.

Inſtru-

Inſtructions to his Miſtreſs how to behave her ſelf at Supper with her Husband, 1682.

SInce to reſtrain our Joys, that ill, but rude
Familiar thing, your Husband, will intrude;
For a juſt judgment, may th' unwelcome Gueſt,
At this Night's lucky Supper eat his laſt;
O how ſhall I with Patience e'er ſtand by,
While my *Corinna* gives another Joy;
His wanton hands in her ſoft Boſom warms,
And folds about her Neck his claſping Arms.
O tortering Sight; but ſince it muſt be ſo,
Be kind, and learn what 'tis I'de have you do.
Come firſt be ſure; for though the place may prove,
Unfit for all we wiſh, you'll ſhow me Love:
When call'd to Table, you demurely go,
Gently in paſſing, touch my hand or ſo:
Mark all my Actions, well obſerve my Eye,
My ſpeaking Signs, and to each Sign reply.
If I do ought of which you would complain,
Upon your Elbow languiſhingly lean:
But if you're pleas'd with what I do or ſay,
Steal me a Smile, and ſnatch your Eyes away:
When you reflect on our paſt ſecret Joys,
Hold modeſtly your Fan before your Eyes;
And when the nauſeous Husband tedious grows,
Your liſted Hands with ſcornfull Anger cloſe,
As if you call'd for vengeance from above,
Upon that dull impediment to Love:
A thouſand ſkilfull ways we'll find to ſhow
Our mutual Love, which none but we ſhall know.
I'll watch the parting Glaſs where-e'er you drink,
And where your Lips have touch'd it, kiſs the Brink:
Like ſtill the diſh that in your reach does ſtand,
Taking the Plate, I ſo may feel your hand.
But what he recommends to you to eat,
Coyly refuſe, as if you loath'd the Meat;

Nor

Nor let his Matrimonial Right appear,
By any ill-tim'd Houſhold freedom there:
Let not his fulſom Arms embrace your Waſt,
Nor lolling Head upon your Boſom reſt.
One Kiſs would ſtraight make all my Paſſion known,
And my fierce Eyes with rage would claim their own;
Yet what thus paſſes will be done i'th' Light,
But oh! the Joys that may be kept from Sight;
Legs lock't in Legs, Thighs preſſing Thighs, and all
The wanton Spells that up Love's Fury call:
Thoſe cunning Arts that I ſo oft have us'd,
Makes me now fear to be my ſelf abus'd;
To clear my doubts, ſo far your Chair remove,
As may prevent th' intelligence of Love
Put him in mind of pledging ev'ry Health,
And let the tutor'd Page add Wine by ſtealth;
The Sot grown drunk, we eaſier may retire,
And do as the occaſion will require:
But after all, (alas) how ſmall the gains
Will be, for which we take ſuch mighty pains:
Torn from my Arms, you muſt go home to bed,
And leave your poor forſaken Lover dead:
Cruel Divorce, enough to break my Heart,
Without you promiſe this before we part;
When my bleſt Rival goes to reap his Joy,
Receive him ſo as may the Bliſs deſtroy:
Let not the leaſt kind mark of Love eſcape,
But all be Duty and a lawfull Rape;
So deadly cold and void of all deſire,
That like a Charm it may put out the Fire;
But if compell'd you ſhould at laſt comply,
When we meet next be ſure you all deny.

The Seſſion of the Poets, to the Tune of Cook Lawrel.

1.

Apollo concern'd to ſee the Tranſgreſſions
Our paultry Poets do daily commit,
Gave order once more to ſummon a Seſſions,
Severely to puniſh the abuſes of Wit.

2.

Will D'Avenant wou'd fain have been Steward o'th' Court,
To have fin'd and amer'd each Man at his will;
But *Apollo*, it ſeems, had heard a report,
That his choice of new Plays did ſhow h'had no skill.

3.

Beſides ſome Criticks had ow'd him a ſpite,
And a little before had made the God fret,
By letting him know the Laureat did write,
That damnable Farce, *The Houſe to be Lett*.

4.

Intelligence was brought, the Court being ſet,
That a Play Tripartite was very near made;
Where malicious *Matt Clifford* and ſpiritual S——t
Were joyn'd with their Duke, a Peer of the Trade.

5.

Apollo rejoyc'd, and did hope for amends,
Becauſe he knew it was the firſt caſe,
The Duke e'er did ask the advice of his Friends,
And ſo wiſh his Play as well clapt as his Grace.

6.

O yes being made, and ſilence proclaim'd,
Apollo began to read the Court Roul,
When as ſoon as he ſaw *Frank Berkley* was nam'd,
He ſcarce cou'd forbear from tearing the Scroul.

7.

But *Berkley*, to make his intereſt the greater,
Suſpecting before what would come to paſs,
Procur'd him his Cozen *Fitzharding*'s Letter,
With which *Apollo* wiped his Arſe.

Guy

8.

Guy with his Paſtoral next went to Pot,
At firſt in a doleſull Study he ſtood,
Then ſhew'd a Certificate which he had got
From the Maids of Honour, but it did him no good.

9.

Humorous *Weeden* came in in a pet,
And for the Laurel began to ſplutter;
But *Apollo* chid him, and bid him firſt get
A Muſe not ſo common as Mrs. *Rutter*.

10.

A number of other ſmall Poets appear'd,
With whom for a time *Apollo* made ſport;
Clifford and *Flecknoe* were very well jear'd,
And in concluſion whipp'd out of the Court.

11.

Tom Killegrew boldly came up to the Bar,
Thinking his jibing would get him the Bays,
But *Apollo* was angry and bid him beware
That he caught him no more a printing his Plays.

12.

With ill luck in Battle but worſe in Wit,
George Porter began for the Laurel to bawl,
But *Apollo* did think ſuch impudence fit
To be thruſt out of Court, as he's out of *Whitehall*.

13.

Savage miſſing *Cowley* came into the Court,
Making Apologies for his bad Play,
Ev'ry one gave him ſo bad a report,
That *Apollo* gave heed to all he could ſay:

14.

Nor wou'd he have had, 'tis thought, a rebuke,
Unleſs he had done ſome notable Folly;
Writ Verſes unjuſtly in praiſe of *Sam Tuke*,
Or printed his pitiſull Melancholy.

15.

Cotton did next to the Bays pretend,
But *Apollo* told him it was not fit,

Though

Though his *Virgil* was well, it made but amends
For the worſt Panegyrick that ever was writ.

16.

Old *Shirley* ſtood up and made an excuſe,
Becauſe many young Men before him were got;
He vow'd he had ſwitch'd and ſpur-gall'd his Muſe,
But ſtill the dull Jade kept to her old Trot.

17.

Sir *R——t H——d* call'd for over and over,
At length ſent in *Teague* with a Pacquet of News,
Wherein the ſad Knight, to his grief, did diſcover,
How *Dryden* had lately robb'd him of his Muſe.

18.

Each man in the Court was pleas'd with the Theft,
Which made the whole Family ſwear and rant,
Deſiring their Obin i'th' lurch being left,
The Thief might be fin'd for the wild Gallant.

19.

Dryden, whom one wou'd have thought had more Wit,
The cenſure of ev'ry man did diſdain,
Pleading ſome pitifull Rhimes he had writ,
In praiſe of the Counteſs of *Caſtlemaine*.

20.

Ned Howard, in whom great Nature is found,
Tho' never took notice of till that day,
Impatiently ſat till it came to his round,
Then roſe and commended the Plot of his Play.

21.

Such Arrogance made *Apollo* ſtark mad,
But *Sherly* endeavour'd to appeaſe his Chollar,
By owning the Play, and ſwearing the Lad
In Poetry was a very pert Scholar.

22.

James Howard being call'd for out of the Throng,
Booted and ſpurr'd to the Bar did advance,
Where ſinging a damn'd nonſenſical Song,
The Youth and his *Muſe* were ſent into *France*.

Newcaſtle

23.

Newcaſtle and's Horſe for entrance next ſtrives,
Well ſtuff'd was his Cloakbag and ſo was his Breeches.
And unbutt'ning the place where Nature's Poſſet-maker (lives,
Pull'd out his Wife's Poems, Plays, Eſſays & Speeches.

24.

Whoop, quoth *Apollo*, what a Devil have we here,
Put up thy Wife's Trumpery good noble Marquiſs,
And home again, home again take thy Carreer,
To provide her freſh Staw, and a Chamber that (dark is.

25.

Sam Tuke ſat and formally ſmil'd at the reſt,
But *Apollo*, who well did his Vanity know,
Call'd him to the Bar to put him to th' Teſt,
But his Muſe was ſo ſtiff ſhe ſcarely could go.

26.

She pleaded her Age deſir'd a Reward;
It ſeems in her Age ſhe doated on praiſe,
But *Apollo* reſolv'd that ſuch a bold Bard
Sou'd never be grac'd with a Per'wig of Bays.

27.

Stapleton ſtood up and had nothing to ſay,
But *Apollo* forbid the old Knight to deſpair,
Commanding him once more to write a new Play,
To be danc'd by the Poppets at *Barthol'mew* Fair.

28.

Sir *William Killegrew* doubting his Plays,
Before he was call'd crept up to the Bench,
And whiſper'd *Apollo*, in caſe he wou'd praiſe
Selyndra, he ſhou'd have a Bout with the VVench.

29.

B——*ſt* and *Sydley*, with two or three more
Tranſlators of *Pompey* diſpute in their claim,
But *Apollo* made them be turn'd out of door,
And bid them be gone like Fools as they came.

30.

Old *Waller* heard this, and was ſneaking away,
But ſomebody ſpy'd him out of the Crowd;
Apollo though h' had not ſeen him many a day,
Knew him full well, and call'd to him aloud;

31.

My old Friend Mr. *Waller*, what make you there,
Among thoſe young Fellows that ſpoil the *French* Plays;
Then beck'ning to him, whiſper'd in his Ear,
And gave him good counſel inſtead of the Bays.

32.

Then in came *Denham*, that limping old Bard,
Whoſe fame on the *Sophy* and *Cooper's Hill* ſtands;
And brought many Stationers who ſwore very hard,
That nothing ſold better, except 'twere his Lands.

33.

But *Apollo* adviſ'd him to write ſomething more,
To clear a ſuſpicion which poſſeſs'd the Court,
That *Cooper's Hill*, ſo much bragg'd on before,
Was writ by a Vicar, who had forty pound for't.

34.

Then *Hudibras* boldly demanded the Bays,
But *Apollo* bad him not be ſo fierce;
And adviſ'd him to lay aſide making his Plays,
Since he already began to write worſe and worſe.

35.

Tom Porter came into the Court in a huff,
Swearing damn him he had writ the beſt Plays;
But *Apollo*, it ſeems, knew his way well enough,
And would not be hector'd out of his Bays.

36.

Ellis in great diſcontent went away,
Whilſt *D'Avenant* againſt *Apollo* did rage;
Becauſe he declar'd the Secrets a Play,
Fitting for none but a Mountebank Stage.

37.

John Wilſon ſtood up and wildly did ſtare,
When on the ſudden ſtept in a bold *Scot*;

And

And offer'd *Apollo* he freely would ſwear,
The ſaid Maiſter *Wilſon* mought paſs for a Sot.

38.

But all was in vain, for *Apollo*, 'tis ſaid,
Would in no wiſe allow of any *Scotch* wit;
Then *Wilſon* in ſpite made his Plays to be read,
Swearing he'd anſwer for all he had writ.

39.

Clarges ſtood up, and laid claim to the Bays,
But *Apollo* rebuk'd that arrogant Fool;
Swearing if e're he tranſlated more Plays,
He'd Crown him *Sir-Reverence* with a *Cloſe-ſtool.*

40.

Damn'd *Holden* with's dull *German Princeſs* appear'd,
Whom if *Davenant* he got as ſome do ſuppoſe,
Apollo ſaid the Pillory ſhould crop off his Ears,
And make them more ſuitable unto his Noſe.

41.

Rhodes ſtood and play'd at bo-peep in the door,
But *Apollo* inſtead of a *Spaniſh* Plot;
On condition the Varlet would never write more,
Gave him three pence to pay for a Pipe and a Pot.

42.

Ethridge and *Shadwell* and the Rabble appeal'd
To *Apollo* himſelf in a very great rage;
Becauſe their beſt Friends ſo freely had deal'd,
As to tell them their Plays were not fit for the Stage.

43.

Then ſeeing a Crowd in a Tumult reſort,
Well furniſh'd with Verſes, but loaded with Plays;
It forc'd poor *Apollo* to adjourn the new Court,
And left them together by th' Ears for the Bays.

DESIRE. A Pindaric.

WHat art thou, O thou new ſond pain?
From what Infection doſt thou ſpring?
Tell me, O tell me, thou inchanting thing,
Thy Nature and thy Name.
Inform me by what ſubtil art,
What pow'rfull influence,
You got ſuch vaſt Dominion in a part,
Of my unheeded and unguarded Heart,
That Fame and Honour cannot drive you thence?
Oh miſchievous Uſurper of my Peace!
Oh ſoft Intruder on my Solitude!
Charming diſturber of my Eaſe,
That haſt my nobler Fate purſu'd;
And all the Glories of my Life ſubdu'd.

Thou haunt'ſt my inconvenient Hours,
The buſineſs of the day, nor ſilence of the night,
That ſhou'd to cares and ſleep invite,
Can bid defiance to thy conquering pow'ers.
Where haſt thou been this live-long Age,
That from my Birth till now,
Thou never didſt one thought ingage,
Or charm my Soul with the uneaſie Rage,
That made it all its humbler Feebles know?
Where wer't thou, O malicious Sprite,
When ſhining glory did invite?
When int'reſt call'd, then thou wer't ſhy,
Nor one kind aid to my aſſiſtance brought;
Nor would'ſt inſpire one tender thought,
When Princes at my feet did lie
When thou could'ſt mix Ambition with my Joy,
Then, peeviſh Phantom, thou wer't nice and coy.
Not beauty would invade thee then,
Nor all the arts of laviſh Men;

Not

Not all the powerfull Rhet'rick of the Tongue,
Nor ſacred Wit cou'd charm thee on;
Not the ſoft play that Lovers make,
Nor Sighs cou'd fan thee to a Fire;
No pleading Tears or Vows cou'd thee awake,
Nor charm the unform'd —— *Something* —— to *Deſire.*

Oft I've conjur'd thee to appear,
By Youth, by Love, by all their pow'rs,
Have ſearch'd and ſought thee every-where,
In ſilent Groves, in lonely Bowers,
On flow'ry Beds, where Lovers wiſhing lie,
In ſheltring Woods, where ſighing Maids
To their aſſinging Shepherds hie,
And hide their Bluſhes in the gloom of Shades.
Yet there, ev'n there, though Youth aſſail'd,
Where Beauty proſtrate lay, aad Fortune woo'd,
My Heart (inſenſible) to neither bow'd;
Thy lucky Aid was wanting to prevail.
In Courts I ſought thee then, thy proper Sphere,
But thou in Crowds wer't ſtifled there;
Intereſt did all the loving bus'neſs do,
Invites the Youths, and wins the Virgins too;
Or if by chance ſome Heart thy Empire own,
Ah, pow'r ingrate! the Slave muſt be undone.

Tell me thou nimble Fire, that doſt dilate
Thy mighty force through every part
What God or human Power did thee create,
In my (till now) unfacil Heart?
Art thou ſome welcome Plague ſent from above,
In this dear Form, this kind Diſguiſe?
Or the falſe Off-ſpring of miſtaken Love,
Begot by ſome ſoft thought that feebly ſtrove
With the bright piercing Beauties of *Lyſander's* Eyes.
Yes, yes, Tormenter, I have found thee now,
And found to whom thou doſt thy Being owe;
'Tis thou the bluſhes doſt impart,
'Tis thou that trembleſt in my Heart;

When the dear Shepherd does appear,
I faint and dye with pleaſing pain;
My words intruding, ſighings break,
Whene'er I touch the charming Swain;
Whene'er I gaze, whene'er I ſpeak,
Thy conſcious fire is mingled with my Love.
As in the ſanctify'd Abodes
Miſguided Worſhippers approve
The mixing Idols with their Gods.
In vain (alas) in vain I ſtrive,
With Errors which my Soul do pleaſe and vex;
For Superſtition will ſurvive,
Purer Religion to perplex.

Oh tell me, you Philoſophers in Love,
That can theſe burning fev'riſh Fits controul,
By what ſtrange Arts you cure the Soul,
And the fiery Calenture remove?

Tell me, ye Fair ones, you that give Deſire,
How 'tis you hide the kindling Fire?
Oh wou'd you but confeſs the truth,
It is not real Vertue makes you nice:
But when you do reſiſt the preſſing Youth,
'Tis want of dear Deſire to thaw the Virgin-Ice.
And while your young Adorers lie,
All languiſhing and hopeleſs at your Feet;
Raiſing new Trophies to your Chaſtity,
Oh, tell me how you do remain diſcreet?
And not the Paſſion to the throng make known,
Which *Cupid* in revenge has now confin'd to one.
How you ſuppreſs the riſing Sighs,
And the ſoft yielding Soul that wiſhes in your Eyes,
While to the admiring Crowd you nice are found,
Some dear, ſome ſecret Youth, who gives the wound,
Informs you all your Vertue's but a Cheat,
And Honour but a falſe diſguiſe,
Your Modeſty a neceſſary ſlight.

To

To gain the dull repute of being wiſe?
Deceive the fooliſh world, deceive it on,
And veil your Paſſion and your Pride;
But now I've found your weakneſs by my own,
From me the needfull fraud you cannon hide;
For, though with Vertue I the world perplex,
Lyſander finds the feeble of my Sex:
So *Helen*, tho' from *Theſeus*'s Arms ſhe fled,
To charming *Paris* yields her Heart and Bed.

On the Prince's going to England, *with an Army to reſtore the Government*, 1688.

Hunc ſaltem everſo Juvenem ſuccurrere Sæclo
Ne prohibite— *Virg. Georg. Lib.* 1.

ONce more a *FATHER* and a *SON* falls out;
The World involving in their high diſpute;
Remoteſt *India's* Fate on theirs depends,
And *Europe*, trembling, the Event attends.
Their motions ruling every other State,
As on the Sun the leſſer Planets wait.
Power warms the Father, *Liberty* the Son,
A Prize well worth th' uncommon venture run.
Him a falſe pride to govern unreſtrain'd,
And by mad means, bad ends to be attaind;
All bars of property drives headlong through,
Millions oppreſſing to enrich a few.
Him Juſtice urges and a noble Aim
To equal his Progenitors in Fame,
And make his life as glorious as his Name.
For Law and Reaſon's power he does engage,
Againſt the reign of appetite and rage.
There all the licenſe of unbounded might:
Here conſcious Honour and deep ſenſe of Right,
Immortal enmity to arms incite.

Greatneſs the one, Glory the other fires,
This only can deſerve what that deſires.
This ſtrives for all that e'er to Men was dear,
And he for what the moſt abhor and fear.
Cæſar and *Pompey*'s cauſe by *Cato* thought
So ill adjudg'd, to a new Tryal's brought,
Again at laſt *Pharſalia* muſt be fought.
Ye fatal Sifters! now to *Right* be Friends,
And make Mankind for *Pompey*'s Fate amends.
In *Orange*'s great Line, 'tis no new thing,
To free a Nation, and uncrown a King.

On his Royal Highneſs's Voyage beyond Sea.
March 3d. 1678.

RH they ſay is gone to Sea,
Deſigned for the *Hague*;
But *Portſmouth*'s left behind to be
The Nations Whoriſh Plague.

Some think he went unwillingly,
Say others he was ſent there;
But moſt conclude for certainty,
He's gone to keep his Lent there.

What need I to apologize?
'Tis ſaid, nothing more true is,
The chiefeſt part of's Errand lies,
To fetch in Coſen *Lewis*.

That both together, as they ſay,
If one may dare to ſpeak on't;
Thro' Hereticks Throats may cut their way,
To bring in *James* the Second.

By Yea and Nay the Quaker cries,
How can we hope for better?

Truth's

Truth's not in him that this denies;
Read *Edward Coleman's* Letter.

Gar, gar, the *Jockey* ſwears ſaw things,
Man here is mickle work;
Dee'l ſplit his Wem, he's ne'er be King,
Whoſe Name does rhime to *Pork.*

Cot's ſplutter a Nails, the *Welſhman* cries,
Got ſhield her frow her Foes;
He near ſhall be a Prince of *Wales,*
That wears a *Roman* Noſe.

The RABBLE. 1680.

THE Rabble hates, the Gentry fear,
And wiſe Men want ſupport:
A riſing Country threatens, There,
And Here a ſtarving Court.

Not for the Nation, but the Fair,
Our Treaſury provides:
Buckly's, Go——n's only care,
As *Middleton* is *Hyde's.*

Rowly too late will underſtand,
What now he ſhuns to find;
That nothing's quiet in the Land,
Except his careleſs Mind.

England is now 'twixt Thee and *York,*
The Fable of the Frog:
He is the fierce devouring Stork,
And Thou the lumpiſh Log.

A New Song of the Times, 1683.

1.

'TWere folly for ever,
The Whigs to endeavour
Disowning their Plots, when all the world knows 'um;
Did they not fix
On a Council of Six,
Appointed to govern though no body chose 'um?
They that bore sway,
Knew not one would obey,
Did *Trincalo* make such a ridiculous pother:
Monmouth's the Head,
To strike Monarchy dead,
They chose themselves Vice-Roys all o'er one another.

2.

Was't not a damn'd thing
For *Russel* and *Hambden*,
To serve all the Projects of hot-headed *Tony*?
But much more untoward,
To appoint my Lord *Howard*
Of his own Purse and Credit to raise Men and Money?
That at *Knightsbridge* did hide
Those brisk Boys unspy'd,
Who at *Shaftsbury's* Whistle were ready to follow;
And when Aid he should bring,
Like a true *Brandford* King,
Was here with a whoop, and gone with a hollow.

3.

Algernoon Sidney,
Of Common-wealth Kidney,
Compos'd a damn'd Libel (ay marry was it):
Writ to occasion
Ill Blood in the Nation,
And therefore dispers'd it all over his Closet.
It was not the Writing
Was prov'd, or indicting;

Tho'

Tho' he urg'd Statutes, what was it but fooling,
Since a new truſt is
Plac'd in the Chief Juſtice,
To damn Law and Reaſon too by over-ruling.

4.

What if a Traytor,
In ſpite of the State, Sir,
Should cut his own Throat from one Ear to the other?
Shall then a new freak
Make *Braddon* and *Speak*
To be more concern'd than his Wife or his Brother?
A Razor all bloody,
Thrown out of a Study,
Is Evidence ſtrong of his deſperate Guilt, Sir;
So *Godfrey*, when dead,
Full of horrour and dread,
Run his Sword through his Body, up to the Hilt, Sir.

5.

Who can think the caſe hard
Of Sir *Patience Ward*, (neſs?
That lov'd his juſt Rights more than thoſe of his High-
Oh diſloyal Ears,
As on Record appears,
Not to hear when to do the Papiſts a kindneſs.
An old doting Citt,
With his *Elizabeth* Wit,
Againſt the *French* mode for Freedom to hope on;
His Ears that told Lies,
VVere leſs dull than his Eyes,
For both them were ſhut when all others were open.

6.

All *Europe* together
Can't ſhew ſuch a Father,
So tenderly nice of his Son's Reputation,
As our good King is,
To labour to bring his
By tricks to ſubſcribe to a ſham Declaration.
'Twas very good reaſon
To pardon his Treaſon,

To

To obey (not his own, but) his Brother's Command, Sir;
To merit whose Grace,
He must in the first place
Confess he's dishonest under his hand, Sir.

7.

Since fate the Court blesses,
With daily Successes,
And giving up Charters go round for a frolick,
Whilst our Duke *Nero*,
The Churches blind Hero
By Murder is planting his Faith Apostolick.
Our modern Sages,
More wise than past Ages,
Think ours to establish by Popish Successors;
Queen *Bess* never thought it,
And *Cecil* forgot it,
But 'tis lately found out by our prudent Addressors.

The Battle-Royal: A Dream, 1687.

AS restless on my Bed one Night I lay,
Hoping with Sleep to ease the toils of Day,
I thought, as graver Coxcombs us'd to doe,
On all the mischiefs we had late run through,
And those which are now likely to ensue:
What 'tis that thus the frantick Nation dreads?
And from what cause their jealousie proceeds?
Whither at last to what event and end,
These sad Presages probably might tend?
For as Physicians always chuse to know
Th'original cause from whence Distempers flow;
And by their early Symptoms boldly guess,
Whether or no their art shall have success:
So I, like a young bold State Emp'rick too,
Did the same methods, and same course pursue;
Till with variety of thoughts oppress,
I turn'd about to sleep and take my rest:

While

VVhile fancy like a Quean alone bore ſway,
And did this Viſion in a Dream convey.
Unknown, and unperceiv'd, I was me-thought,
Into a cloſe retiring Chamber brought,
And by my Guide behind the Hangings plac'd,
VVhere I cou'd hear and ſee whatever paſs'd:
VVhen in a corner of the room there ſat
Three fierce contenders in a hot debate;
And on a Table lay before them there
The Directory, Maſs, and Common-Pray'r.
This in a Cloak, That had a ſhaven Crown,
The other in a Surcingle and Gown;
VVho by his Garb, Demeaner, and grave Look,
I for a Church of *England* Preacher took;
For howſoe'er they're dreſt they may be known
By a peculiar Carriage of their own.
At firſt I heard a ſtrange confuſed Sound,
Nor could the meaning, nor the ſenſe expound:
Till he I mention'd laſt in rage up roſe,
And partly thro' the Mouth, and thro' the Noſe,
Did thus his whining Sentiments diſcloſe.
And is this all the great reward we muſt
Enjoy for being faithfull to our truſt?
VVill all the Services we've done the King,
No better recompence and profit bring?
And can our boaſted Loyalty return
No other payment but Contempt and Scorn?
Muſt we thus baſely from our hopes fall down,
And grow the publick ſcandal of the Town?
As our inſulting Pride and Government
Has been the publick Grievance and Complaint;
Our Prebends, and our Biſhops too, turn'd out,
Depriv'd, and ſcorn'd, in *Querpo* walk about;
And muſt a tranſubſtantiating Prieſt,
Be with their goodly Lands and Lordſhips bleſt?
Did we for this the Popiſh Plot deride,
And all our Senſe, and Nonſenſe too apply'd

To blind the people's Reason and their Eyes,
To take it for a Sham and meer Device:
Our best and learned'st of Divines employ
To foil the Scent, and to divert the Cry;
Set bawling *P——ing* up to talk it down,
And fill with canting Raillery the Town?
Did we for this young *Levites* send about,
To charm the Rabble and possess the Rout,
With feign'd Chymera's of a strange design,
Against the Church, and State, and Royal Line?
And vilely *Russel* and the rest remov'd,
When neither Crime or Plot was ever prov'd?
Nay did we all for this the Church disown,
And coin a New Religion of our own,
Of a more sprûce and fashionable make,
Than was the Old; and boldly undertake
By Scripture for to prove the Common Prayer,
When we well knew there's no such matter
Yet like the Calves at *Bethel* set it up, (there:
And made them all before the Idol stoop;
And whose'ere the business would dispute,
We did by Fines and Pillory confute.
O precious Book! the deareſt thing that's ours,
Except our Livings and our *Sine-cures*;
For which, might they but still with us abide,
We'd part with thee, or any thing beside:
As heretofore without reluctance we,
Have truckt our forfeit Consciences for thee:
But those are going too——no more he cou'd,
Prevented by an overflowing Flood
Of Tears, which his lawn Band and Gown besmear'd,
As th' Ointment drench'd his Predecessor's Beard.
The subtle Priest who had resolv'd to stay,
Till he had spoken all he had to say;
Seeing the wretch with too much Grief o'relaid,
Stood up, and thus the following Answer made.
'Tis true, you've done all this and ten times more,
As bad or worse than we have done before;

And

And if ye think ye have oblig'd the King,
Who were but under-Actors in the thing;
Then what do we deſerve, whoſe wit and brain
Contriv'd the Plot and every private Scene?
For though a Conqueſt always is obtain'd,
And by each Souldier's ſingle valour gain'd;
Yet thoſe who did command and lead them on,
Share all the open Honour and Renown.
Ye were our Inſtruments, and Drudges too;
As *Rumney*, *Keeling*, *Howard*, were to you;
Who when they brought about your own deſign,
You left them to themſelves to ſtarve and pine:
So we the grand projectors of the Plot,
Who did to you your ſeveral parts allot,
Having no farther Service to employ,
Think fit, as uſeleſs Tools, to lay you by.
Beſides, what title or pretence have you,
To any thing ye hold as right and due,
Since they were ſetled firſt on us alone,
And could no other Lords and Maſters own;
Till ye by Rapine, Sacrilege and Force,
Diſcas'd us of our Rights and made them yours?
Nor can a Caſe more Legal e're appear,
At Court of Conſcience, or at Chanc'ry Barr,
Than what ye did by violence obtain,
Should to their ancient Lords return again.
But that which you ſo much inſiſt upon,
Your boaſted Loyalty and Service done,
From whence ye moſt erroneouſly inferr'd,
The Juſtice of your Claim to a Reward,
Is a meer trifle and a weak defence,
With no validity of Conſequence;
For there's no reaſon he ſhould be repaid,
Who undeſignedly a Kindneſs did;
When all the while his thoughts were fix'd upon
His own advancement and increaſe alone;
And all the profit that to me he brings,
Is by the bye and natural courſe of things.

'Twas

'Twas rancour, envy, meer revenge and ſpite,
That made ye thus againſt Fanaticks fight;
And the dear dread of loſing all ye had,
That firſt engag'd your malice on our ſide,
To plead the Royal Cauſe, and to promote
The King's Concern, and for Succeſſion vote;
When could ye any other way have kept
The Saddle, and in eaſe and ſafety ſlept,
The King might have been baniſh'd, hang'd or drown'd,
E're Succour or Relief from you have found.
But matters and affairs as yet are not
To ſuch a difficult Conjuncture brought,
But that an handſome fetch may bring ye off
With Honour and Security enough:
One gentle turn will all the buſineſs do,
Advance your Livings and ſecure them too;
Safe ye ſhall lie from all Fanatick harms,
Encircled in your Mother-Churches Arms,
From which ye've ſtray'd ſo long, and now to whom
Ye ought in duty and reſpect to come.
The mournfull *Levite* ſtraight prick'd up his Ears,
As glad that things were better than his fears,
And joyfull heard what means the Prieſt had found,
That might for his dear Benefice compound,
Compos'd his Band, and wip'd his blubber'd Cheeks,
Stood up again, and thus demurely ſpeaks.
The Proverb to my caſe I may apply,
Winners may juſtly laugh, and loſers cry:
For when I thought my Livelihood was gone,
It was no wonder that I ſo took on;
As 'tis none now, Smiles ſhould my gladneſs ſhew,
For theſe good tydings I receive from you;
Therefore, dear Sir, let us our Hearts combine,
And both in league againſt Diſſenters joyn.
My ſelf I under your tuition place,
For Management and Method in the caſe,
How to proceed —— The Cloak, who all this while,
Had unprovok'd and unconcern'd ſate ſtill,

And wiſely what they'd both be at he gueſt,
Stood up to ſpeak and to compleat the Jeſt:
But glowing Anger had ſo now prevail'd,
That in the firſt attempt he ſtopp'd and fail'd;
And when he found his Tongue to be confin'd,
He made his active Hands declare his Mind.
The one engag'd the *Levite* on the place,
And with the Directory ſmote his Face.
Confounded with the Stroke he ſtagger'd round,
And falling in his wrath tore up the Ground.
Tother he laid directly o'er the Cheſt,
Sent Ecchoes from the hollow Breaſt of Prieſt,
Who ſtumbling as he went to take his flight,
Fell proſtrate o'er his new made Proſelyte.
On both their bodies mounts the nimble Cloke,
And this his *Epicinium* manly ſpoke:
Dejected Wretches, there together lie,
Unpitied, unbewail'd by every Eye;
May after-Ages your curſt Names deride,
As we your damn'd Hypocriſies and Pride;
No mark remain to know what ye have been,
But the remembrance of your Curſe and Sin;
Which ſhall down time's continual Tide deſcend,
To propagate your fatal ſhame and end.
So may they fall, and all they that deſign,
Whoe'er in league againſt the truth combine,
By an unarm'd defenceleſs hand like mine.
Pleas'd with the Conqueſt of victorious Cloke,
I laugh'd aloud methought, and ſo awoke.

An Epitaph upon Felton, *who was hang'd in Chains for Murdering the Old Duke of* Buckingham: *Written by the late Duke of* Buckingham.

HEre uninterr'd ſuſpends, though not to ſave
Surviving Friends th' Expences of a Grave,

Felton's dead Earth; which to the World will be
Its own ſad Monument, his Elogy:
As large as Fame, which whether *Bad* or Good
I ſay not; by himſelf 'twas wrote in *Blood*;
For which his *Body* is intomb'd in *Air*,
Arch'd o'er with Heaven, ſet with a thouſand fair,
And glorious Stars; a noble Sepulchre,
Which time it ſelf can't ruinate; and where
Th' impartial Worm (that is not brib'd to ſpare
Princes corrupt in Marble) cannot ſhare
His Fleſh; which of the charitable Skies
Imbalm with Tears, daining thoſe Obſequies
Belong to Men ſhall laſt, till pitying Fowl
Contend to reach his *Body* to his Soul.

An Anſwer to Mr. Waller's *Poem on* Oliver's *Death, called the* Storm: *Written by Sir* W—— G——n.

'TIS well he's gone (O had he never been)
Hurried in Storms loud as his crying Sin;
The *Pines* and Oaks fell proſtrate at his Urn;
That with his Soul his *Body* too might burn:
Winds pluck up Roots, and fixed Cedars move,
Roring for Vengeance to the Heavens above.
From Theft, like his, Great *Romulus* did grow,
And ſuch a Wind did at his Ruin blow,
Strange that the loſty Trees themſelves ſhould fell
Without the *Axe*; ſo *Orpheus* went to Hell:
At whoſe deſcent the ſtouteſt Rocks were cleft,
And the whole Wood its wonted ſtation left.
In *Battle Hercules* wore the Lyon's Skin;
But our fierce *Nero* wore the *Beaſt* within:
Whoſe Heart was brutiſh more than Face or Eyes,
And in the ſhape of Man was in Diſguiſe:
Where-ever Men, where-ever Pillage lies,
Like ravenous Vultures our wing'd Navy flies:

Under

Under the Tropick we are underſtood,
*A*nd bring home Rapine through a purple Flood:
New Circulations found our *B*lood is hurl'd,
*A*s round the leſſer to the greater World.
In civil *B*roils he did us firſt engage,
*A*nd made Three Kingdoms ſubject to his Rage.
One fatal Stroke ſlew Juſtice and the Cauſe
Of Truth, Religion, and our Sacred Laws.
So fell *Achilles* by the *Trojan B*and,
Though he ſtill fought with Heaven its ſelf in's hand:
Nor would Domeſtick Spoil confine his Mind,
No Limits to his Fury but Mankind.
The *Britiſh* Youths in Foreign Courts are ſent,
Towns to deſtroy, but more to *B*aniſhment;
Who ſince they cannot in this Iſle abide,
*A*re confin'd *P*riſoners to the World beſide.
No wonder then if we no Tears allow
To him that gave us Wars and Ruin too:
Tyrants that lov'd him, griev'd, concern'd to ſee,
There muſt be *P*uniſhment for Cruelty.
Nature her ſelf rejoyced at his Death,
*A*nd on the Waters ſung with ſuch a *B*reath,
*A*s made the Sea dance higher than before,
While here glad Waves came dancing to the Shore.

Clarindon's *Houſe-Warming: Printed formerly with the Directions to a Painter. Writ by an unknown hand.*

WHen *Clarindon* had diſcern'd before hand
(*A*s the Cauſe can eas'ly foretell the Effect)
*A*t once three Deluges threatning our Land;
'Twas the ſeaſon he thought to turn *A*rchitect.
Us *Mars*, and *Apollo*, and *Vulcan* conſume;
While he the *B*etrayer of *England* and *Flander*,
Like the Kings-fiſher chuſeth to build in the *B*room,
*A*nd neſtles in flames like the Salamander.

But obſerving that Mortals run often behind,
(So unreaſonable are the rates they buy-at)
His Omnipotence therefore much rather deſign'd
How he might create a houſe with a *Fiat*.

He had read of *Rhodope*, a Lady of *Thrace*,
Who was digg'd up ſo often e'er ſhe did marry;
And wiſh'd that his Daughter had had as much grace
To erect him a Pyramid out of her Quarry.

But then recollecting how the Harper *Amphyon*
Made *Thebes* dance aloft while he fidled and ſung,
He thought (as an Inſtrument he was moſt free on)
To build with the Jews-Trump of his own Tongue.

Yet a Preſident fitter in *Virgil* he found,
Of *African Poultney*, and *Tyrian Dide*,
That he begg'd for a Palace ſo much of his ground,
As might carry the meaſure and name of an *Hide*.

Thus daily his Gouty Inventions he pain'd,
And all for to ſave the expences of Brickbat,
That Engine ſo fatal, which *Denham* had brain'd,
And too much reſembled his Wife's Chocolat.

But while theſe devices he all doth compare.
None ſolid enough ſeem'd for his ſtrong *Caſtor*;
He himſelf would not dwell in a Caſtle of Air,
Though he had built full many a one for his Maſter.

Already he had got all our Money and Cattle,
To buy us for Slaves, and purchaſe our Lands;
What *Joſeph* by Famine, he wrought by Sea-Battle, (hands.
Nay ſcarce the Prieſt's Portion could ſcape from his

And hence like *Pharaoh* that *Iſrael* preſt
To make Mortar and Brick, yet allow'd them no ſtraw,
He car'd not though *Egypt*'s ten Plagues us diſtreſt,
So he could to build but make Policy Law.

The *Scotch* Forts and *Dunkirk*, but that they were ſold,
He would have demoliſh'd to raiſe up his Walls;
Nay ev'n from *Tangier* have ſent back for the mould,
But that he had nearer the Stones of St. *Paul's*.

His

His Wood would come in at the eaſier rate,
So long as the Yards had a Deal or a Spar:
His Friend in the Navy would not be ingrate,
To grudge him ſome Timber who fram'd him the War.

To proceed in the Model he call'd in his *Allons*,
The two *Allons* when jovial, who ply him with gallons.
The two *Allons* who ſerve his blind Juſtice for ballance,
The two *Allons* who ſerve his Injuſtice for Tallons.

They approve it thus far, and ſaid it was fine;
Yet his Lordſhip to finiſh it would be unable;
Unleſs all abroad he divulg'd the deſign,
For his houſe then would grow like a Vegetable.

His Rent would no more in arrear run to *Worſter*;
He ſhould dwell more noble, and cheap too at home,
While into a Fabrick the Preſents would muſter; (tom.
As by hook and by crook the World cluſter'd of A-

He lik'd the advice, and then ſoon it aſſay'd,
And Preſents croud headlong, to give good example:
So the Bribes overlaid her that *Rome* once betray'd;
The Tribes ne'er contributed ſo to the Temple.

Straight Judges, Prieſt, Biſhops, true Sons of the Seal,
Sinners, Governours, Farmers, Banquers, Patentees,
Bring in the whole Mite of a year at a meal,
As the Chedder Clubs Dairy to the incorporate Cheeſe.

Bulteales, *Beak'ns*, *Morley*, *Wrens* fingers with telling
Were ſhrivelled, and *Clutterbuck*, *Eagers* and *Kips*;
Since the Act of Oblivion was never ſuch ſelling,
As at this Benevolence out of the Snips.

Twas then that the Chimney-Contractors he ſmoak'd,
Nor would take his beloved Canary in kind:
But he ſwore that the Patent ſhou'd ne'er be revok'd,
No, would the whole Parliament kiſs him behind,

Like *Jove* under *Ætna* o'erwhelming the Gyant,
For foundation the *Briſtol* ſunk in the Earth's bowel;
And St. *John* muſt now for the Leads be compliant,
Or his right hand ſhall alſo be cut off with a Trowel.

For ſurveying the building, *Prat* did the feat;
But for the expence he rely'd upon *Worſtenholm*,
Who ſat heretofore at the King's Receipt;
But receiv'd now and paid the Chancellor's cuſtom.

By Subſidies thus both Clerick and Laick,
And with matter profane, cemented with holy:
He finiſh'd at laſt his Palace Moſaick,
By a Model more excellent than *Leſly*'s Folly.

And upon the *Tarrus* to conſummate all,
A Lanthorn, like *Faux*'s ſurveys the burnt Town,
And ſhews on the top by the Regal guilt Ball,
Where you are to expect the Scepter and Crown.

Fond City, its Rubbiſh and Ruins that builds,
Like vain Chymiſts, a flower from its aſhes returning,
Your Metropolis Houſe is in St. *James*'s Fields, (ing.
And till there you remove, you ſhall never leave burn-

This Temple, of War and of Peace is the Shrine;
Where this Idol of State ſits ador'd and accurſt,
And to hanſel his Altar and Noſtrils Divine,
Great *Buckingham*'s Sacrifice muſt be the firſt.

Now ſome (as all Builders muſt cenſure abide)
Throw duſt in its Front, and blame ſituation:
And others as much reprehend his Back-ſide,
As too narrow by far for his expatiation.

But do not conſider how in proceſs of times, (large,
That for Name ſake he may with *Hyde-Park* it en-
And with that convenience he ſoon for his Crimes,
At *Tyburn* may land, and ſpare the Tower-Barge.

Or rather how wiſely his Stall was built near,
Leſt with driving too far his Tallow impair:
When like the good Ox, for publick good chear,
He comes to be roaſted next St. *James*'s Fair.

Upon

Upon his Houſe.

HEre lies the ſacred Bones,
Of Paul *beguiled of his Stones:*
Here lie Golden Briberies,
The price of ruin'd Families:
The Cavaliers Debenter Wall,
Fix'd on an Eccentrick Baſis;
Here's Dunkirk-Town *and* Tangier-Hall,
The Queen's Marriage and all;
The Dutch-*man's* Templum Pacis.

Royal Reſolutions: By A. Marvell, *Eſq.*

1.

WHen *Plate* was at *Pawn*, and *Fob* at an Ebb,
And Spider might weave in *Bowels* its Web,
And Stomach as empty as *Brain*:

2.

Then *C*—— without *Acre*,
Did ſwear by his Maker,
If e'er I ſee *England* again,

3.

I'll have a Religion all of my own,
Whether *Popiſh* or *Proteſtant* it ſhall not be known;
And if it prove troubleſome I will have none.

4.

I'll have a long Parliament always to Friend,
And furniſh my Treaſure as faſt as I ſpend,
And if they will not, they ſhall have an end.

5.

I'll have a Council ſhall ſit always ſtill,
And give me a licence to do what I will;
And two Secretaries ſhall piſs thro' a Quill.

6.

My inſolent Brother ſhall bear all the Sway,

If Parliaments murmur, I'll ſend him away,
And call him again as ſoon as I may.

7.

I'll have a rare Son in marrying tho' marr'd,
Shall govern (if not my Kingdom) my Guard,
And ſhall be Succeſſor to me or *Gerrard*.

8.

I'll have a new *London* inſtead of the old,
With wide Streets and uniform to my own Mould,
But if they build too faſt, I'll bid 'em hold.

9.

The ancient Nobility I will lay by,
And new ones create their Rooms to ſupply,
And they ſhall raiſe Fortunes for my own Fry.

10.

Some one I'll advance from a common Deſcent
So high, that he ſhall hector the Parliament,
And all wholſom Laws for the Publick prevent.

11.

And I will aſſert him to ſuch a Degree,
That all his foul Treaſons tho' daring and high,
Under my Hand and Seal ſhall have Indempnity.

12.

And what-e'er it coſt me, I'll have a *French* Whore,
As bold as *Alice Pierce*, and as fair as *Jane Shore*.
And when I'm weary of her, I will have more,

13.

Which if any bold Commoner dare to oppoſe,
I'll order my Bravo's to cut off his Noſe,
Tho' for't I a branch of Prerogative loſe.

14.

My Pimp ſhall be my Miniſter Primier,
My Bawds ſhall Ambaſſadors far and near,
And my Wench ſhall diſpoſe of *Conge d'lire*.

15.

I'll wholly abandon all publick Affairs,
And paſs all my time with Buffoons and Players,
And ſanter to *Nelly* when I ſhould be at Prayers.

I'll

16.

I'll have a fine Pond with a pretty Decoy,
Where many ſtrange Fowl ſhall feed and enjoy,
And ſtill in their Language, quake *Vive le Roy.*

On the Lord Chancellor H---e*'s Diſgrace and Baniſhment, by King* Charles II.

PRide, Luſt, Ambition, and the Peoples Hate,
The Kingdom's Broker, ruin of the State;
Dunkirk's ſad Loſs, Divider of the Fleet,
Tangier's Compounder for a barren Sheet:
This Shrub of Gentry, marry'd to the Crown,
His Daughter to the Heir, is tumbled down;
The grand Impoſtor of the Nobles lies
Grov'ling in Duſt, as a juſt ſacrifice;
To appeaſe the injur'd King and abus'd Nation,
Who wou'd believe this ſudden Alteration:
God will revenge too for the Stones he took
From aged *Paul*'s to make a neſt for Rooks;
All Cormorants of State as well as he,
We now may hope in the ſame plight to ſee.
Go on, great Prince, thy People do rejoyce,
Methinks I hear the Nation's total Voice,
Applauding this day's action to be ſuch,
As roaſting of the Rump, or beating of the *Dutch:*
Now look upon the valiant Cavaliers,
Who for rewards have nothing had but Tears;
Thanks to this *Wiltſhire* Hog, Son of the Spittle,
Had they been look'd on he had had but little.
Break up the Coffers of this hoarded Thief,
There Millions will be found to make him Chief.
Of Sacrilege, Ambition, Luſt and Pride,
All comprehended in the Name of *Hyde*;
For which his due rewards I'd almoſt ſaid,
The Nation may moſt juſtly claim his Head.

The

The Parallel, 1682.

AS when proud *Lucifer* aim'd at a Throne,
To have uſurp'd it and made Heaven his own;
Blaſphemous damn'd Deſign: but ſoon he fell,
Guarded with dreadfull Lightnings down to Hell:
Or as when *Nimrod* lofty *Babel* built,
A Structure as eternal as his guilt:
Let us, ſaid he, raiſe the pround Tower ſo high,
As may amaze the Gods and kiſs their Sky:
He ſpoke, but the ſucceſs was different found,
Heaven's angry Thunder cruſh'd it to the ground;
So *Lucifer* and ſo proud *Babel* fell,
And 'tis a curſed fall from Heaven to Hell:
So fall's our Courtier now to pride a Prey,
And falls too with as much Reproach as they,
And juſtly——
That with his nauſeous Courtſhip durſt defile,
The ſweeteſt choiceſt Beauty of our Iſle;
That he was proud, we knew, but now we ſee,
(Like *Janus* looking at Eternity)
Both what he was and what he meant to be.
Stern was his Look, and ſturdy was his Gate,
He walk'd and talk'd, and would have in State;
Diſdain and Scorn ſate Pearching on his Brow;
But (*Preſto*) where is all that greatneſs now?
Why vaniſh'd, fled, diſſolv'd to empty Air,
Fine Ornaments indeed to cheat the Fair;
And which is yet the ſtrangeſt thing of all,
He has not got a Friend to mourn his fall;
But 'tis but juſt that he who ſtill maintain'd,
Diſdain to all ſhould be by all diſdain'd:
Had not the lazy Drone been quite as blind,
Equally dim both in his Eye and Mind:
He might have plainly ſeen——
For the Example's viſible to all,
How ſtrangely low, ingrateſull Pride may fall.

Pre-

Preſumptuous Wretch! but that's too kind a Name,
For one ſo careleſs of his Maſter's fame;
For as the Serpent did by Fraud deceive,
Th' unwary Soul of our firſt Parent *Eve*;
So he as impudently ſtrove to inſpire
The Royal Maid with his deluſive Fire;
But Heaven be prais'd not with the ſame Succeſs,
For though his Pride's as great, his Cunning's leſs.

The Perfect Enjoyment: By the E— of R——.

SInce now my *Sylvia* is as kind as fair,
Let endleſs Joy ſucceed a long Deſpair.
Oh what a Night of Pleaſure was the laſt!
A full Reward for all my Troubles paſt:
And on my Head if future miſchiefs fall,
This happy Night will make amends for all.
Nay tho' my *Sylvia*'s love ſhould turn to hate,
I'de think on this, and dying kiſs my fate.
Twelve was the lucky minute when we met,
And on her Bed we're cloſe together ſet:
Tho' liſtning Spies might be perhaps too near,
Love fill'd our Hearts there was no room for fear.
And whilſt I ſtrove her melting heart to move,
With all the powerfull Eloquence of Love,
In her fair Face I ſaw the colour riſe,
And an unuſual ſoftneſs in her Eyes:
Gently they look, and I with joy adore
That only Charm they never had before.
What ſhe forbids Love doth by ſigns command,
Languiſhing Looks and ſqueezing of the Hand,
Love's Cypher is not hard to underſtand:
Whilſt I tranſported too with amorous rage,
And fierce with expectation to engage:
But faſt ſhe holds her Hands, and cloſe her Thighs,
And what ſhe longs to do, with Frowns denies.

A ſtrange Effect in fooliſh Woman wrought,
Bred in Diſguiſes, and by Cuſtom taught:
Cuſtom, which often Wiſdom over-rules,
And onely ſerves for Reaſon to the Fools.
Taught by this method of her fooliſh Sex,
She's forc'd a while me and her ſelf to vex:
But when at length we had been ſtriving long,
Her Limbs grown weak, and her deſires ſtrong,
Who then can hold to let the Hero inn,
When he aſſaults and Love betrays within?
At laſt her hand to hide her bluſhes leave
The Fort ungarded, willing to receive
My fierce aſſault, mad with a Lovers haſt,
Like Lightning piercing and as quickly paſt:
Some little pain might check her kind deſire,
But not enough to make her once retire:
Maids wounds for pleaſure bear as Men for praiſe,
Here Honour heals, there Love the ſmart allays.
Now ſhe her well contented thoughts employs,
On her paſt Fears and on her preſent Joys,
Whoſe Harbinger did freely all remove
To make fit room for great luxurious Love:
Fond of the welcome Gueſt, her Arms embrace
My Body, and her hand a better place:
Which with one touch ſo pleaſing proud did grow,
It ſwell'd beyond the graſp that made it ſo.
Confinement ſcorns in any cloſer walls
Than thoſe of Love, where it contented falls.
Tho' twice o'rethrown it more enflam'd does riſe,
And will to the laſt drop fight out Loves prize.
She like ſome *Amazon* in Story proves,
That overcomes the *Hero* who ſhe loves.
In the cloſe ſtriſes he took ſo much delight,
She then would think on nothing but the fight.
With joy ſhe laid me panting at her feet,
But with more joy does his recovery meet:
Her trembling hand firſt gently rais'd his head,
She almoſt dies for fear leſt he is dead:

Then

Then does ſupport him with a buſie hand,
And with that Balm enables him to ſtand:
Till by her Charms ſhe conquers him once more,
And wounds him deeper than ſhe did before:
Now faln from the top of pleaſure's hill,
With longing Eyes we look up thither ſtill;
Still thither our unwearied wiſhes tend,
Till we that height of happineſs aſcend;
By gentle ſteps th' aſcent it ſelf exceeds
All Joys but that alone to which it leads.
Firſt then ſo long and lovingly we kiſs,
As if like Doves we knew no other bliſs:
Still in one mouth our Tongues together play,
Whilſt groping hands are pleas'd no leſs than they.
Thus cling'd together now awhile we reſt,
Breathing our Souls into each others Breaſt:
Then give a general kiſs of all our parts,
Whilſt this bleſt way we make exchange of hearts.
Here would my praiſe as well as pleaſure dwell,
Injoyments ſelf I ſcarcely like ſo well:
What little this comes ſhort of rage and ſtrength
Is largely recompenc't with endleſs length.
This is a Joy if we could laſt and ſtay,
But Love's too eager to admit delay,
And hurries us along ſo ſmooth a way.
Now wanton with Delight we nimbly move
Our pliant Limbs in all the ſhapes of Love:
Our motion's not like thoſe of idle fools,
Whoſe active Bodies ſhew their heavy Souls,
But ſports of Love in which the willing mind
Makes us as able as our Souls are kind:
At length all languiſhing and out of breath,
Panting as in the agonies of Death
We lie entranc't, till one provoking kiſs
Tranſports our raviſht Souls to Paradiſe.
Oh heaven of Love! thou moment of Delight!
Wrong'd by my words, my fancy does the right.

Methinks

Methinks I lie all melting in her Charms,
And faſt lockt up within her Legs and Arms.
Bent are our minds and all our thoughts on fire,
Still ſtriving in the pangs of hot deſire;
At once like Miſers wallowing in their ſtore
Of full poſſeſſion yet deſiring more.
Thus with repeated pleaſures do we waſt
Our happy hours, which like ſhort minutes paſt.
To ſuch a ſumm of Bliſs our Joys amount,
The number now becomes too great to count;
And Nature now denying farther force,
From Deeds (alas) we fall into Diſcourſe:
A fall which each of us in vain bemoans,
A greater fall then that of Kings from Thrones.
The tyde of pleaſure flowing now no more,
We lie like Fiſhes gaſping on the ſhore.
And now as after fighting wounds appear,
Which we in heat did neither feel nor fear,
She for my ſake intreats me to give o're,
And yet confeſt ſhe'd gladly ſuffer more.
Her words are coy, while all her motions wooe;
And when ſhe askt if that it pleas'd me too,
I rag'd to ſhew how well, but could not doe.
Thus does fond Man run himſelf out of breath,
And ſeeking reſt would find it ſoon in death,
Did not kind Nature with a double force,
Reſtrain its ſtrength and ſtop its headlong courſe.
Indulgently ſevere ſhe well does ſpare,
This Child for hers that moſt deſerves her care.

A Satyr againſt Marriage, *by the ſame.*

HUsband, thou dull unpitied Miſcreant,
Wedded to noiſe, to miſery and want:
Sold an eternal Vaſſal for thy Life,
Oblig'd to cheriſh and to hate thy Wife.

Drudge

*D*rudge on till Fifty at thy own expence,
*B*reathe out thy Life in one Impertinence.
Repeat thy loath'd Embraces every night,
Prompted to act by duty not delight.
Chriſten thy forward Bantling once a year,
And carefully thy ſpurious Iſſue rear.
Go once a week to ſee the *B*rat at nurſe,
*A*nd let the young Impoſtor drain thy Purſe.
Hedge-Sparrow like what Cuckows have begot,
*D*o thou maintain, incorrigible Sot.
Oh I could curſe the Pimp, (who could do leſs?)
He's beneath pity, and beyond redreſs.
Pox on him let him go, what can I ſay?
*A*nathema's on him are but thrown away:
The wretch is married, and hath known the worſt;
*A*nd his great'ſt Bleſſing is, he can't be curſt.
Marriage! Oh hell and furies name it not!
Hence, hence ye holy Cheats, a Plot, a Plot.
Marriage, 'tis but a licens'd way to Sin,
A Nooſe to catch Religious Woodcocks in:
Or the Nick-name of Love's malicious Fiend,
Begot in Hell to perſecute Mankind.
'Tis the deſtroyer of our peace and health,
Miſpender of our time, our ſtrength and wealth.
The Enemy of Valour, Wit, Mirth, all
That we can vertuous, good, or pleaſant call.
By *D*ay 'tis nothing but a needleſs noiſe,
*B*y Night the eccho of forgotten Joys:
*A*broad the ſport and wonder of the crowd,
*A*t home the hourly breach of what they vow'd.
In Youth 'tis Opium to our luſtfull rage,
Which ſleeps awhile, but wakes again in *A*ge.
It heaps on all men much, but uſeleſs care,
For with more trouble they leſs happy are.
Ye Gods! that Man by his own ſlaviſh Law
Should on himſelf ſuch inconvenience draw.
If he would wiſer Nature's Laws obey,
Thoſe chalk him out a far more pleaſant way.

When

When lusty Youth and flagrant Wine conspire,
To fan the blood into a generous fire,
We must not think the Gallant will endure
The puissant Issue of his Calenture:
Nor always in his single pleasures burn,
Tho' Nature's handmaid sometimes serves the turn.
No, he must have a sprightfull, youthfull Wench,
In equal floods of Love his flames to quench:
One that will hold him in her clasping Arms,
And in that circle all his Spirits charms,
That with new motion and unpractis'd art,
Can raise his Soul and re-insnare his Heart.
Hence spring the noble, fortunate and great,
Always begot in passion and in heat:
But the dull Off spring of the Marriage-bed,
What is it but a humane lump of lead?
A sottish lump, ingender'd of all ills,
Begot like Cats against their Fathers wills.
If it be basterdiz'd, 'tis doubly spoil'd,
The Mother's fears entail'd upon the Child.
Thus whether illegitimate or not,
Cowards and Fools in Wedlock are begot.
Let no ennobled Soul himself debase
By lawfull means to basterdize his race:
But if he must pay Nature's debt in kind,
To check his eager Passion let him find
Some willing Female out; what though she be
The very dregs and scum of infamy?
Though she be Linsey-woolsey Bawd and Whore,
Close-stool to *Venus*, Nature's common shore,
Impudent, foolish, bawdy, and disease,
The Sunday Crack of Suburb Prentices,
What then she's better than a Wife by half,
And if thour't still unmarried thou art safe.
With Whores thou canst but venture: what thou'st lost,
May be redeem'd again with care and cost;
But a damn'd Wife by inevitable fate,
Destroys Soul, Body, Credit and Estate.

FINIS.

ADDENDA.

In Opposition to Mr. Dryden's *Essay on Satyr.* 1680.

NOW the Reformer of the Court and Stage,
The common Beadle of this wilfull Age,
Has with impartial Hand whipt Sovetain Sin,
In me it is but manners to begin.
To correct Vice keen Satyr may prevail,
Beyond the Law, when preaching Blockheads fail:
For Law and Satyr from one Fountain flow:
Were not men vicious there would be no Law,
But to cry up his sawcy Cant and Rule,
For lawfull Satyr, proves the Witt or Fool.
To rail at States, and Monarchs ill entreat,
Then cry 'tis Good because the Subject's Great:
As Man were onely plac'd in Paradice,
To nibble on the Fruit on which he dies.
Can Owls and VVoodcocks with the Eagle play,
And not in danger to become a Prey?
VVhat is't to lash the King and Council-Table,
VVhen I my self am kickt by the Town Rabble?
For me to labour in a lower sphere,
I think too much, yet it is safest there:
Nor do I covet matter to my Rhymes,
The greatest Person, but the greatest Crimes.
VVhat is't to me, who keeps a Mis, who's VVed,
Or who got *Carwell*'s coftly Maidenhead:
VVho got the better on't, the Peer or Knight;
VVhat Lord was drunk, or Lady —— last night.
These are the crying Crimes: yet one may do
All this, and be an honest Subject too.

But to ſupplant the Government, to cry
Allegiance down, and raze out Monarchy;
To make Caballs, and by a bold Petition
Imbrue the Nation in a new Sedition;
To ſowce Rebellion, lay up Plots in pickle,
And make each Tavern-bar a Conventicle;
This would become a Muſes Excellence,
To whip the Club into Allegiance.
Who'd not be as affected as Sir *Carr*?
As proud as *M—— ve*, as dull as *D—— ar*?
As drunk as *Fish*, who loſt himſelf and Prince
In one Debauch, and ne'er was ſober ſince;
Rather than that inſatiate Beaſt of prey,
Worries the Flock, to make himſelf away.
So Wolves when cloy'd with Blood of Lambs and Ews,
Do often fall into the Shepherd's Nooſe.
Theſe harmleſs Men find a more ſafe abode,
Who quit unlawfull Paths to keep the Road.
'Tis ſtrange that humane wiſdome ever ſhou'd
Moſt err under pretence of doing good:
And thoſe wiſe Men, that wou'd preſcribe us Rules
For Government, prove either Knaves or Fools.
Witneſs the *Catalins* that left *Whitehall*,
To be made Preſident of the *Cabal*:
So he's in play, (provided there's no blows)
It matters not the New, or the Old Cauſe.
Has on all points of Government ran his rounds,
As *Gore* the Compaſs did with *Blood* and *Wounds*.
But ſooner may you fix the Northern wind,
Than hope the Weathercock will be confin'd.
Nature made him a perverſe Wight, whoſe Noſe
Extracts the Eſſence of his Gouty Toes.
Double with head to tail he crawls apart;
His Bodies Emblem of his double Heart.
In the Court Sun he riggles like a Snail;
Touch but his Horns he ſhrinks into his Shell.
Rowl'd like a Hedgehog up, he ſhews his Snout,
And at the Council-table makes a rout.

'Gainſt

Gainſt King and the Succeſſion domineers;
If ought oppoſe him, he has Forks and Spears.
Like a vile Skuller he abjures the Realm,
And ſinks the Barge 'cauſe he's not chief at Helm.
Then cries all hands to pump a leak i'th' Keel,
And ſtops it up with *Julian*'s Conger-Eel.
And when a ſhot pierc'd the broad-ſide, e'en then
Clapt in the hole, and ſav'd Sir *Edward*'s Men.
The way's to keep him there, if he get through,
Secures himſelf, he drowns the Ship and Crew.
If to the Ocean back again he's bent,
With Rabble, he's in his own Element.
There let him plot and ne'er behold the Sun,
Till he has through all ſcenes of Folly run,
Under pretext of Wit to be undone.
As the late Duke who for a glorious *Bully*,
Retir'd from Court to be the City's Cully;
The City's Minion, now their ſcorn and ſport,
There more deſpis'd than once ador'd at Court:
Who did his Fall ſo cunningly contrive,
In quaint Diſguiſe, to Ryot, Rant, and S——ve.
And when he lifts himſelf in Infamy,
Reviles the State, and rails at *Monarchy*.
The only means true Glory to purſue;
And muſt the beſt way be becauſe 'tis new.
Would any *Hewſon* from the Throne retreat
To th' Stall under diſguiſe of being Great:
And only for to merit vulgar praiſe,
Rather than not be popular, be baſe.
So once an Emperour, as Stories ſay,
Exchang'd his *Sceptre* for a *Ferula*;
And only proud to prove himſelf a Fool,
Did quit the *Throne* to keep a *Petty School*.
Yet this was great; while only for the noiſe
Of Sovereign ſway he lords it over Boys.
Look to it *York*, the Nation firſt ſhall bleed,
Or the two Kings of *Brandford* ſhall ſucceed.

H——— for an Empire has as great an itch,
As ever Dog had for his ſalt ſwoln *Bitch*.
High on ambitious plumes aloft he flies,
And to be ſomething melts them in the Skies;
VVhile th' humble wretch at home lies proſtrate down
To all the barking *Beagles* in the Town.
Young *D*——too does in the Club intrude,
To be applauded by the multitude:
VVith zeal to King and Countrey he abounds;
Keeps with the Hare, and opens with the Hounds:
Now of the Court, now of the Countrey free,
Miſtakes Prerogative for Liberty.
How well a Regiment would him become,
If the loud Commons did but beat the Drum.
My Maſters vote it (Sir) a Prohibition;
I can't in Conſcience brook with your Commiſſion.
To levy Forces, and aſſign Commanders,
Is Treaſon in the King to *France*, or *Flanders*.
But if the Houſe command me though I ſtarve,
I'le quit VVine, VVhores, Allegiance too, to ſerve.
G——— better far might ſlight his Sovereigns bounty;
He had a Regiment within his County:
And poor enough to back his tatter'd Cauſe,
VVou'd *R*———venture but a broken Noſe.
Appeaſe this mouthing *Cerberus* with a bone;
Honour's a dainty Cruſt to pick upon;
VVhile his dear Doxy makes a ſhift to rub
The buſineſs out with *M*———at the Club.
And Rolleſton leads the Van while they combine,
And humbly beg their Sovereign to reſign.
How Faction and the quenchleſs thirſt of Rule
Hurries to ruine the ambitious Fool,
VVhoſe haughty Soul puffr up with Sovereign ſway,
VVill never ſcarce be humbled to obey.
The pious Earl had ſuch a ſpacious poop,
As ſwallow'd up *N*— *B*———*n* and his *Troop*:
VVho lately Lord Lieutenant of a Realm,
Seem'd a good Pilot while he ſat at Helm;

But

But when he was depos'd, he overthrew
His *Maſter's* Cauſe and ſided with the Crew.
Now *B——d* he had much the worſt o'th' lay,
Having more Wit or honeſty than they,
Sneakt off and left the Club, his Game to play.
Who after he had led them to the Porch,
Like *Buckingham*, he left them in the lurch:
At ſuch a juncture of a time as odly,
As *Peyton* for his Highneſs left the Godly;
Or *Eſcrick Howard* to become a bawler,
Withdrew from Court to cry up active *Waller*.
Theſe are the Men who all the buſtle make,
And Empire check meerly for Empire ſake.
They lay their ſtamp on the revolting Darling,
And in the Club make Treaſon paſs for Sterling.
There are ſome other Beagles in this pack,
That make a noiſe the Royal Chaſe to back;
But when a Maſtiff opens in the dark,
The little Dogs will ſhake their tails and bark:
And though the foremoſt Hound but ſtart the Hare,
The reſt will mouth it as they claim'd a ſhare:
Who follow by the ſcent, and ſcarce have ſenſe
To judge 'twixt Treaſon and Allegiance;
As Fops meet in a Pit to damn a Play,
Not as they know, but by what others ſay.
Unmeaning Fools, who ſomething to be at,
Follow the leading Cuckow, like the Batt;
And juſtly merit as they are deſpis'd,
Rather to be rejected than chaſtis'd.
So bawling *H———n* and *K*— the mute,
With Noiſe and Nonſenſe fill up the Diſpute;
And while the Club proclaims the lawleſs ſtrife,
One is the Drum, and t'other is the Fife.
What ſhall we ſay of *Fa——ge*, *Br——er*,
Or *C——ry*, or dull *D——gh* ſhall I flatter;
Who in the Synod drudge like Gally-ſlaves,
And buy the Stock to make a Gleek of Knaves.

Like

Like Beasts insensible of wrong they stray,
And find a Pound quitting the King's Highway.
And now behold in triumph to their Follies,
In *Noll*'s old Coach of *State* comes sneaking *H*——*s*.
Who sold the Father by an old Commission,
And purchases the *Son* with a Petition.
Now whether has the better on't, the Club,
Or the Five Members in the Royal Job?
This is the Bakers Dozen makes the Rump,
And little *Wa*——*r*'s leaven to the lump;
When *B*——*rd* civilly had made his legg,
The Club engender'd and brought forth an Egg;
Which like Grand *Cairo* for a quick dispatch,
Hot *Monsieur Parliament* must sett and Hatch.
R——*ly* began to puff and shake his Noddle,
And told them in plain terms the Brood was addle;
That to a Rump he never more would give
*A*way his Birthright, or Prerogative.
Then like a God, which from his breath did leap,
Dissolv'd the Chaos of confused heap.
Bravely he spake, and wisely he perform'd,
While still the Club against the Council storm'd:
Who rather than from Faction wou'd be free,
Or touch no more of the forbidden Tree,
Would damn themselves and their posterity.

How vile a thing is Man! how sudden Fate
Attends his frailty in the best Estate!
When arm'd with Innocence and Vertue, all
That makes him blest is subject then to fall:
The great first bold Offender oft I chid,
When I my self agreed to what he did:
Had I been there, perhaps I had done worse,
And on my Rase entail'd a double curse:
Ev'n I who all this while exclaim'd at Vice,
And made to Loyalty a *Sacrifice*,
May be deem'd sawcy, insolent and rude,
And thought as guilty by the multitude.

This

This Balm I'le ſave againſt the deepeſt Wounds,
To keep my ſharper Pen within its bounds;
And left my ſoaring Muſe too meanly fall,
Learn to write mannerly, or not at all.

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